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Are Your Parties Always a Wow Or a Flop?

Straight Talk to Hostesses

By JANE DUDLEY

You may as well go straight out and drown yourself these days if you're no good at "having people in."

This is the day of informal entertaining in the home, and the perfect wife needs to be equally adept at making things pleasant when two people drop in and when forty people are invited.

WE were all taught when young that it was utterly caddish to criticise hospitality.

We might have been as savage as a bull-ant at the incredible boredom suffered at some party, but private thoughts were smothered by good manners.

Not any more. The inept female whose hospitality is faulty nowadays gets her deserts. Good manners are on the decline and frankness on the upgrade.

Hostesses have got to measure up . . . or else.

Why do people give parties, anyway? It's rarely mere bigness of heart.



Maybe they want to show off the new flat or house, or display fancied talents at entertaining, or maybe it's just to pay hospitality debts.

Whatever the reason, it's no excuse to expect guests to assemble in a spirit of self-sacrificing gratitude, and go away rejoicing after several hours of purgatory.

FOR instance, how do you extend your invitations? There's nothing more criminal than offering them



In some ambiguous way that makes a refusal embarrassing. Never ring up and ask, "What are you doing on Saturday night?" It's not fair.

For heaven's sake, say clearly, "We're having a beer-bust, tennis tea, bridge do, conversation place, or whatever on Saturday, and would like you to be there."

You've given your victim the true programme, time to think, and an open chance to withdraw gracefully if the prospect doesn't appeal.

Why should anyone play bridge for you if they hate the dratted game?

Proper Potions

CONSIDER your numbers carefully with an idea to producing a comfortably crowded mass rather than an elegantly scattered sprinkling. But don't ask more than you can cope with adequately.

Then look at your pennies. It's not so much what you spend as how you spend it.

First, there's the important matter of drinks.

If you're a sweet, womanly woman who doesn't know about hard liquor, for heaven's sake rope in some

ASK ENOUGH people to your party to produce a comfortably crowded mass.

knowledgeable male to superintend your bar.

Don't lay in a supply of sweet sherry and gin and make up buckets of orange juice if you're going to invite people who take their drinking seriously.

Con over your guest list and decide what you'll really need.

Older men usually prefer whiskey and soda—they sometimes detest a diet of beer. The lads of the village are usually content with beer—in plenty—and a good dry sherry is popular at the right hour, cocktail time or preceding a meal.

Many women prefer gin to any drink, and for these you need a good supply of orange and lemon juice prepared and sweetened in advance.

Don't experiment with exotic cocktails unless you're an expert. The intriguing mixtures that read so well in the recipe books often have the kick of a mule, and give disastrous results when mixed with other drinks.

Furthermore, they're horribly expensive if made with good liquor and foul if made with poor.

See that the sherry is well chilled, the beer and the soda siphons iced.

THE quantity and style of the food must naturally depend on the type of party, but don't minimise its importance.

Two or three drinks will produce wolfish appetites that won't be satisfied with arty morsels.



Probably the most popular sort of party these days is the Saturday supper party that begins in the late afternoon and ends early or late, according to its success.

The buffet on these occasions takes the place of an evening meal and it should be substantial.

For such a buffet, don't go mad making millions of savory trifles that look as though they've been designed by a surrealist in his more amiable moments. They won't fill the bill, or the Jack, James or Harry either.

Have hamburgers, little new potatoes, large comforting sandwiches, meat pies, sausages, lots of cheese and biscuits and pickles, dishes of celery, radishes, lettuce—in short have real food.

They'll need it.

Some Don'ts

DON'T work yourself flat out all day getting ready for the party and be a limp rag when the time comes. You can buy almost anything ready-made nowadays and it's worth a few extra shillings.

Don't take panic if the party gets away to a slow start. The best ones do.

Don't make introductions a burden. Everyone will get into circula-

About That Guest List!

WHOM are you asking to the do?

Naturally, you won't invite both Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown, who haven't spoken since the one's cat ate the other's canary.

But do have some new blood at the party. A fresh heart-throb or two sprinkled in among the old familiar faces is so stimulating to the girls, you know.

Ware oil and water!

One lone highbrow will be a fish out of water in a bevy of bridge fiends, and a couple of football fans will be miserable if you're concentrating on the arty and crafty group of your playmates.

tion as the evening wears on, and there's nothing so wrecking as repeated circling of the room with a new guest.

Introduce him to one or two nearby and he'll make the grade if he's got anything in him. If he hasn't he'll be a dead weight anyway.

Don't ask anybody with a reputation for being the life of the party. He'll break up every pleasant tete-a-tete and make everybody do things they hate doing.

Don't sit auction bridge players down to play contract because you think they won't mind. They will.

Don't make keen poker players play some footling gambling game for pennies.

Don't fuss around asking people if they are enjoying themselves. They'd have to say yes, anyway. Just see their glasses are kept full.

Don't say "wear anything" and turn out yourself in a super-cocktail outfit or a spanking dinner dress.

Don't prevent people from leaving early if they want to. If they're bored they'll infect others with their crankiness. Speed the parting guest briefly and without protestations.

Don't, please, make any watertight plans in the way of a programme. There's nothing worse than being organised into some fool game just when you're having a heart-to-heart with some congenial soul.

It's one thing to have fun and games up your sleeve against a lull and quite another to harry the guests with them.

Remember people like to put their feet up and let their back hair down, as the saying goes, these days at parties.

Just make it easy for them—and your party will be a wow.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Brilliant Student

MR. ALAN TOWNSEND, son of Mr. A. B. Townsend, of Canberra, who has won an Exhibition scholarship at Cambridge University, is the youngest student at Melbourne University to have won this Exhibition. The Canberra University College Council awarded him a scholarship to pursue a science course at Melbourne University.

He graduated Master of Science with first-class honors in Natural Philosophy, and honors in Pure Mathematics, winning scholarships in both subjects.



Housing Investigator

MISS MARJORIE GOODISSON, investigating officer of the Victorian Housing Commission, holds the diploma of Social Science Studies, Melbourne University. She has been interested in housing ever since the original board was formed, and helped select tenants for the first group of houses built at Fairbairn's Bend, Victoria.

Two years ago she compiled a survey of all charity work in Victoria.



Radio Producer

MR. PAUL O'LOUGHLIN, Victoria, has been appointed production manager in South Australia for the Australian Broadcasting Commission. Joining the A.B.C. four years ago as announcer, he graduated into continuity writing and play production.

Before entering the radio, Mr. O'Loughlin studied arts and sciences at Melbourne University.

City girl tells beauty secret



"Australia Stands By Britain"

How the Drama of European Crisis Was Felt Here

She Waited and Prayed....

Wednesday, September 14, was a fateful day in Australian history.

For twenty-four hours there was tense excitement as cables, each more ominous than the last, made it appear that Europe was about to burst into war.

Late that night, in Canberra, the Prime Minister, Mr. Lyons, announced that Australia would stand by Great Britain in whatever action she took in the European crisis.

WOMEN as well as men throughout Australia acclaimed Mr. Lyons' plain-spoken words.

This acclaim was not hysterical war fever, such as the Fascists and Nazis have been fanning up in Italy, Germany, and Japan.

It was the climax to a long period of anxiety and suspense. The invasions of weak nations by Germany, Italy, and Japan had brought about a universal feeling that the whole world might easily be forced into war.

And so last week everybody's feeling was one of relief that at last something had been done to stop the march of Hitlerism.

People felt the emotional stress and excitement that come when a grave decision is reached after long-drawn-out anxiety and indecision.

Applause for Decision

After the first realisation of what it was all about, the dominant feeling was anxiety.

Everywhere, in trams, trains, picture shows, the talk was of the horrors of modern warfare.

Inevitably many tragedies of the last war were recalled. The dead were mourned afresh.

But through it all could be clearly discerned the feeling that we are one people with Britain and that we applauded the British determination to call a halt to Hitlerism.

AUSTRALIAN people for years have been talking peace.

Only a week ago there was a national day of prayer.

How did it come about, then, that people were prepared to face up to the possibility of a new war?

The answer is contained in the following declarations which have been stated again and again by Australian speakers and writers.

We do not want our freedom curtailed, our standards of living lowered, our children militarised.

We want peace to work out our own plans of life in our own way.

We do not want guns. Gas masks for babies. Underground cities of refuge from bombs. All the Gods of Terror. They are not our Gods.

Our women have read and heard stories of the brutal treatment accorded many women under Nazism. Every day, Australian papers carry pathetic advertisements from homeless girls and women seeking to escape from Nazi lands, pleading for the right to a normal human existence.

Australia's Position

FOR Australia the dangers of a world war to-day go beyond those of 1914.

When we entered the Great War there was no probability of Australia being attacked.

Japan, at that time, was an ally of Britain. To-day, Japan is allied with Germany and Italy.

This does not mean that Japan is not on friendly terms with Australia. But she is now a cog in a war machine which might decide her



MR. CHAMBERLAIN, the travelling peacemaker, with the little black bag.

States Navy, even if the States were not definitely allied to Britain.

These are among the factors which have given a peculiar force to Australia's decision to stand by Britain, instead of exercising her power as a free dominion not to become involved in a European war.

IT is a strange comment in the interlocking of national destinies that Australia should find herself so deeply involved in the fate of Czechoslovakia.

That little land-locked republic on the Danube, with its 15,000,000 people of mixed nationalities, is the last stronghold of democracy in Central Europe. It has now become the keystone of the peace of the world.

The issues decided in this crisis will have a profound effect on the whole course of civilisation.

Halt to Hitlerism

MR. LYONS' statement was essentially of a piece with Great Britain's announcement to Hitler on May 21 that, in the event of a German-Czechoslovakian War, Great Britain would support France, who is pledged to help Czechoslovakia.

That statement was the first great prop of peace to be placed under the tottering edifice of European civilisation.

Before it was made, experts on European affairs declared that Hitler led on the vain hope that Britain would pay any price for peace.

The knowledge that there were limits over which he could not step with impunity called the first real nail to his dreams of conquest.

UNTIL the British intimation of May 21, Hitler declared the German-Czech problem to be Germany's own business. He felt safe in assuming this attitude.

France, it was true, was allied to Czechoslovakia, but without Britain's backing it was highly doubtful whether France would attempt to carry out her obligations.

So it looked as though Hitler could repeat his Austrian coup—till Britain spoke.

Exactly what Hitler wants of Czechoslovakia he had never explicitly stated.

For the 3,000,000 Germans in the country, Konrad Henlein, their "Fuehrer," has demanded a status which would make them "a nation within a nation."

Nazi Ambitions

IT is clear that Hitler wants more power, and more territory to fulfil his dreams of Nazidom.

In the past months, European observers have reported a feeling that Britain, even while sympathetic towards Czechoslovakia, would do anything to evade war and avert the dreaded danger of an aerial bombardment of London.

Britain has now made it clear that she is not prepared to give Hitler free rein in his Napoleonic ambitions.

Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Germany was a last splendid effort to salvage sanity and peace and justice for small nations from the terrible situation.

The fervor with which his visit was hailed came as a dramatic reaction to the tense excitement which marked Black Wednesday.

It showed how deep is the desire for world peace in the hearts of Australia.



By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

AMONG the hundreds of women who flocked to Westminster Abbey this week to pray for peace, was a slight, tallish, handsome middle-aged woman, dressed in trim black costume, black felt hat, and scarf. Almost unnoticed, she knelt on the flagstones and joined in the prayers. After a few minutes she rose, went out, crossed Parliament Square, walked up Whitehall into Downing Street.

She was Mrs. Chamberlain, who, in addition to sharing the great public anxiety for the welfare of the sixty-nine-year-old Premier on his flight to Germany, had a special anxiety, as the wife who for twenty-seven years shared his trials and triumphs.

A woman praying that the world will avoid bloodshed! Mrs. Chamberlain symbolised the womenfolk behind every frontier in the world. (Above is an impression of the scene by our artist.)

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Comfort Regained By
The Nightly Use Of

Zam-Buk

WHY is she so happy? Simply because she knows that her foot troubles are now ended. No more aching, pain, or soreness, for Zam-Buk keeps her feet easy and comfortable all day long. And there's no reason why you, too, should not enjoy the benefits of happy, care-free feet.

Every night just bathe your feet in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Troublesome hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed. Blisters and chafing are healed, and aches, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Start now with Zam-Buk—there is nothing like it for the feet.

1/6 or 3/6 tin. All chemists and stores.

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"Constant standing and state climbing activities in business made my ankles swell and my feet ache and burn. Massage with Zam-Buk had the desired soothing effect and proved most comforting and refreshing for the feet."—Miss E. K. Carpenter.

"I can keep going all day now and walk miles without feeling any foot aches or weariness. Thanks to Zam-Buk, which has rid my feet of the aching, swelling and redness. Zam-Buk is wonderful."—Miss E. O. Dunne.

N.Z. "Quads" at Home



THE DUNEDIN HOME of the N.Z. "Quads," with the daily wash on the line.



THE New Zealand "Quads" with their first snow-man this winter.

No Union Hours
In This Busy
House

Along The Road

TO ANYWHERE

Step out

WITH A LIGHTER
HEART... KEEP FIT THE
SCHUMANN'S WAY!

Stamina always tells on a long, long tramp. As miles follow miles you'll realize the advantage of good health, perfect fitness, and the physical endurance which can put the miles behind you without fatigue, or distress. That's the natural heritage of the Schumann's user... the vigour and vitality which comes with the daily drink of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts, nature's own remedy for nature's ailments.

Schumann's Eliminates Poisons...
and Keeps You FIT!

Schumann's Salts contains the essential elements which the body needs to keep it functioning perfectly. You'll soon be made aware of any accumulations of poisons in your system. Nature sends out her S.O.S., warning you that all is not well internally. You know the danger signs. Headaches, dizziness, fatigue, loss of appetite, irritability, sleeplessness. These symptoms tell you that Nature needs some assistance. If you're wise you'll take heed of the warning, and start the morning drink of Schumann's in a long glass of warm water first thing every morning. That will give your system the help it needs. It cleans away accumulated waste matter, tones up the liver, cleans the blood stream and banishes uric acid. You'll thrill with the joy of health and vigour, the pride of perfect fitness.

Start NOW... Enjoy Perfect Health
... the Schumann's Way!

Don't wait for danger signals. Even if you feel perfectly well, you can benefit from the daily drink of Schumann's. If you've any reason to think you're not quite up to the mark, Schumann's will restore your normal health and fitness, and keep you better than you've ever been before. Every glass of it has to offer. Keep your system functioning properly. Have a clean rich blood supply. And know the thrill of perfect health, the simple, safe, sure Schumann's way.

All chemists and stores sell Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts at 1/6 and 2/9 a jar. Insist always on Schumann's — the original genuine Mineral Spring Salts.



SCHUMANN'S SALTS

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Every
Morning
A LONG GLASS OF
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DO YOU SUFFER FROM

CONSTIPATION	PIMPLES
RHEUMATISM	BAD SKIN
LUMBAGO	FLATULENCE
NEURITIS	HEARTBURN
ARTHRITIS	HEADACHES
BACKACHE AND	SLUGGISH LIVER
ALL URIC ACID	GIDDINESS
CONDITIONS	

If you suffer from any of the ailments listed above and wish to obtain prompt relief put half a teaspoonful of Schumann's Salts in a long glass of warm water and drink first thing every morning.

Full-Time Job of Work For Mother of Quartet

By MARY TRUBY KING

Mrs. Johnson, mother of New Zealand's famous "Quads," must surely be one of the busiest mother-housewives in the world.

Just imagine coping with housework, cooking, and a large family including four toddlers of 3½ years!

Hats off, housewives, to Mrs. Johnson!

MRS. JOHNSON'S day begins at 6.30 a.m., when the first meal is prepared by her flying fingers.

The children are always awake at 6.30 a.m., but they do not attempt to get up. They lie talking, laughing and singing till 7.30 a.m., when the elder girls help with their bathing.

Mrs. Johnson bathes Bruce and Vera, Mary falls to Bryen, and Nancy washes Kathleen, after which they are taken to a room with a fireplace and dressed.

Kathleen is very adept at dressing herself, and can manage all but her sandals. Mary and Vera are slower, but try very hard to put their garments on.

Then comes the man of the house who has not the faintest idea of how to begin! Bruce prefers to let one of the elder girls dress him.

It is a standing joke in the Johnson household, watching Bruce, if left to himself, attempting to put his garments on upside down, and the sandals on the wrong feet.

Next, bibs or feeders are tied on, and each child goes to its own place at table and feeds itself.

Breakfast consists of porridge made of rolled oats, a slice of bread and butter and a cup of milk.

After breakfast everyone helps to clear the table.

Then the "Quads" rush to the front gate to say good-bye to the older girls, Bryen and Nancy, who go off to school.

The school they attend is just across the road, so the "Quads" can keep an eye on their sisters until the 9 o'clock bell rings. The "Quads" know quite a number of the schoolchildren by name, and there is much shouting of salutations across the road.

The "Quads" are enrolled as pupils of the Roslyn Kindergarten, and completed one happy year there.

However, as the winter has been severe and as the Kindergarten is a mile's walk away, the children will not attend regularly till spring is fully established.

THE "Quads" are put to play in a sunny spot at the back of the house. It is a little area which has been fenced off for them, and Mrs. Johnson keeps her eye on them through the window as she goes about her housework.

There they will stay quite happily if the gate of this area is NOT closed. They strongly object to its

being closed, preferring to being put on their honor.

Sometimes Mrs. Johnson has to go out to settle a grievance, but they play usually very happily together, and simply knock on the door if they want anything.

At 10 a.m. Mrs. Johnson calls them all inside to have a spoonful of malt or an orange.

Mary is the little nurse. If any child falls, it is she who knocks on the door demanding vaseline and a bandage.

If the weather is wet, the children go into a large nursery and play trains or dress and undress their dolls.

"Kathleen is a sweet little singer," Mrs. Johnson wrote, in a recent letter, "but she is the shy one and even a bribe will not get her to sing if she does not feel in the mood."

"Bruce, on the other hand, knows all the words of dozens of songs and would sing for Royalty if need be, but sad to relate he has no talent and never fails to raise a smile with his rendering of popular songs which he makes sound like some sort of un-musical monologue."

While the children are playing, Mrs. Johnson gets her morning's work and cooking done.

She tries to plan the meals so that they have a different midday meal every day of the week. The children have large appetites, and are allowed a little meat twice weekly.

They are all exceptionally fond of tomatoes and lettuce, which they have daily when in season.

The children have had no digestive troubles and no sleepless nights.

At 6.30 p.m., the "Quads" are washed again and put down for the night. They love brushing their teeth.

Every Saturday morning Mrs. Johnson washes their hair. All their curls are gone now. A barber comes to the house regularly to cut their hair, and there are squeals of delight over the clippers.

The schoolchildren across the road have devised a means of knowing Kathleen from Mary. They say that if you speak to them both and one answers THAT one is Mary, because Kathleen won't speak!

Kathleen and Mary baffle everyone. Each visitor asks which is which, and Mrs. Johnson was much amused one day when the "Quads" lined up in a row and said to her, "Mummy, which is which, and which is Bruce?"

The MAN WHO CAME BACK

Levenford ignored the prodigal until the woman he had jilted took compassion on him...

ONE evening in early June as Dr. Finlay Hislop sat in his surgery there entered a man whom he had never seen before in Levenford. The stranger was perhaps thirty-five or forty years old, but it was uncertain, for his features, lean, haggard, and jaundiced by tropic suns, wore that look of cheap experience which puts the stamp of age even upon the face of youth.

The manner of this young-old man was easy, flashy, almost arrogant. He was dressed in a light suit of ultra sporting cut, carried worn-out yellow gloves and a chipped malacca cane, while his hat, which he had not troubled to remove, lay on the back of his head as if to mask the stains upon its threadbare nap by this extremely rakish tilt.

"Evening, doctor sahib," remarked the unusual visitor with complete assurance; and without invitation flung himself into the chair beside Finlay's desk. "Dropped in on you to get acquainted. I'm Hay, Bob Hay, Esq., of the North-East India Company. Just back from Bombay to look the old town up again."

Finlay stared at the queer individual in surprise. No one like this had ever been in his surgery before. Recovering himself he made to put a question, but before he could speak the ubiquitous Hay, tapping his pointed shoe—rather cracked about the uppers, but finely shined for all that—with his malacca cane, resumed in cocksure style:

"Pretty darn funny the old town looks after fifteen years. I can tell you, when a man's been out East and seen the world, he's fit to laugh. He slides out at a chota spot like this. Hal Hal Call it the Royal and Ancient burgh. It's ancient all right. No life, doc, no bright lights, nothing!

"Darn my liver! I don't know how I'll stand it now I've come home."

AND with an easy, man-of-the-world laugh, he pulled a cheroot from his waistcoat pocket, and stuck it nonchalantly in his mouth.

With level eyes and a growing repugnance, Finlay studied the flashy Hay—Bob Hay, Esquire, as he styled himself—this son of Levenford, returned to his native town after many years abroad. At length he inquired brusquely:

"Seeing that you find it so unsatisfactory, may I ask you why you came back?"

Bob Hay laughed, and airily waved his cheroot, which he had lit, by the simple process of borrowing a match from Finlay's desk and sparking it expertly upon his shoe.

"Reasons of health, doctor sahib! Climate plays the devil with a man's liver and lights out East. And the life y'know. Dinners, dances, regimental balls. Chad, doc, when a man's run after socially—oh, you understand how it is, old man! Had to give it up for a bit and come back. Couple of my pals in Bombay, big specialists out there, good fellows both, advised me to have a little rest and take a trip home."

A pause while Finlay grappled with this specious information.

"You're returning to India, then?" he queried after a moment.

"Maybe, maybe," evaded Hay. "We'll see how we get on in the old home town. Might settle down altogether here. Buy a little estate up the country. Y'never know. Hal Hal Company have been handsome, bang it all—confounded handsome!

Settled a whacking pension on Bobbie Hay!"

"They've pensioned you?" echoed Finlay sharply.

For all his airy pretence, if Hay had been pensioned by his company it was plain he would never go back to India. But why? Finlay stared with a new interest at the other, whose pinchbeck outer husk revealed, on closer examination, the manifest seediness beneath. And, scrutinising even closer, Finlay became aware of a sickly pallor that underlay the sunburnt complexion before him, of a shortened breathing, a quick and restless tremor of the thin, yellow-nicotined fingers.

Decisively he pulled a sheet of paper towards him and picked up his pen.

"We seem to be wasting a fair amount of time," he declared. "Do you wish to consult me? Or what exactly can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing much, doctor sahib, nothing much," protested Hay with a gracious, deprecating gesture. "I don't want to consult you. And don't bother about particulars or medicine. I've a prescription from my Bombay pals I take when I remember. As a matter of fact, I've only looked in because the company asked me to see my doctor sahib at home. I shall have to send them a medical chit from you every month." He paused elegantly. "Because of my pension, don't you see?"

"No," returned Finlay, very precisely. "I don't quite see. I cannot undertake to give you a certificate unless I know what's the matter with you. I'm sorry, Hay, but if you want a certificate out of me you'll have to let me examine you."

There was a distinct and curious pause; then out came Hay's ready laugh.

"Right you are, then, old sport. I don't mind in the slightest. Not one chota peg. Hal hal! You go ahead. Put the old darn measuring tape across me. Bob Hay can say ninety-nine with the best of 'em."

With the same conscious indifference Hay rose and slipped off his coat and vest, revealing the shabbiest of underclothing. Stripped, standing in his trousers and stocking soles, he showed a pitiable physique; his arms were skin and bone, his ribs standing out like spars, while in the centre of his narrow chest around his breastbone there moved a curious pulsation.

Hay's whole bodily appearance indicated a wasted, ill-spent life. But Finlay was less concerned with the man's physique. His eyes remained riveted upon that pulsing movement in Hay's breast. It was labored, that pulsing, and ominous—horribly ominous.

Finlay made his examination slowly and without asking it single

By A. J. CRONIN

Author of "The Citadel"

question, using his stethoscope carefully, deliberately. Then, in a manner patently altered, he sat down at his desk again and remarked:

"You can dress up now; that's all for the moment. I'll give you a certificate."

"Right you are, doctor sahib!" cheerfully exclaimed Hay. "Knew there wouldn't be the slightest difficulty. Old war-horse is fit as a fiddle. Only a bit of nonsense on the part of these doctor wallahs in Bombay. Good friends of mine,

Another Adventure of "The Little Black Bag"



Illustrated by
WYNNE
W. DAVIES

Hay's indifference to the dreadful malady which possessed him.

Could Hay really understand the full significance of the terrible disease—aneurism—that swelling of the great artery leading from the heart, which was liable at any second to rupture and cause instantaneous death?

Was he ignorant of the fact that his life hung by a thread? That, at the outside, a few short months must see him cold in his grave? Finlay sighed, and despite himself, a great curiosity possessed him as to who Hay was, and what his history might be.

Indeed, when the surgery was over and he came into the dining-room to eat his supper, he was moved to make a discreet inquiry.

Cameron was out upon a case, but Janet, never-failing source of information on matters relating to Levenford and its people, readily afforded him the information which he sought.

"Ay, indeed," she responded, shaking her head, and drawing her lips together tightly—sure sign of condemnation and regret! "Weel do I ken Bob Hay—and all about him. A sore heartbreak he's been to his folks, and a sorer heartbreak still to Chrissie Temple."

Janet paused, shook her head again, then severely continued:

"A fine young fella he was at aye time, mind ye. He come o' decent stock, ay, his folks was highly respectit in Levenford. They lived up Knoxhill way, an' had a braw bit house. An' Bob was the only son. He went to the Academy like maist o' the other Knoxhill laddies, and then went into the yard to serve his time for the drawin'-office."

Please turn to Page 20

mind you, but nervous, too darn nervous for words. I'll be all right once I dig up a little sport and gaiety in this one-anna town."

Finlay did not answer immediately; he continued slowly writing out the certificate. But when Hay was dressed he looked up, and, in an unemotional, professional voice which masked the distaste he felt, he declared:

"Sport and gaiety are not for you, Hay. You're a sick man. You must have complete rest and freedom from all excitement."

"Ah, a lot of tommy-rot, doc," laughed Hay. "I'm right as rain."

"You're not right," Finlay repeated with emphasis. "You surely appreciate why you've been sent back here." A pause. "Don't you realise that you're suffering from advanced aneurism of the aorta?"

As the fatal name of this mortal complaint echoed in the surgery once again that curious rattle came. Then Hay smiled, though the line of the smile on the pinched and sunken features turned ghastly.

And reaching up the certificate he pulled it deliberately in his waistcoat pocket, cocked his hat, made on the shoddy gloves, nodded to Finlay confidently, and, swinging his malacca cane, strolled easily out of the surgery.

Finlay sat motionless at his desk, staring, surprised in a way by the gross effrontery of this strange patient, yet strangely arrested by

"They were plighted, ye ken, and their devotion to each other was much thought o' throughout the hale town."

ragged, merging insensibly into a grimace that almost was a sneer.

He stared at Finlay bitterly, defiantly, revealingly. The only for an instant. The ready laugh rang out again immediately, the easy, careless, blustering laugh.

"There's a good one, doctor sahib. But I can't keep on with those fancy tales. Hal hal! The lad's hard as nails and tough as leather, doc. The old pumps out of gear o' his body all. Nothing serious, you see. An' Bob Hay, doctor, no, no, I'll be right, not for a hundred years."

And reaching up the certificate he pulled it deliberately in his waistcoat pocket, cocked his hat, made on the shoddy gloves, nodded to Finlay confidently, and, swinging his malacca cane, strolled easily out of the surgery.

Finlay sat motionless at his desk, staring, surprised in a way by the gross effrontery of this strange patient, yet strangely arrested by

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4621982>

BEWARE, Sailor, BEWARE!

Leaving her sophisticated world behind, a young woman finds adventure and turbulent romance on the high seas

MIKE NORTON got out of his chair and, standing, looked down at the jovial faced oilman sitting behind a flat mahogany desk. They were a distinct contrast, these two. The young man, tall, sinewy, with arms like whipcord and a sun-bronzed firm face that made it impossible to guess his age; and his companion, round-cheeked, slightly dissipated-looking.

Mike shook his head. "Listen, Maitland," he said. "I've run guns in Canton, busted up a few opium dens in Shanghai, and sat behind a Vickers gun at Woosung, but if you think I am going to play wet nurse for some chuckle-headed society girl on a world cruise, and act as skipper of her yacht, you're crazy. Not even if she lets me take along my own native navigator."

The elder man chuckled and spread his hands palms downwards upon his desk. "Well, Mike," he replied, "I never thought I'd live to find the job you were afraid to tackle. Scared of a society girl, eh?"

The lines about Mike's mouth lightened and his eyes flashed. "Any time you find a woman I'm afraid of, I'll marry her," he snapped. "If that's the way you figure it I'll take the job, but don't blame me if she doesn't enjoy the trip. I'll take my own navigator," he added as an afterthought.

Maitland rubbed his fat hands together in evident satisfaction. "I thought you wouldn't fall for me, Mike. I wouldn't have asked you to take over the job, but with her last skipper in hospital with fever and the girl wanting to cruise through Blas Bay, I just couldn't let any out-of-the-job captain take charge. Monia wants the Adventure to put to sea at midnight. When will you get aboard?"

MIKE reached for his hat and banked it on his head at an angle. "I'll be aboard at five minutes to, and not one second before," he replied. And turning, made for the door, followed by a whiff of relief. At the threshold he whirled. "And you can tell that woman that this is the first time I ever regretted having my skipper's papers!"

The door slammed and he was gone.

Promptly on the stroke of midnight the wall of a ship echoed across the sleeping harbor of Singapore and the beautiful white steam yacht Adventure started to put her nose out to sea.

On the bridge stood Mike Norton, taking a final look at the lights of the town. He turned to a Chinese at the wheel. "Well, Chia," he announced, "here we are. Wet turns to half a million dollars and taking a whimsical young lady on a nice little cruise right through the pirate-infested waters of Blas Bay, thanks to my friend Maitland."

The Chinese smiled and gave the wheel half a turn before replying. "I don't mind the half-million, Mike. After all, part of a sun like that sent me to Oxford. But as for the young lady, opinions differ. I have had a great deal of admiration for women since I saw May Lih handle a machine-gun at Woosung. She—"

He stopped talking as footsteps sounded upon the deck and into the wheelhouse walked a girl, accompanied by a dark-skinned, narrow-eyed individual in a mate's uniform.

"Too pretty for her own good," grudgingly admitted Mike to himself as he took in her figure in its fluffy volle evening dress. "Pretty enough to cause plenty of trouble," he concluded. He nodded in recognition and then, doffing his pith helmet in favor of more conventional sailors' headgear, turned away to look out one of the windows.

For several seconds he stood gazing to seaward until Chia's voice broke in upon his thoughts. Chia, speaking pidgin English: "Very sorry, Misses, but no can take wheel. Wheel all same belong Chia."

Mike whirled, a scowl on his face. Here was trouble already. "Miss Manning!" he commanded, "this is the pilot house of a ship. Kindly get away from that wheel and stay away!"

The girl ignored him and continued to argue with the Chinese. Mike took a step forward. "Either you get away or I'll have to force you to," he announced. Evidently enjoying the situation, she remained firm, a half smile playing about her lips.

Mike squared his shoulders and took another step forward, but as he did so the mate thrust himself in front of him. "You won't give Miss Manning orders while I'm here," he snapped.

Mike closed his fist. "Listen, mister! I'm skipper here and I give the instructions." His arm described a short arc and before the mate realised what was happening a fist crashed upon his jaw and he pitched forward on to the floor.

In a flash the girl was at his side. "You brute!" she shrieked at Mike. "You're thorough! Do you hear me? Through!"

Mike rubbed his bruised knuckles

and stood looking down at her as she wiped away the smear of blood from the man's lips. "I hate to disappoint you," he drawled, "but neither you nor anyone else can fire me until we get to port, and if I ever see you up here again without my permission I'll see you regret it." He glanced towards Chia. "Look after this man till I get back," he ordered, and without another word he bent down and picked up his employer like a sack of flour. Swinging her over his shoulder he walked out of the wheelhouse, apparently heedless of her flaying arms.

Silently he carried her to her cabin, and, opening the door with one hand, stepped inside to toss her upon the bunk. "There!" he snapped. "It's about time someone put you in your place." He whirled, and before she could reply was gone.

The next two days were uneventful. Uneventful save for an open flirtation carried on by the ship's



A
Complete
Short
Story

Illustrated by WEP

Monia, for several seconds sat upright, then, tears of humiliation streaming down her cheeks, she began to sob with rage, and, burying her head in the pillow, beat out a tattoo with her fists and feet.

The mate was attempting to sit up when Mike reached the wheelhouse. He strode across the room and with his right fist ready for instant action looked down upon his foe. "Well, mister," he asked, "do you think you know who's skipper of this craft now?"

The mate nodded his head. "All right," Mike added, "you can get below for some sleep. I don't like trouble but I won't have insubordination."

The man climbed unsteadily to his feet and made his way out of the room, while Mike, as soon as he was certain that they were alone, turned to Chia. "Why all the broken English, Chia?" he asked.

The Chinese narrowed his eyes.

Mike rubbed his bruised knuckles and stood looking down at her.

owner with the first mate each time Mike came anywhere in sight. He ignored them both until the evening of the third day, and then, sighting the islands that mark the entrance to Blas Bay, he turned to Chia, who was at the helm. "Please tell Miss Manning I want her immediately," he said. "Tell her it is important."

He took the wheel and the Chinese hastened below, to return a few minutes later with the girl, who kept a discreet silence, but whose eyes spoke volumes.

Outwardly Mike took no notice of her frigid attitude. "Miss Manning," he said, "In the first place I did not want to bring this ship here, but since your sailing orders are to cruise about the islands I am forced to obey. I only hope you do not get a thrill from which you fail to recover."

It was almost dark when Mike reached the main deck, and some inner feeling prompted him to go on a tour of inspection. He made his way aft and instinctively made as little noise as possible. Reaching the last few cabins, he hugged the wall and snaked along beside it. He had almost reached the end of the line when the sound of voices whispering in Chinese fell upon his ears. Slowly and carefully he peered around the corner of the last cabin. There, on the shore side of the ship, were three Chinese huddled over a lantern. He watched. One of them took a handkerchief and waved it back and forth across the light.

MIKE did not wait to see any more. His hand stole for his gun. Quietly he brought it forth, then stepping around the corner he snapped in Chinese, "Up with your hands, you dogs!"

The trio whirled and Mike grinned as he saw the surprised look upon their faces. He took a step towards them. "You yellow swine!" he swore. "I'll cut—"

He heard a movement behind him and tried to spin, but it was too late. Something crashed down upon the back of his skull and there was a flare of blinding light before his eyes which instantly gave way to blackness and oblivion.

When Mike next opened his eyes it was to realization of a head throbbing with pain. For a moment he thought he had lost his sight, but as consciousness returned more fully he realised that he was on the floor of an unlighted cabin. He tried to move his arms, only to find that he was securely bound hand and foot. He began to thresh about and struggle at his bonds when the sound of a voice stopped him.

Please turn to Page 12

By THEO L. J. GREENSLADE

"Sometimes, my friend, being an ignorant native has its advantages," he replied. "I do not forget faces and our boy friend, unless these eyes are getting old, was the only officer not injured when the Tungchow was pirated. A strange coincidence that, but a stranger coincidence that all of our crew were on the same vessel—that is all the deck men. I have not been in the engine room yet."

Mike emitted a whistle of surprise. "And in a day or so we reach Blas Bay." He walked through the doorway leading into his cabin and a minute or so later returned, fastening the clip on a shoulder holster as he came. Then, turning his gaze to seaward, he prepared to complete his watch.

The next two days were uneventful. Uneventful save for an open flirtation carried on by the ship's

He reached into his pocket and pulled forth a small derringer. "Bigger ships than ours have seen trouble here," he continued. "Just in case something happens I would advise you to keep this with you at all times. I trust you know how to use it?"

The girl nodded and put it in her purse. "I would have thought, Captain Norton," she replied, "that with your flint ability firearms would be totally unnecessary." She closed her purse with a snap and before Mike could frame a suitable comment had gone.

"I'd give ten years of my life," he told himself, "if that woman could become a man for just about fifteen minutes." He turned and once more gazed ahead, then, on a sudden impulse, ordered Chia to take over and went below.

WINGED VICTORY

Complete
Short Story

All the thrills of the bob-sleigh race for Sandy, but for her demure sister came something more enduring . . .

I JOLTED the snow from my skis and stood them up in the locker. The dining-room would be closed, but there was always the tea-room. I was famished. Switzerland does that to me. And then I walked into Barr and Mary Wall! Barr began to argue it all over again. "Just the person we were looking for," he said.

"Once more, nothing doing," I said.

"You've got to," Barr said.

"Not on your life! I've told you I'm many kinds of a fool, but not that kind! I'm not racing a bob-sleigh."

"But, Sam, why not?" Mary put in.

"Because bob racing doesn't appeal to me. Why risk six months in the hospital for something you're not interested in?"

"Listen to the man!" Mary exclaimed. "He hates taking risks and then goes out and jumps off a mountain! You're not very consistent, you know."

"I always get like that when I'm hungry," I said.

"That's not the point," Barr said. "If you won't enter, Sam, the club can't have a sleigh in the race."

"I'm sorry, but I'm not racing, all the same. I've done with that game for good."

"But, Sam . . ." Barr persisted, his fourteen stone of weight quivering with determination.

"That's final," I said. "I won't drive your bob or ride on it. So forget it!"

"Wait, here comes Sandra Bains," Mary said as a couple of girls came down the lobby accompanied by six men. It didn't take two looks to be sure that here was the most glorious and triumphant-looking blonde who ever made a man think twice.

Barr pushed his way through the male interference, said something to the blonde, and then introduced me.

"Isn't this nice?" and her voice was like her—thrilling, with the softest American accent. "I've seen your wonderful jumping, Mr. Horton."

By MORRIS LONGSTRETH

and wanted to meet you. A little bird tells me that you may drive a bob-sleigh for the Bandits Club in the races."

"A little bird weighing fourteen stone?" I asked.

"Is it true?" Her frank blue eyes gave a man no chance.

"Well . . ." I said, and Mary's tiny laugh hardly irritated me.

"Hannah and I both hope so," she said. "We're Americans, but we badly want the Bandits to win. You see our brother captained the team five years ago." And she introduced the girl beside her as her sister.

It was hard to believe that they were sisters, for Hannah was a retiring little thing with dark hair and dark, serious eyes. But nature does tricks like that. I shook hands with her and then said to Sandra Bains: "Well, suppose we talk it over."

"While we danced?" she suggested.

"Better and better." Somehow the idea of food had lost its importance.

"Do you mind, Hannah?" Sandra asked.

"Of course not," Hannah said with a smile that I felt she'd had to cultivate, but was none the less nice for that.

Sandra and I didn't talk much, dancing. She gave me that something a ski-jumper feels after his swoop to the take-off, when he's in the air. You wish it could go on for ever. But we must have said something, for when I got back to my room I realised that I was cast as the Bandits' saviour in the Inter-Clubs Cup Races. And I'd agreed to go over the course next morning with Sandy at ten. We were calling each other by our nicknames by then.

It was the run built down the side of the mountain that rose steeply above the town, and I got the impression that those engineers had enjoyed making it! They'd bunkered this adult mountain with a series of hairpin turns. It covered something like a mile and a half, by jerks. To be fair to the engineers, they had calculated a man's chances to a nicety. If you did everything just right, you lived. There was always an ambulance in waiting. Ironically, the place was very beautiful.

So was Sandy. The cold light didn't destroy her the way it would most girls who seemed to be perfection itself on a dance floor. She reminded me of that statue I saw in Paris, except that she had a head and had shed the wings. This was her setting, though, this world of snow and keen air and lots of space.

HANNAH had ridden to the top of the run with us. She stood shivering and it would seem, feeling rather out of it. Sandy tried to interest her in the bob-sleighs and the system of signals, but she wouldn't respond. "Won't you try it just once with us, Han?" Sandra asked. "I'm going to take Sam down slowly to show him the track. Come on."

"Nothing could induce me," Hannah said. "Sensible girl," I thought; but I said, "You don't know what you're missing."

"Do you really like it?" she asked me.

She steered that streak of lightning round suicidal corners.

"Of course he does!" Sandy said quickly.

"And you're going to love this track, Sam."

"I'm sure I shall," I lied.

The bob-sleigh was only five inches short of twelve feet long, weighed nearly five hundred pounds, and had a steering wheel like a racing car. Sid Nelson, our tail man, showed me his brakes, sharp-toothed iron plates that looked as if they could rake the ice hard enough to stop us on a precipice. When we got our goggles and helmets on we looked like people ready for a gas attack. Sandy put me No. 2 right behind her. "I'll name the scenery, the exciting parts," she said. "I know this track from end to end. There are only three bad places, really, Whiteface, Shady Corner, and Zigzag. All clear?" she called up to the starter.

"All clear, Miss Bains."

"Shove away," she called to Sid Nelson.

Sid shoved and vaulted into his seat. The sleigh ducked over the crest, and we started falling down the ice chute with a speed that made breathing painful.

There's something about speed that gets you. It's the supreme intoxication. I started down that track resenting myself for having

been tricked back into the senseless sport, and I ended up feeling like the bubbles in a champagne glass. Or maybe it was the girl. She was magnificent. She'd steered that

streak of lightning round those suicidal corners as easily as a swallow playing with its shadow. Cool as blue ice. And when she crawled out and swept off the goggles, all she said was, "Track's a bit slow this morning. But what do you think of it?"

Half-way down I'd have said "Murder," but I changed it to "Terrific!" It was worth a bigger lie than that to see her eyes brighten.

"I knew you'd love it," she said. "Now we'll get you through the routine to qualify as quickly as possible."

"Do you think I'll do it in the time?" I asked.

"You? With your past experience, you could do it in a week."

"But where do you come in then?" I asked. "What's the matter with your driving? Women can enter in the teams."

"You're heavier. And every ounce counts. Don't you want to?"

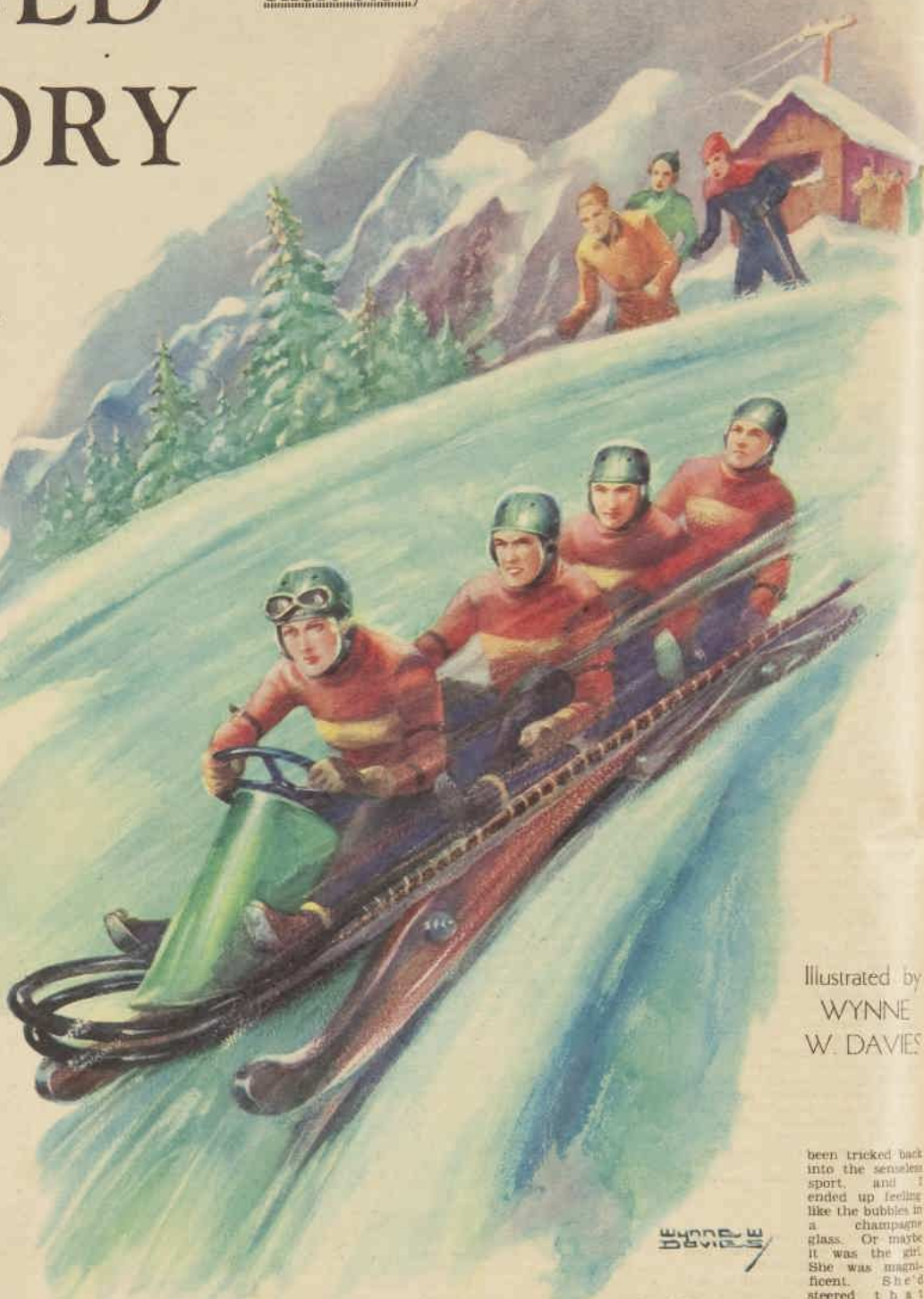
I noticed the slight edge that had crept into her voice, and said, "Of course I want to."

"Good! We're set. Now let's lose no time!"

Well I saw I was caught. Good-bye skiing. But Sandy had hit me where I hadn't been hit before. I had fallen for her completely.

And the way to win her was to learn the track. Putting in my holiday driving that bob-sleigh down that crazy mountain was a small price.

Continued on Page 9



Illustrated by
WYNNE
W. DAVIES

WYNNE W.
DAVIES

By the time I'd qualified to steer the victims from the top I'd got to like it. I liked roaring up the wall of Whiteface to the edge of the rim. I liked that frustrated quiver of the bob-sleigh under a firm hand. I even got to like that appalling double curve at Zigzag where one cliff volleyed you to the other like some diabolic shuttle. But grandest of all was having Sandy pat me on the arm and smile. And for reward, dancing with her every night.

Of course I danced with Hannah as well, but usually she seemed to prefer to sit it out in the hotel lounge and knit.

One night she surprised me. "I don't believe you really care for this bob racing at all," she said. "Why do you do it?"

"You're wrong there!" I said manfully. "There's nothing like it. What made you say that?"

She smiled a little. "Don't ask a girl how she knows things. But I won't give you away. I think it's wonderful of you to make yourself do it. Sandy thinks you're a marvel to catch on so quickly."

"Sandy's a marvellous teacher," I said. "A grand, all-round girl." And I watched her sail past on the floor with Eric Kivian.

"She certainly is," Hannah said, very sincerely. There wasn't a spot of envy or jealousy in her.

I wasn't so good. Jealousy had dug its teeth into me the day Kivian showed up. One of those black-haired men with the Foreign Legion temperament. His real attraction for Sandy was his well-advertised experience at hugging and bobbing on the giant Alpine runs. He danced well, and I noticed that I was helping Hannah knit oftener than I liked.

"Cheer up, Sam," she said, just as if I'd mentioned it. "Mr. Kivian's driving the sleigh for the Cheviot Club, you know."

"What's that got to do with it? You mean that all we have to do is beat the Cheviot team?"

"You're smart, Sam," Hannah said. "I'll take the next dance with Sandy and see," I said.

"Good luck," Hannah said.

As the race Saturday neared, excitement got us. A dozen clubs had entries, but it was Sandy who had put us in the upper flight with her coaching. She'd worked hard on the bobbing. That's the away for ward to Sid's one, two, bob! that was the sleigh ahead faster than gravity.

She'd also specialised on our leaning at the curves. When nature and instinct pull you out, you've got to fight them and lean in.

The way our crew let Sandy and me experiment on them, I came to think of them as heroes. The bob-sleigh was doing fifty-four seconds now, on good ice. Pretty close to Olympic time.

By the night before the race I was strung so fine I could feel each separate nerve twanging in my body. I didn't want to watch Hannah knitting. I wanted Sandy. And alone, not in Kivian's arms, waiting. At last I got her to myself.

"Sandy, let's dance," I said, smiling the while.

"No, you have to race tomorrow."

"Well, doesn't Kivian?"

"That's his look-out. I want you to get some sleep."

"What? At ten o'clock? I couldn't sleep anyhow with you down here dancing with that fellow."

"Don't be an idiot," Sandy said. By the way, I've just had a talk with Sid about braking. He drags too long. There's no necessity. . . .

"I know, I know," I said impatiently, for this was a hot point between us. "You want us to pretend we're swallows and forget the brakes. Well, we shave pretty close to Kingdom Come now. And I'm responsible for those men's lives, not forgetting my own. After all, it's a game, Sandy."

"All I'm asking," Sandy said, "is that you don't throw the race away at Shady Corner and Zigzag. You habitually brake too soon and drag too long. I don't want you mangled, naturally. But I do want you to use your brakes less and your eye more. You still play a shade too safe."

"In other words, I'm a coward," I said.

"You make me so furious!" Sandy said, though still quietly. "You know I don't think that. All I'm saying is that you don't realise your marvellous ability, your sense of timing. Trust it, shave off two seconds somewhere and we'll beat Kivian."

"And that'll make you happy?" I asked, a little happier myself.

"What is your considered opinion?" she asked with a smile. "Sam, you're a funny boy. You don't know me at all."

Winged Victory

Continued from Page 8

"Good work, Sam," Barr said huskily. "You . . ."

The announcer cut in with, "First heat. Bat Out of Hell . . . 52.3 seconds."

"Gosh, we must have done better than that!" Sid said.

"Our record, anyway," Len, our No. 3 man, said.

"What good is that?" Sid said despondently.

"Cheer up. There's another heat, isn't there?" Barr said.

"There's another," I said, but I didn't see how we could go much faster.

It was a slow, cold ride up. At a forced stop near Shady Corner, Sid said, "Let's watch one go through."

IT wasn't a good idea, but the team deserved what they wanted, so we crowded down an aisle to the front of the stand. The loud-speaker was saying, "Red Demon on the track. . . ." Then came the "All clear!" and "She's off!" Electric words.

The seconds seemed minutes. Then the blurred staircase high up, deepening as she came, and filling to a roar when the sleigh swept into sight. Four helmets on a bullet! A projectile rocketing up . . . up . . . too far! A scream from the stand. A tearing, ripping sound. The bob-sleigh had shot over the rim.

"He started to climb too late," Barr said.

The news beat us to the top. No fatalities. One broken arm. It didn't seem to bother Sandy. "What was the matter?" she asked me.

"They started to climb too late."

"No, no, no. What happened to you?" she asked impatiently. "Don't you realise you've got to beat Kivian? Where did you brake?"

She listened and then said to Sid, "I want to speak to you," and took him aside. We listened to the announcer's report. Kivian had not been able to beat his record. The sleigh before us had pushed off. Sandy came back with Sid's goggles but without Sid.

"Where is he?" I asked impatiently, for it was time to line up.

"On his way to the Whiteface stand," Sandy said. "I'm taking his place."

"But why?" Barr asked. "You've refused all along on account of your weight."

"Weight isn't everything," she said. "I'm riding. I think I've deserved it."

She looked indomitable standing there like that. The name of that statue came back to me. The Winged Victory, of course. Well, she was due her thrill as reward, and there wasn't time to argue, anyway. The loud-speaker was announcing us. . . . Track clear. . . .

"You shoving, Sandy?" I asked.

"Certainly, I'm shoving. . . . And you're steering . . . for your life."

Simultaneously came the sleigh's . . .

5

Illustrated by
WYNNE
W. DAVIES

THE entries had got pared down to ten, and when we drew for places we got tenth. Owing to the length of the card, each bob-sleigh was to have two tries instead of three. Best time to win.

From the first team's time, I could tell it was going to be no joyride. The third bob-sleigh did 52.6 seconds, only a second slower than the course record.

When the loud-speaker announced that Kivian had done 51.2 seconds, I saw Sandy's jaw go tight. That was incredible speed and perfect skill. And Sandy frowned! I climbed in behind the wheel, happy. The signal came. Sandy gave me one of those "I rely on you" looks. I felt the shove. The bob hit the glare ice with the speed of a projectile.

We shot into the first curve like a well-controlled tornado; but I cut down into the straight again without brakes. But Whiteface couldn't be played with at that speed. I pelted for the iron at the last tenth of a second, and I could tell by the way Sid clamped down that he was hungry for the word. At Shady Corner, the same, and if he rode the brakes too long, only a perfectionist on the side lines could blame him. We roared into Zigzag at seventy. I got through by a prayer. I felt as if I'd been put through a giant clothes wringer as we crossed the line.

Market Square

Oh! the sky was grey and winds were cold. There wasn't a sign of sunshine gold. And I was distressed with mundane care As I went down to Market Square.

Eggs and butter, and crusty bread, Carrots and spinach, and apples red, A housewife's burden awaited me there, All to be gathered at Market Square.

Daffodils nodded from barrows and stalls! Wattle was dangling its fluffy balls! Fragrance of violets sweetened the air, All in the precincts of Market Square.

Oh! my heart was light and my thoughts were gay, Somehow the rain-clouds had blown away, As I came back with my homely fare, And golden blossoms from Market Square.

—Dorothy Flora Short.

Please turn to Page 20



I swung her round to me and held her so that the tears wouldn't freeze on her cheeks.

An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 24, 1938.

FLATS AND THE FUTURE



DO you live in a flat?

If so, you probably resent the suggestion that your home and the thousands of others like it are

the slums of the future.

The whole problem of flats is so important that it's a pity it is so widely misunderstood.

Our cities are inevitably growing bigger, and our big towns are growing into cities.

Homes must be found for hundreds of thousands of new families.

If they are all to live in cottages, they will be forced miles out of town, and unless transport gets quicker and cheaper this is going to be impractical for city workers.

Boarding is unsuitable for families. Living in lodgings or sharing houses is even worse.

The only alternative, then, is flats.

There is no doubt that the amount an average family budget can spend on accommodation buys better value in flats than in houses.

A family can have a roomy flat of good design with space, ventilation, natural light, balconies and a garden for the same price as a cramped cottage.

As for the aesthetic aspect, nothing could be more horrible than those drab rows of jerry-built houses which disfigure so many suburbs.

In the future, the highest possible developments of domestic comfort and convenience will be found in flats.

They will have ample garden space about them, and each will be a separate home, with just as many opportunities for the expression of individual taste as houses offer.

There will always be a charm in having a house of your own. Those who can afford it will always do so.

But whereas, to-day, those who can't afford a house must put up with makeshift living, the future will offer them homes—real homes—in soundly-designed groups.

Unless we give up city life altogether, this is the only sound solution of the problem.

—THE EDITOR.

What Our Way of Life Provides

Australian Home Standards Are Lesson to World

By DOROTHY DRAIN

BUSINESS-GIRLS were told recently by the Federal Minister for External Affairs, Mr. W. M. Hughes, that the good old days of which people talked were not nearly so good as those of their own time.

"Life for the masses," he said, "is to-day fuller, brighter, and better than ever before."

A review of the facts shows that Mr. Hughes is right.

In standards of living, in matters that relate to leisure, comfort, and entertainment, the majority of Australians are much better off to-day than even twenty years ago.

Particularly does this apply to women. Whether a woman is in the home or out in the world earning her living, she gets more out of life than formerly.

Take the home. How many of us can look back and remember as children when wood-stoves were the rule rather than the exception—especially in smaller towns.

Why, think of the effort that goes to making a cup of tea with a wood-stove—getting the wood . . . lighting the fire . . . and patiently waiting. Extension of gas and electricity services simplified even the small task of getting a cup of tea.

New homes are built to-day to more complete specifications than in the past.

Rooms look nicer, bathrooms and kitchens, formerly insignificantly regarded in architectural design, now boast of modern, beautiful equipment, trimmings and colors. It all makes life more pleasant.

Gadgets never dreamed of before are now a standard part of every design.

Social Services

HOUSEWORK is not so arduous. More people have vacuum-cleaners, washing-machines, and so on.

For one vacuum-cleaner sold ten years ago, seven are sold to-day. Indeed, sales have increased 300 per cent. in the last four years.

Each year adds to the number of homes in city and country benefiting from modern invention.

The speeding-up of transport, the expansion of trade, has brought a greater variety of food within the reach of everyone.

The housewife sends her children off to schools that provide greater facilities and advantages in education than were offered her mother.

She knows to-day that their health is not only her responsibility.

Even in the last decade, certainly in the last 20 years, social legislation has improved so much that the poorest may be sure of good medical



MOTHER used to wash up in an old tin dish. Here's how the modern housewife does it.

and dental attention. In many schools milk is distributed free to the pupils.

Nor must we forget poor old father! On the whole, his working conditions are better, and are getting better. There is more conviviality, also, apparently, for the average man now spends about £1 a year more on liquor than formerly.

Biggest of all the modern father's advantages, perhaps, is the fact that he enjoys greater security for himself and his family. Hardship there is undoubtedly, even in Australia, but actual want is rare. For our Governments to-day take a large measure of responsibility in this regard.

Our Governments do not see people starve. Relief work, rations, workers' compensation help those who have encountered misfortune.

Soon, the National Insurance scheme will put even farther away the ever-present human dread of sickness and old age.

As for leisure hours! Some people may regret the old times when they invited a few people in for the evening, and Mrs. Brown sang and Mr. Jones recited. That was all right in its way; some of us still like it for a change.

But now we can have the cream of world's entertainment brought right into our own homes by radio.

The wealthy man, the laborer, the typist, and the bushman of the Northern Territory may listen in at night to the same programmes.

Twenty years ago radio receiving-sets were unknown in the Australian

household. Even in 1924 there were only 1206 licences issued in the whole of the Commonwealth!

Now there are more than a million. Ten years ago there were, roughly, four sets to every 100 of the Commonwealth population. To-day the figure is 15.49 sets per hundred people.

Let those who regret the passing of the legitimate theatre remember how expensive that entertainment was in comparison with present-day talkies.

To-day the screen has something for everyone.

Apart from its artistic standards, its entertainment is given in comfortable buildings. Palatial, for that matter, is the only word to describe them. The era of the tin shed and open-air picture show has passed away.

For one person who held a car or motor-cycle licence in 1918, 13 hold them to-day.

In the last sixteen years nearly a million Australians have become motor vehicle drivers. In fact, approximately one in every 3.5 adults is qualified to drive a car, with all the enjoyment of travel that it affords.

Plenty of people still living can recall how, as children, they ran excitedly from the house to "look at the motor car." So odd were they.

Now there are so many that we have to run out of their way.

At week-ends thousands stream from the cities to the beaches and the bush. It is a pleasure within the limits of the average working man. Buses will take those who are still unable to afford cars.

Once it was a case of—in the manner of Mrs. Beeton—"First catch your horse!" And was there anything more calculated to ruin father's temper at the end of the picnic than unharnessing the horse by lantern light?

Increased communication facilities have not only made life pleasanter, they have made it safer. The telephone used to be a luxury. It is fast becoming a necessity. Three people now have a phone where only one had it in 1918.

Every girl may dress in a cheaper edition of the most fashionably-dressed women in the world. Inexpensive fashion magazines, simpler paper-patterns, bring smart clothes within reach of the girl earning a couple of pounds a week.

Moving pictures show her what the world's most beautiful women are wearing, and how they are wearing it.

Cosmetics are cheaper, make-up has advanced as an art, and nobody need have straight hair! The romantic novels no longer depress the plain sisters among us.

The pessimists, of course, may say that we do not enjoy these benefits as we should. They may think that when life was slower it was more peaceful.

But the fact remains that more than ever we have at hand the facilities for a pleasant life. It rests with us how we use them.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



Make Your Home Worth Living In!



L. W. LOWER demonstrates how to mend and paint a roof.

Just a Few Useless Hints on Exterior Decoration

I think I have dealt pretty thoroughly with interior house decoration in the past. We will now carry on with the exterior.

Home owners only are included in this treatise because, as we all know, a landlord doesn't care if the front wall falls in so long as he gets his rent.

WE will start with the gate. If it has rusty hinges and the latch won't work, just tear it off and throw it away. It's useless, anyway. Anybody can open it.

A front lawn is only a week-end penance, and should be dug up and cast aside.

All cracks in the outer walls should be filled in. Soap is not bad, and it is easy to work, although the house during wet weather is likely to froth a bit.

Still, I think this is rather picturesque, especially if you use scented soap.

The roof should be gone over

... By ...

L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

thoroughly, preferably in the daytime. One is liable to render one's self conspicuous crawling about the roof with a hurricane lamp in the middle of the night.

The first thing to do when inspection of the roof is contemplated is to go somewhere and borrow a ladder. This takes about three days.

Always get your wife to hold the ladder, so that you have something soft to fall on in case of accidents.

Be Thorough!

HAVING reached the roof, examine the guttering carefully for birds' nests, tennis balls, stones, and empty rum flasks.

We then come to the roof proper. If it is a tiled roof it is better to stay on the ladder. This also applies to slate roofs.

Corrugated iron roofs may be inspected with a fair amount of impunity, and you can always get someone to call the local fire brigade to get you down again.

If the roof needs painting, paint yourself all over first and then paint the roof. Then, if you get paint on you while painting the roof it won't matter.

Having finished the roof, wipe your hands on your hair and go to the nearest hotel and have three pints. I make this an invariable rule when painting roofs.

My wife often wonders why I paint the roof six times a week.

Question of Taste

WHEN (and if) you get down off the roof, the front and back doors are the next things to be examined. You will probably find that all the paint is scratched off around the keyhole and that the lower portion is dented in various places where you have been kicking it when you have lost your key.

If the door is very bad, take it off its hinges and turn it around so that the outside is on the inside.

This may be a bit confusing at first, when you think you're going out when you're coming in. But you'll get used to it in time. After all, appearance is everything.

Windows should come next. Good taste dictates that a window with a busted sash-cord should not be propped up with an empty sauce bottle.

Replacing sash-cords is a ticklish

job, and I have found it easier to punch a hole in the window when fresh air is needed and paste a piece of brown paper over it when you feel that the window should be shut.

This method may seem unconventional, but it works.

People who nonchalantly raise and shut windows would be astonished if they could see the inner works. Pulleys, ropes, and lead weights are necessary to open a window. Brute strength is necessary to shut it.

I wonder what sticky-beak insectivorous windows?

Verandahs, if you have any, should be inspected for white ants and borers once a month. It is embarrassing for any home-owner to invite his guest out on to the verandah and see him plunge through the floorboards into the cellar.

Have you a cellar? People with-

out cellars don't know what they're missing.

When our doorbell rings and we don't know who it is we always go into the cellar.

During the depression we practically lived in it. It was a bit damp and I think that's where I contracted my pneumonia. But it was worth it.

Now that we have risen in financial status, we are living in the attic.

We are not so troubled with the rats, but we occasionally have bats. I would like to tell you about tuck-pointing and dampcourses, but I haven't the time. This is a pity because the dampcourse is particularly fascinating.

I speak as one who has been over the course.

Strangely enough, there are no water jumps.

I now have an important appointment to avoid. EXCUSE ME!

What is the Secret of Her LOVELY FIGURE

FASHIONABLE clothes show her figure off to perfection—thanks to her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, ensure internal health, and daily eliminate all food residue. Youthfulness and fitness go together, and you can make sure of that youthful figure—so necessary for modern dress—and keep in the best of health by taking a couple of Bile Beans nightly.

So, if you want to help keep your figure and good health, follow her example and take

A Nightly Dose of

BILE BEANS



"I work in a large store and hardly a day passes without someone telling me what a lovely figure I have and how nicely my dress fits. It is Bile Beans that help keep my figure youthful and attractive and make me feel more like a girl of eighteen than twenty-six."

"I used to be a professional dancer but when I gave up the stage I lost my youthful figure. I have since found that Bile Beans taken nightly not only help keep my figure normal but also help ensure better health."

Mrs. E. L. Mee

"Summer-time" means **LOTS** of new dresses to the woman who makes her own on a

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"BARKLY"
Sewing Machine



From
£18/18/-

For the small sum of half a crown per week you can be the owner of one of the finest machines ever offered to the Australian woman!

- Sews both ways without removal of material.
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Life-like French flowers, made up of La Paula student.



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Why not enjoy all those extra pleasures in life—new clothes, money to travel as you wish, new comforts in your home—by easily making money through becoming a member of La Paula Art Academy, the largest in Australia.

You can enjoy quick profits without months and months of dreary, monotonous study. The La Paula simplified methods help you turn your spare time into profit. You can't afford to pass this offer by.

POSTAL OR PERSONAL COURSE
La Paula Academy offers two courses—(1) a special postal course for those who wish to learn at home,

FREE BOOK TELLS YOU ALL!

and (2) a personal course at the Academy. You can learn equally well by whichever method suits your convenience. You will quickly learn by the simplest, easiest methods the secrets of hand-made flowers for additional income at home. Distance no object. Free packing boxes are supplied, and we pay all freight.

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I am interested in personal course. (Cross out course not required.)

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Address.....

W.W. 24/9/38.

Beware, Sailor, Beware

Continued from Page 7

"Who is it?" the voice asked.
"Chia!" gasped Mike in surprise. "So they got you too. How long have I been here and what's up?"

"They brought you in about half an hour ago," the Chinese answered. "The engineers have been locked down below and we have stopped. Things look bad. There is a knife in my hip pocket. See if you can get it."

Mike rolled towards him in the darkness and after groping for several minutes managed to secure it. "We've got a chance, Chia," he muttered. "I'll hold it. See if you can open it with your teeth."

The Chinese shifted his body, and after several unsuccessful attempts there was a click and the blade remained open. Chia took the handle in his jaws and began sawing at Mike's bonds. It was slow and tedious work, but with a great deal of effort and the loss of several pieces of skin the stout strands parted.

Mike flexed his muscles to bring back the circulation and was about to assist Chia when he heard the sound of footsteps. In a flash his hands were behind him and he was lying on the floor. The cabin door opened and in the shaft of light he could see a Chinese entering. The seaman came close and spat at him. "Turtle!" he swore. "I'll finish you now."

There was a flash of steel as he drew forth a knife and started it in a downward plunge that never reached its destination, for Mike gave a sudden lurch and his flat, coming up like a sledgehammer, caught the Chinese under the jaw and knocked him clear across the cabin. In a flash Mike was after him, but it was not necessary. The man was out, cold.

With his attacker's knife he slashed the bonds about his own legs and freed Chia. It was but the work of a moment for the two of them to bind and gag the unconscious seaman, then they stole out of the room and on to the after deck. Quietly and quickly they began to make their way forward. "If we can reach the wheel-house," Mike whispered, "we can get a couple of guns. I hid—"

Suddenly he stopped, and the pair of them remained as silent and still as statues. From ahead came sounds of strife and a girl's voice raised in fury. "Stop it and get out of here!" she shouted. "You'll hang for this. The whole lot of you!"

There came a laugh of derision and then the sound of someone crashing his shoulder against a cabin door.

Mike waited to hear no more. With his large hands forming into fists he rushed headlong up the deck, and heedless of danger, dashed into the companionway. A few more strides and he was in the midst of three Chinese who had whirled to meet him. Mike's fists, hitting out right and left, flew like piston rods. One of his foes went down. Mike saw him reach for a gun, and his foot lashed out to knock it from the bony fingers and sent it whirling down the hallway. A fist landed in his eye. Mike shook his head. "Come on, you yellow-skinned dogs," he panted. "Come and get it!"

He swung his fist at another heathen face, but the man on the floor hit him below the knees and Mike fell like a ton weight with his three foes clambering over him. It looked like the end. Mike drew up his legs in a final effort to get to his feet when suddenly his foes stepped back.

"Up with your hands!" came a voice in Chinese, and as the pirates climbed to their feet Mike saw Chia standing in the doorway with a big revolver in his hand.

"Nice work, Chia," he panted. "Keep 'em covered while I frisk 'em." He ran his hands over the captives and found nothing but three wicked-looking knives. He pocketed these as Chia murmured, "It is a good thing that a woman's voice does not make my heart beat so fast that discretion is thrown to the winds."

Mike ignored the insinuation, but instead announced: "Well, we have three here and one in the cabin. That makes four. Now all we have to do is nab the mate and one sailor."

He walked along the companionway to pick up the gun that had been knocked across the room in the struggle. "That's better," he muttered. "That other bird will most likely be in the engine-room, while our late mate will be in the wheel-house. It's an old pirate custom. Make your way below, I'll handle that gent up on the bridge."

He whirled, gun in hand, as a nearby cabin door opened. Then he lowered his gun. "Oh, it's you, is it?" he snapped, as Monia stepped across the threshold. "Get back in there, and stay in."

The girl shook her head. "I am staying with you."

"You have already caused me enough grief," answered Mike. "Get in before—"

But he never completed the threat, for he stopped short as a low moan came from a nearby cabin. Carefully and with gun ready for instant action, he approached the door and pushed it slowly open. Suddenly he cursed in surprise. Before him, bound, gagged, and upon his back, was the mate.

Mike threw the door wide. "So I had you sized up wrong!" he ejaculated. He turned towards Chia, and his back was towards the man on the floor. In a flash the mate was on his side, a gun appearing in his hand as he rolled. But he never pulled the trigger. Mike spun, the gun in his hand spoke, and the mate shrieked as blood spurted from a shattered wrist.

Mike stepped over to him. "So that's how you worked it on the Tunchow?" he commented. "Let your own men tie you up after you've worked with them and then along comes the admiralty to find you neatly trussed up and alive, just struggling out of your bonds. It was a great racket, you beast. But you'll never pull it again. I ought to finish you now, but there are a few others that have accounts to settle with you. Get up!"

Cursing, the mate got on to his feet and Mike, spinning him around by one shoulder, tightened the loose bonds which bound him, and then bandaged his wound with his own handkerchief. Finished, he turned to Chia. "I'll keep them covered," he announced. "You get the bed linen and tie these three up. Snap into it! That pirate junk they were signalling may be here any time now."

The Chinese stepped over to a bed and tore a sheet into strips. A few minutes later, the trio had been securely trussed and placed in one room. "All right, Mike," he announced. "You take over the bridge. I'm going down to the engine-room."

He began to walk away and Mike turned to Monia. "Come on!" he ordered. "You're coming up on to the bridge with me, where I can watch you." He turned his back upon her and headed for the wheel-house.

Mike had been on the bridge about two minutes when the sound of a shot re-echoed through the ship. The girl gave a start and for a few seconds Mike was tense. "If anything has happened to Chia," he threatened, when the whistle of the speaking-tube interrupted him. He picked up the earphone and began to grin. "It's all clear, Mike," came a voice. "I was forced to let him have it."

"GOOD work, Chia," he answered. "Order full speed ahead and let's get out of here, and get out fast."

He hung up the earphone, and then as the ship began to make headway turned to the girl, who had been keeping a discreet silence. "I suppose you have had the thrill you were after," he announced. "When we get to Hongkong you can find a new skipper. I only signed on for there."

The girl's lips trembled and tears filled her eyes. "Do you always have to be a beast?" she asked. "Even when someone is very grateful?"

Mike would never look out to sea. Eventually the girl spoke again. "Are you sure you want to sign off when we reach Hongkong?" she asked.

Mike emitted a grunt. "Want to? I'm looking forward to it."

The girl's lips twitched in a subdued grin. "All right, Captain Norton," she replied. "An owner of this ship, the admiralty gives me the right to dictate your ports of call. Prior to reaching Hongkong, you can drop anchor at Buenos Aires."

Surprise flashed across Mike's features. "What you need in a darned good spanking," he announced, "and I am going to give it to you."

He left the wheel and clasped her by the shoulders. Instead of pushing him away her hands slid up and about his neck and Mike, strange to say, lost all interest in spankings.

In the engine-room a Chinese graduate of Oxford watched a signal board dancing crazily. "Bisher he's kissing her or the pirates have gained the bridge," he murmured to himself. He watched the board for a moment or so more. "It's romance," he concluded. "No pirate that ever lived could keep Mike away from his wheel that long." He took over the controls and with the engine purring away at three-quarter speed the Adventure put her nose out to sea.

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SO THIN... HE WAS ASHAMED TO GO SWIMMING!

BUT HE GAINED

2 1/2 lbs. QUICKLY ON "VIKEL'S" 12 MINERALS + 6 VITAMINS + FOOD IODINE—NOW FEELS GREAT!

Read His Actual Letter

"Gentlemen:—I had been skinny since childhood. Last September was my nineteenth birthday, so you see how long I have been skinny. Almost every Sunday kids in the neighbourhood would go swimming. I did not go with them. I suppose they knew why. I was ashamed of my skinny body. I was nervous. You know what I used to do? I bought a tin of Vikel's. I was ashamed to have my clothes rolled up like other fellows did. A few months ago I stepped on a pair of scales. I weighed about 8 st. 6 lbs. and was a young man going on twenty. I thought of the future—would I always be skinny? I had seen Vikel's Tablets advertised in the papers and magazines so I bought a tin. I was really amazed how much I gained and how much better I felt. I bought 4 more tins. Over two months have passed. I have gained more than 2 st. 2 lbs. You don't know how much better I feel and look and how thankful I am for what Vikel's Tablets have done for me, so I am going to thank Vikel's Tablets for what their sea minerals have done for me. Yours very truly, Lester P. Curlew. (Ottawa No. 41216.)"

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Freckles

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

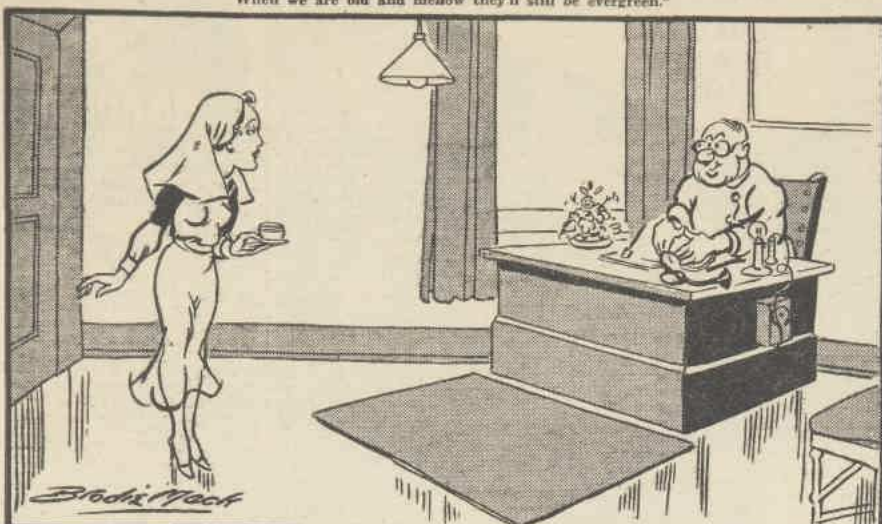
Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"Oh, doctor, the new patient in our ward is lightheaded!"
"Go on! Delirious or blonde?"

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Baby threw all her clothes out the window yesterday."
"Was she wearing them at the time?"



"Have you seen one of those instruments which can tell when a man is lying?"
"Have I seen one? I married one."



GLADYS: But his is such a fine old family tree.
JANE: Quite so, dear, but he came from the shady side of it!

A Message to all who suffer from

LUNG TROUBLE

Membronus is a dry inhalation treatment which has produced remarkable results for people who have suffered from Lung Trouble, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Catarrh and Antrum trouble (without operation). If you suffer from any form of chest or catarrhal trouble, you should give Membronus a trial without delay. Hundreds of letters have been received from grateful users who have obtained quick and lasting relief after having suffered for years with:

**ASTHMA — BRONCHITIS — CATARRH
HAY FEVER — ANTRUM TROUBLE**

Read the following tributes to Membronus.

"DREADFUL ATTACKS OF ASTHMA."

WAVESLEY.
I suffered with Asthma terribly—I was under the Doctor's treatment and he was giving me the needle and medicine, but I had those dreadful attacks of Asthma just the same. I had to sit up at night and get no sleep and kept every one awake with my coughing. I have only had one supply from you, I have not had an attack since—it cuts away the phlegm as soon as I have inhaled the fumes. I have not lost one night's sleep. (Sgd.) Mrs. A. D. McC.

"COMPLETELY CURED THE CATARRH"

SOUTH BRISBANE.
You will be pleased to know that your "Membronus" treatment has completely cured the Catarrh and I have had no occasion to use the more tedious I am keeping for use in case of recurrence. (Sgd.) J. A. Fraser.

"COULDN'T FIND A TRACE OF T.B."

WAGGA.
I was examined by my doctor last week and he said I was cured. He couldn't find a trace of T.B. I would like you to know how grateful I am to "Membronus" for all it has done for me.

Thinking you a thousand times. Sincerely, (Sgd.) Miss P. K. Patients of all ages—in all parts of Australia and New Zealand—have testified that they have received DEFINITE and LASTING benefits from the—

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Please send me particulars of your Membronus Dry Inhalation Treatment.

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MR. STOUTBODY: What should I do to get thin, doctor?
Doctor: Less.

"MARY, my dear, if you want a good husband, marry that Jones boy. He really loves you."

"Why, Dad, how do you know?"
"Because I've been borrowing from him for six months and he still keeps coming."

"WHERE'S Hector?"

"In hospital."

"What, flu?"

"Yes—and crashed."

HE: So you played golf yesterday. What did you go round in?
She: My blue jumper. It's a dream.

"I SUPPOSE you have a good excuse for that black eye?"
"No. If I'd had a good excuse my wife wouldn't have given me a black eye."

STRANGER (at gate): Is your mother at home?
Youngster: You don't suppose I'm mowing the backyard because the grass is long!

MISTRESS: Do you know, Mary, if my dressmaker's bill came while I was out?
Mary: I don't think so, ma'am, I can still hear the master singing.

SORE THROAT WITH COLDS GIVEN FAST RELIEF

Take 2 BAYER'S Tablets with a full glass of water.



Crush 3 BAYER'S Tablets in 1/3 glass of water—gargle twice every few hours.

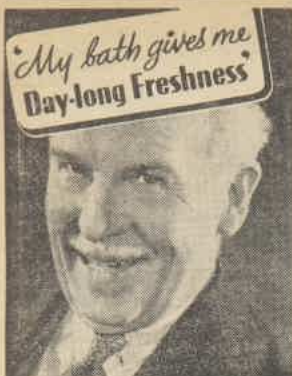
The speed with which Bayer's tablets act in relieving the distressing symptoms of colds and accompanying sore throat is utterly amazing . . . and the treatment is simple and pleasant. This is all you do. Crush and dissolve three Bayer's Aspirin tablets in one-third glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back.

This medicinal gargle will act almost like a local anesthetic on

the sore, irritated membrane of your throat. Pain eases promptly; rawness is relieved.

Bayer originated aspirin and a number of other remedies for the relief of pain and disease, they are prescribed by doctors the world over. Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, therefore insist on Bayer's when you buy. In bottles, 24 tablets 1/3, 100 4/-, 500 10/-.

Bayer means Better. **Bayer**



You have no idea how refreshing a bath can be until you've bathed with Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Wright's health-giving antiseptic lather cleanses pores thoroughly and destroys infection, while its special oils gently stimulate and 'tone' the skin. Because it helps your skin to do its work perfectly, you feel fresh and buoyant all day after a bath with Wright's. It is the toilet soap that doctors themselves use more than any other. And the only toilet soap that's gained the Blue Seal of Merit, highest award of the Institute of Hygiene.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap



CONSTIPATION

Throb! Throb! Every agonising pain says "Constipation!" It's no use trying to fix it up by drinking something. You've got to get right at the cause. You've got to start your bowels working naturally, easily and regularly. That means you've got to give your system "bulk."

Give your system this bulk by eating two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning. This out-sweet breakfast cereal will pass gently through your system, speeding the work of your alimentary tract, and collecting all waste matter. Fight your constipation the natural way. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.



KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

Relieves Constipation the Natural Way.



JOHN BOND'S
MARKING INK

Special pen with 64 also, also linen stretcher with the 1/2 size. Of all Stationers, Stores, etc.

Russian Ballet Will Present "Cinderella"

FAIRY TALE
IN A NEW
GUISE



ABOVE: Tatiana Riabouchinska as Cinderella in Fokine's new ballet, to be presented in Australia. At right: Algranoff and Maryan Lodge as the ugly sisters.



CINDERELLA'S rags transformed by fairies before she goes to the ball. Pantomime versions are eclipsed by the magnificence of the ballet settings.



THE PRINCE spurns two of the false claimants for the glass slipper—and his hand in marriage.

**Company
Arrives
This Week**

The Russian Ballet, which opens its Australian season in Melbourne on September 28, will present a ballet version of "Cinderella" at its opening programme.

THIS ballet, "Cendrillon," was composed only recently by Michael Fokine, world-famous choreographer.

It will be seen in Australia for the first time. The Sydney season opens on November 26. The company arrives in Australia this week.

Pantomime versions of the famous fairy-tale have long been familiar on the stage. The ballet plot follows the original story closely, and all the old favorites are there—the fairy godmother, the pumpkin coach, and the two ugly sisters.

Settings and dressing are said to be magnificent. The period is that of medieval France.

The ballet was presented at Covent Garden just before the company left for Australia, and, according to London Press reports, nothing one-quarter as magnificent as the ballroom scene had ever been seen in pantomime.

THE PRINCE (David Lichine) tries the slipper on Cinderella—and they lived happily ever after.



"I suffered so much with indigestion," writes Mrs. Singleton, "that I dreaded mealtimes coming round. I was afraid to eat. Since taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia I can eat anything. My husband also suffered for years with Gastric Ulcers, but since taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia he has been free from pain."

One dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will always relieve indigestion and stomach pain. The moment it reaches the stomach, it neutralises the burning, ulcerating acid. Pain stops, and soon normal, healthy digestion is restored. Doctors everywhere use and recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia for the stomach. Get a bottle today.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

**LOST 23-lbs. FAT
NEVER FELT SO WELL**

"Youth-o-form is marvellous," says Mrs. J.C.B. "In six weeks I have lost 23lbs. and never felt so well before. My husband is delighted, and says I should have taken Youth-o-form years ago."

Youth-o-form has helped thousands of women to regain their normal healthy figure. Easy to take, anywhere, just one pure Youth-o-form capsule occasionally at mealtimes will make you reduce safely—permanently—effectively. 36 dose carton 5/6. Full six weeks' treatment 20/-. Get genuine Youth-o-form at any Chemist.

YOUTH O FORM

BILIOUSNESS

is due to a disordered condition of the liver. When your liver functions properly, you no longer suffer from the torments of biliousness. Mother Seigel's Syrup is admitted, on all hands, to be the best stomach and liver invigorator. Its action upon these organs soon restores them to healthy activity and natural efficiency. It is the special combination of herbal extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which give it such supreme medicinal value. Buy a bottle to-day, and test it yourself.

At Chemists and Stores 1/9 and 3/6.

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The King of Lipsticks

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Anywhere — Any Place — Any Time



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Free Friendly Advice on All Travel

Women's Weekly Travel Bureau
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LOVELINESS GROWS

when your hair is completely cleansed of DANDRUFF

Barry's Tri-coph-erous provides the one quick and positive means of ending dandruff permanently. It dissolves away every unsightly particle, thoroughly cleansing the hair and scalp of flaky scurf, dirt, dust, and excess grease. It feeds undernourished hair roots, stops falling, splitting hair, prevents greyness and encourages a luxuriant growth of lustrous, youthful hair.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Of all chemists & Stores 3/- a bottle.

FASHION PORTFOLIO

September 24, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

HOSTESS FROCKS . . .



● A HUNDRED yards of white net and a single overlay of black tulle were used to form this Reville model dress. The decolletage has an unusual trim of black and white swan feathers.



● ABOVE: Reville hostess gown in paisley patterned crepe with frilled sleeves and front panel of green moire.



● TOP LEFT: A Reville hostess gown of printed cotton pique with bolero, belt and hem of cyclamen velvet.



● LEFT: A charming dinner dress with bodice and part of skirt in black taffeta, and sleeves, upper yoke and front of cream nainsook banded with domino-dotted ribbon.

Exclusive Air Mail photos from MARY ST. CLAIRE, London.

I'm a ONE Brand woman now —

I've proved that Kayser quality never varies and they do wonderful things to my legs. Kayser MIR-O-KLEER is just the stocking I want for any occasion. RINGLESS...SHADOWLESS... Service-weights — Sheers — or Super Sheers, and priced from only 4/11 to 7/11.



"I insist on
KAYSER*"*

LINGERIE • PURE SILK HOSIERY • GLOVES

THREE LOVELY HOUSE COATS . . .



- NAVY-AND-WHITE linen printed in a huge patterned stripe, with a white starched pique collar. Very crisp-looking on hot days.
- HEAVY BLACK CREPE embroidered in white right down the front on either side of the zipper closing.
- NIGGER-BROWN sand crepe dotted in white, with crisp white pique cuffs and collar. An ideal house garment.

COME INTO THE GARDEN



EVEN if just cutting a few choice blooms is your idea of gardening, the exercise becomes real fun in such colorful togs as these.

- **ABOVE (at left):** A deep green cotton blouse, hailspotted with white, is teamed with a suspender skirt in red linen.
- **NEXT** is a vivid printed pique, doubly belted and collared with red and green ribbon.
- **BELOW (at right):** This little lady really takes her gardening seriously in overall shorts of butcher-blue—coarsely stitched with white. Check gingham blouse with tiny red buttons.
- **EXTREME RIGHT:** Bright mauve linen coat, bow-tied at neck and waist, over a vivid orange linen skirt.



● **BLOUSE** of white crepe-de-chine worn with black skirt. Black Panama hat and black veil. Gloves and belt of black suede are other smart accessories which add charm to this morning outfit.

Accessories ♦ in Paris ♦

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

GAY spots and stripes are appearing on belts, scarves, and handkerchiefs worn with white tennis, yachting, or picnic ensembles.

The belts, usually in canvas, with white leather straps and buckles, are striped diagonally in blue, red, green, yellow, and black. Spotted belts are usually in cerise with either navy or white polka dots.

GOLD coins are at a tremendous premium in Paris just now, as every smart woman is wearing coin jewellery necklaces, bracelets, and rings made of gold coins from any and every country belonging to any and every period.

FISH-NET gloves in red, white, and blue are "de rigueur" for afternoon wear, especially with navy or white ensembles. They have white palms, blue backs, and little frills of the red fish-net round the wrists.

CIRCULAR handbags, like small disc wheels, are the mode of the moment. They fasten with zippers which undo the bags with the exception of about an inch of fabric. They have either a strap across one side, through which the hand can be slipped, or two quite long handles so that when they are carried they are level with the hem of the frock.



● A **MONOGRAMMED SCARF** makes a clever accessory when used like this. It is in rust and cream, repeating the tones of the print blouse, and is slipped through brim slots to tie beneath the chin.

Now! **GUARANTEED**
RINGLESS SHEERS. ONLY
4/11 A PAIR



Ask for
BOND'S
NUMBER
333

4/11 A PAIR
AT ALL SMART STORES.

For the same lovely stocking in **SERVICE**
SHEERS..BOND'S NUMBER 999, 4/11 a pair

Bless them!
Only 4/11 a pair
for the dullest
of dull finished
pure silk...and
guaranteed
ringless!

Your ordinary
stockings are
reinforced only
over the big toe.
Bond's Number 333
sheers are
reinforced all
round the toes...

Hurrah for
extra mileage! Extra
elasticity! See
how the reinforced
heel panel comes
out smartly here...
just where shoes
rub ankles most.

And three more
favourites by Bond's

"FASCINATION"
the elegant grenadine sheer, priced at 7/11
"REFINEMENT"
the crepe sheer that is famous, priced at 7/11
"ADMIRATION"
pure silk chiffon, priced at 5/11 a pair



Is Your Home a Dangerous Type?

How Parents' Attitude Can Influence Children

By A PSYCHIATRIST

Modern sociology recognises four kinds of homes as responsible for producing character failures among adults and children.

They are the Indulgent Home, the Broken Home, the Repressive Home and the Slovenly Home.

IN Australia the two worst offenders are the Broken Home and the Slovenly. Speaking generally, the Broken Home is considered to be the most common breeding-place of failures.

The Indulgent Home, obviously, is the variety in which the children are allowed to do what they like.

In many cases the parents spoil the children by giving them everything they want and by allowing them too much liberty.

The disadvantages need no embellishing; it is the most difficult type of home to do anything about, because often the parents are afraid of their own children.

They are the peace-at-any-price parents.

Every family is a little social unit and as such it must have its governing body; the parents represent the State; the children are the people. Wise and friendly rule on a democratic basis is the ideal; but there must never be any doubt as to who does the ruling.

Most Indulgent Homes come into being because parents are too lazy, or too tired, to be bothered battling for their authority against the increasing onslaughts of their growing children.

Each time they give way it becomes easier for the rebels and harder for them; at last it becomes habit for the children to ignore their wishes.

Two serious things happen: the parents are weighed down with a sense of failure which may bring about nervous disorders; the children go out into the world with a contempt for discipline and governing authorities.

The Repressive Home is the direct opposite to the indulgent, and not much need be said about it.

Here the parents have gone to the other extreme; a rigid dictatorship has been established in the home, and it is "Look out" for anyone who dares to disobey.

Home Education

THUS a mother may so completely over-rule the life of a daughter that the girl will have no opportunity to develop; a father, too, may so override the character of his son that the boy will grow up acutely lacking self-confidence.

The Broken Home is usually the type in which for some reason or other one of the parents is absent; but it can also be a home in which the parents do not agree.

The absence of either parent is bound to affect all the children adversely. During the depression in America it was noticed, oddly enough, that there was a decrease in the number of juvenile crimes.

Psychiatrists decided it was due to the fact that so many fathers, who were out of work, were able to spend more time at home with their children.

The Australian type of broken home that is most common is the kind in which the parents have reached a state of apathetic indifference to each other; and the father keeps out of the house as much as possible.

In many cases this variety of broken home is the result of a Slovenly Home. Perhaps the husband was interested in his home and his family at one time; but the wife allowed it to become slovenly.

The two situations would then chase each other round in a circle.

The Slovenly Home is the kind in which nobody goes to any trouble about anything. It is always dirty; the beds are not made; the washing is left in the bath; meals are served anyhow.

Parents and children wander about half dressed, and there is a general air of disorder, which manifests itself in constant arguments, fights, and a general anti-social outlook on everything. It is not by any means uncommon in Australia.

Children from homes like this are

forced to seek compensation outside. When they grow up they are prejudiced against marriage and home life.

To many people, unfortunately, home is nothing more than a place



IN THE STUDY of home life and establishment of better living in all homes scientists see the solution to many of the world's problems.

to eat and sleep. A system of adult education is needed to teach people how to make their homes into effective

social units where the best things of life can be enjoyed in the simplest way.

CONSTIPATION KEEPS A CHILD BACK

Unless the bowels move every day your child will be weakly, peevish, dull and stunted. So if your child is constipated, attend to it without delay. But be careful what you give, because purging weakens a child and leaves the bowels more bound than ever.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Calfig' because they know that to cure constipation you must use a liquid laxative so that you can regulate the dose, as the bowels act naturally. You should never give harsh purgatives to children.

Give your children a regular weekly dose and see how they love it, how it helps them to grow and thrive.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores 1/6 or 2/11 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Calfig' on the package. Get a bottle to-day.



PROTECTED PERFECTLY!

You will banish the "kitchen wolves" of waste and needless expense from your kitchen forever, when you instal your Electrolux Gas Refrigerator. The convenient and capacious shelves of Electrolux will hold all your perishable foodstuffs in absolute safety and freshness; its amazing economy will keep down the household expenses; its silence will never be broken. • Your gas company stands behind this "more modern" refrigerator, so you can be sure it is thoroughly reliable. Special easy terms allow you to own an Electrolux Gas Refrigerator for as little as 4/1 per week. See it at your gas company's nearest showrooms now!

FIVE YEARS GUARANTEE . . . FREE SERVICE

This marvellous, silent gas refrigerator is guaranteed for five years—and your Gas Company's free service is available at all times.

* ECONOMY GAS RATES

Users of Electrolux Gas Refrigerators are charged a special rate of 2/9, 3/9, or 4/9 per month, according to the size of their refrigerator, on account of gas used. This is based on the normal amount of gas used over the year, and represents a discount of 25% on the gas used for refrigeration.

Electrolux GAS Refrigerator

MORE MODERN

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

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THE GENTLE, SAFE AND PLEASANT LAXATIVE

The wise course, when little digestive systems are upset, is to give a pleasant, natural and gentle laxative like Andrews Liver Salt. Andrews ensures the safe but thorough cleansing of the bowels that children need regularly, without griping and habit-forming. Since Andrews assists in the digestion of rich foods its use saves many a nasty bilious attack.

By OSMOSIS—one important way in which Andrews does its work

Andrews Liver Salt is such an effective and safe laxative because it works in four normal ways—each action being in perfect accord with the way that Nature herself works.

(1) Andrews corrects stomach acidity without causing excessive alkalinity. Its minute bubbles of carbon-dioxide soothe the inflamed linings of stomach and bowels.

(2) Andrews eliminates waste by osmosis, or the flow of fluid through the bowel walls from surrounding tissues. This flow cleanses without harming the delicate bowel lining.

(3) Andrews has a moderate stimulating effect on the bowels—neither the drastic purging of harsh purgatives, nor the irritation of rough potent foods.

(4) Andrews has also a directly beneficial action on the liver, increasing the flow of bile necessary for digestion. Andrews is far, far more than just a saline, as results prove.

It must be remembered that Andrews is pleasant to take, refreshing to the palate with its bright sparkling effervescence. In order to achieve the most good, Andrews is made to effervesce slowly, its action being gentle and thorough and safe. It is the ideal laxative for all ages—children like it, and it has no griping or unpleasant after-effects, nor does it form habits.

So many doctors endorse Andrews Liver Salt, which has the largest sale of any effervescent salt in the world—a popularity that has constantly grown during a period of nearly 50 years.

Take Andrews Liver Salt if you suffer from

Constipation Laxative
Dyspepsia Rheumatism
Flatulence Headaches

4 oz. tin, 1/6; 8 oz. tin, 2/6

All Chemists and Stores.

Australian Agents: Salmond & Spraggan
(Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Sydney, Melbourne,
Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth.

L.P. 20

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

The Ideal Tonic Laxative

EFFERVESCING—PLEASANT-TASTING—THOROUGH

LARGEST SALE OF ANY EFFERVESCING SALT IN THE WORLD



Drives Out Itching Dandruff

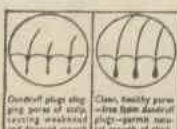


"Hole was dry, brittle and falling out. After half the treatment—itching, dandruff gone, and a new growth of hair."

—H.R.A.

CRYSTOLIS RAPID

Recognized by the Pharmaceutical Profession as World's most Effective Scalp Treatment and Aid to Hair Growth.



Dandruff plugs plug pores of scalp, driving out dandruff and causing growth of hair.

Clear, healthy pores—free from dandruff plugs—permit normal growth of thick, healthy hair.

The Man Who Came Back

"W

EEK! he showed considerable promise in his work, was liked by a' folks in the office, and took a pleasant part in the sociability o' the town. And to crown a' at the age of twenty-three he twined up w' Chrissie Temple, and took to courtin' her serious and proper. Maybe ye'll ken Chrissie Temple, doctor?"

Finlay nodded in the affirmative, and, reinforced by his interest, Janet pitifully went on.

"Ay, and a fine sweet woman she is. Though, mind ye, in these days she was bonnier by far. As ye maybe ken, she was the daughter o' Temple, the writer in the town, eh, a sparky dark-eyed lass, fu' o' innocence and spirits, an' fair desperate taken on with Bob. The two walked out for over a year. They were plighted, ye ken, and their devotion to each other was kenne'd and much thought o' throughout the hale town."

"Weel, in the spring o' the next year it so fell out that Bob got the offer o' a post w' one o' the big Indian companies out in Bombay. It's a chance what often happens in this town, doctor, as maybe ye ken, what w' the connections o' the yard and that like. Anyway, the post was offered to Bob."

"Oh, 'twas a grand opportunity which built Chrissie and Bob agreed he couldn't afford to neglect, a chance for advancement which would bring him, at the end of five years, back to Levenford and the yard, in a braw superior position."

"So, after much haverin' and heart-burning, for ye maun understand that the Indian climate prevented Chrissie from going, and Bob was loath to gang by his lone and leave his Chrissie, 'twas a' agreed that he should go and serve his time in India. Chrissie would bide patiently until he came back, when they would be married at once, and settle down to a happy life in Levenford."

"So Bob took his leave 'midst tears and a' that show o' fondness, swearin' he would be true to Chrissie, as weel he might, and for some months a' went right and proper."

"Then gradual-like Bob's letters hame turned less regular. Soon they hardly came awa', and, finally, they stopp'd a' altogether. Then, sure enough, to crown a', accounts o' Bob's wild doin's were brocht hame frae India by folks coming and going between the North-Eastern Company and the yard."

Continued from Page 5

"At the start Chrissie flatly refused to believe the stories, but one day, about a year after Bob had gone, she got a letter frae the bla'guard breakin' off the engagement. He wasna comin' hame at the end o' five years. The climate wasna suitable for her. He wasna good enough for her. These, and a hale pack o' excuses, were put forrith by Bob as the cause o' his decision, but Chrissie kenne'd, and everybody in the town o' Levenford kenne'd, that the real cause was the wicked life which Bob had ta'en till abroad."

"Weel, when she cam' at last to see that Bob had failed her, Chrissie was fair struck down. She said nothing, answered nothing, took not a single step. But frae that day a change cam' ower the braw, douce lass. She turned quieter, more self-contained; she held herself awa' frae the life o' the town."

"Douce and gentle as ever she was—ay, mair so—but somehow she come like to a solitary way o' leev'in', takin' long walks by her lone, as though she couldn't thole the company o' others o' her own age."

"Weel, time went on, and the lang silence, the gap between Bob Hay and Levenford widened. Nae mair was heard o' him except at odd times shamefu' stories o' his deevilries. He cam' to be a kind o' legend in the town for a' that was bad. Fair broken-hearted and unable to hold up her held i' the town Bob's mother just withered awa'. And, 'deed, his father was laid i' the graveyard not so long after."

"But Chrissie still kept up her held. Off and on she had offers; some o' the best men i' the town spiered her, but she refused them a'. Faith, though she's bonny still and nae mair than thirty-two, I'm thinkin' Chrissie has had enough o' men to last her a lifetime." A pause; then Janet concluded grimly: "Now that he's back, if ever Bob Hay and Chrissie should meet again, as God's my Maker, I'd like to hear the way she'd speak to him!"

When Janet slipped out eventually, and left him to his supper, Finlay reflected sombrely on what he had just heard. He knew Chrissie Temple, though up till the present he had not known her story, and the combination of beauty and sadness which had always struck him about her now stood explained.

Please turn to Page 22

Winged Victory

Continued from Page 9

WITH a hammering roar we were hurled up the twenty-foot wall. For a millionth of a second one runner paralleled the rim and the white faces watching. And then we were in the trough again. Saved by some miracle of the engineers.

This straight run was velvet-covered lightning. Our sleigh threw herself down it at maximum speed. And yet still I heard that maddening one, two, bob! . . . one, two, bob! It was beyond everything. All my blood and body seemed to flow to a point ahead. Zigzag. But I felt calm, as if already dead. I knew no sleigh could manage the terrific one-two of those left and right turns at that speed. As we lurched downwards into the sickening drop that was to send us into that appalling hairpin. It was habit that made me yell for brakes. I didn't expect them. Dimly I heard a voice, Barr's, screaming, "Brake! Brake! . . . Brake!"

It was all instinct now, all training now. The furious shock drove us high. Habit and eternity itself contended for my wheel. I just sat there, braced, while the sleigh shot from the smooth bore of the left wall. The ice jumped away. The opposite wall caught us. Again the sleigh tried to escape into the air, the trees. The world seemed to turn over, blindingly white. I felt that sickening skid and squeezed the wheel . . . and there, over us, was the sky, where it ought to be. We were still on the track, still burning through the air. Out. Safe . . . Crossing the line. And then, then, I felt the brakes go on, heard them tear the ice and bring us to a stop.

"Thank God!" Barr groaned and dropped limply on my shoulder. I crawled out from under the wheel in a daze. Far away a hoarse voice called, "The Bandits, 50.77 seconds."

It didn't penetrate at first. Then I knew. Someone ran up and began pounding me on the back. Others swarmed up, and I fought them off on my way to Sandy. There was something I had to ask.

She'd taken off her goggles and the wind tossed the gold of her hair. "Good work, Sam! We did it! We did it!" she said.

I tried to speak slowly. "What was the matter? Brakes stuck?"

"Of course not!"

"Then you did that on purpose?"

"Why, of course! And we won, didn't we?"

"Thanks," I said.

I turned away into the crowd and bumped into Kivian. He started to congratulate me, but I left him and broke through the last ring of fools, and there stood Hannah! The sight of her calmed me. "I thought you weren't coming, Hannah," I said.

"I had to, Sam," she said. Her face was very pale.

"Why, you're crying," I said.

"Sup . . . suppose you had been killed," she said, and turned so that I shouldn't see her.

I swung her round to me and held her so that the tears wouldn't freeze on her cheeks. Or maybe for another reason. "Why, you poor child, killing's all I deserve," I said. I didn't care who saw up there, but soon she began pulling away.

"I mustn't keep you from Sandy," she said.

"Sandy and I don't live in the same world, Hannah," I said. "I had to die to find it out. I was dead for fifty seconds. But now I'm resurrected. And if all the reports are true, this must be heaven."

It was wonderful looking into her eyes, deeper, and deeper. "They . . . they are true, Sam," she said.

(Copyright.)



Olivia de Havilland
Warner Brothers Star

This great star was born in Tokio. Exceptionally talented girl—fond of sketching and painting . . . is more than ordinarily clever at sculpture. Plays piano beautifully. Is keen on riding and tennis. Creme Chamosan is clever, too, for it is the one cream that takes out of your skin many faults and many signs of age and thus makes it look years and years younger and prettier. Makes 45 look 35. 35 look 25. What a blessing to the middle-aged woman. It is the one cream, too, that will hold your powder divinely all day. It's gorgeous, too, the way this cream protects your skin from the cold of Winter and the heat of Summer.

Creme

Chamosan

Creaseless. Big jars for your dressing table 2/6. Handing tubes 1/6. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores.

Great news about hands

Here's an item of good news for the multitude of women who have to do their own dish and clothes washing, house work, etc.

Don't let your work spoil your hands . . . there's no need to.

Chamosan liquid cream hand lotion is the answer.

This perfect snow-white cream contains things that take all the redness, rawness, dryness, hardness, right out of your hands, stops peeling and cracking, removes blotches and dullness from the skin, and makes your hands soft and dainty with a skin so fresh, clear and attractive.

Get this lovely lotion right away and every time you have had your hands in water dry them well and give them a good rubbing with Chamosan liquid cream. It's a good idea, too, to give them a rub every so often during the day, even if you haven't had your hands wet.

Chamosan liquid cream hand lotion

Non-sticky, non-greasy. Large bottle 2/6. Small 1/6. Sold by all chemists, drapers and stores.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—If after using half the bottle of Chamosan hand lotion you are not convinced it is the best you have ever used just return the partly used bottle to Clement Black & Company, 12 Little Regent St. Sydney, with your name and address and your purchase money will be refunded in full. Messrs. Clement Black are so sure that the lotion is the best in the world that they have no hesitation in making this offer.



For CONSTIPATION

Mother! Keep baby's habits regular and bloodstream cool during teething by giving Steedman's Powders. The gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for over 100 years—for children up to 14 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walsworth Rd., London, Eng.

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and tinkly razors. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds! Dissolves corns and calluses, cures and kills. Contains pure castor oil, corn-spirin and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. 1/6 bottle saves untold misery. The chemist refunds your money if NOXACORN brand Corn Remover fails to remove any corn or callus.

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

MAN'S POSITION

WHAT a pity it is that the average man, in this age of sex equality, is losing his position as head of the house!

No husband should be expected, after business hours, to help with household duties. That is the wife's job.

If she is too tired at night to do dishes or attend to her children, then she should cut down her exertion (mostly personal pleasure) during the day.

The woman who demands assistance from her husband in home duties is falling in her part of the marriage bargain, and the man who gives it is losing his prestige as head of the home.

£1 for this letter to E. A. Holdsworth, Hawthorn, Vic.

PLANNING CITIES

THERE have been many complaints about the slum areas and high rentals in cities. But what we need is someone with vision, will-power, and constructive genius to re-plan our cities.

The old style traditional city is out of date. We are told there is no city in the world without slums. Quite so—that is why we live in them. But that is no reason why they are necessary here in Australia, with our immense area to spread out on.

Space is little or nothing, when compared with health and sunshine and home life. The old-fashioned idea of jamming houses close up together in narrow lanes is just madness.

We have the brains and the brawn to build and maintain a model life, but we lack the inclination.

We are too fond of finding fault with other nations, pointing out their mistakes and faults. We should get on with our own job.

T. Hawkins, 3 Dickson Ave, West Ryde, N.S.W.

Timely Attention Checks Development of Disease

It is well known in medical circles that many serious diseases develop from the most simple of causes, many of which can be obviated by timely attention.

Simple disorder of the kidneys has been found to be the most common cause of many painful and common diseases. The correct function of the kidneys is the filtration from the blood of waste poisons and impurities, which form through the decay of the tissues. If the kidneys are disordered, these poisons remain in the blood stream and upset the entire system, eventually causing Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gallstones and Digestive Troubles.

The remedy for these complaints, therefore, lies in the restoration of the kidneys to their correct working order, the best known course being Warner's Safe Cure, the sixty-year-old remedy for all kidney and liver disorders.

A lady user from Philberton, S.A., writes: "For years I suffered severe pain in the back, legs and knees, which was so bad that I could scarcely go about my daily duties. After trying many medicines, I procured some Warner's Safe Cure and after taking only a few bottles all the pain left me."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/6, and in the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 339 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.



Are Bright Talkers the Best Company?

IN common with Mrs. Joy McDonald (3/9/38), I think a person who is a listener only does not enjoy the same popularity as a witty conversationalist.

But, on the other hand, the person who talks all the time, even in a witty strain, soon becomes monotonous.

A good listener who knows when to speak and how is a treasure.

Miss M. Rennie, 41 Princes St., Fitzroy N6, Melbourne.

Indispensable Partner

MRS. JOY McDONALD mixes some of the points of "listening." Conversation, or good talk, is a partnership. A good listener is the indispensable partner.

She must be intelligent and understanding, an inspiration to the good talker, not merely a dumb victim of the dull bore or the twitting chatter.

The good listener can always make others happy, and be entertained herself.

M. Franklin, 26 Grey St., Carlton, N.S.W.

Not to be Trusted

THE "bright, witty conversationalist" may be sought after and dubbed clever, but would you trust such a person with a precious secret?

The "listener" always creates a good impression, especially when most of the other people are more talkative and demonstrative.

The quieter person appeals as the truer and better friend, and more reliable.

Mrs. A. Stanton, 18 Boronia Ave., Epping, N.S.W.

No Test of Popularity

IT is very hard to define popularity. Mrs. McDonald, and I do not think that the ability to lead a conversation is always proof of it.

Many people suspect a too fluent talker, and though they may be amused and attentive at the time, will look for some quiet, sincere person on whom to bestow friendship or love.

Remember the epitaph on the king who "never said a foolish thing, but never did a wise one."

Mrs. F. Ford, Yardley St., North Hobart.

Always Popular

THE conversationalist always ready to give an honest opinion and chat freely and brightly on any topic will win popularity and be cordially included in any company.

One who hasn't much to say will never achieve that same popularity. Mrs. A. Johnstone, Glenora, 42 Stanhope St., Woonona, South Coast, N.S.W.

Listening is Flattery

I CANNOT agree with Mrs. McDonald when she says ready conversationalists are most popular with people.

I admit that an exceptionally witty conversationalist may hold the floor for a time, but others like to express their views, too.

A good listener is paying the speaker a subtle compliment by tak-



May become boring.

ing an interest in his affairs, and all of us are pleased with the opportunity to air our views to a really sympathetic listener.

As Dale Carnegie says: "You can make more friends in two months by becoming interested in other people than you can in two years by trying to get other people interested in you."

Miss D. Haslam, 118 Fullagar Rd., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

More Care Needed in Choosing Careers?

I QUITE agree with Miss Haywood when she says that most of the unhappiness and restlessness among the young people to-day is due to their refusal to go deeply enough into the business of choosing a career (3/9/38).

But I do not place the blame entirely on the parents or children. This is a national problem and should be treated as such by the authorities.

Parents are not always competent judges of ability in children, and the children themselves can hardly be expected to know whether they will make successes of professions about which they know very little.

In every school there should be a vocational guide, whose whole purpose should be to study the ability and temperament of the children and to set them on careers for which they are suited.

Apart from bringing greater happiness to the individual children, might not this supply some sort of solution to the unemployment problem?

Miss Betty Addison, James Street, Perth.

Grave Problem

HEAR, hear! Miss Iola Haywood, for your outspoken and forthright denunciation of the way boys and girls of to-day are throwing away their chances of genuinely productive careers.

I know of several cases where promising young scholars have, on leaving high school, just stepped into

Too Much Study

MANY young people to-day, with high ambitions for successful careers in the professional world spend the best years of their lives in excessive study.

When at school they strain their eyes and nervous systems till late at night cramming for examinations, and even if they enter employment they continue to pursue their studies in the hope of attaining wealth and fame.

Whether successful or not, middle age will find their eyesight weak, their brains and nerves overworked, and the happiest part of their lives gone. Is it worth the effort?

Miss J. Baker, c/o H. W. Gosard & Co., 77 York St., Sydney.

line with the mob and gone a-typing and a-bookkeeping for the merest weekly pittance.

Does the reason for this lie in lack of ambition on the child's part, or the parents' lack of financial support, or just a careless indifference as to the way in which work-a-day life is spent?

I think this is a matter for grave consideration. Raising the school leaving age would certainly improve the situation.

M. Fitzsimons, 38 Park Road, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Must Earn Quickly

IT is all very well, Miss Haywood, to talk about going deeply into the business of choosing a career, but has it never occurred to you that a career may not be a matter of choice but of necessity?

I agree with you that it is all wrong but it is also a fact. Possibly, not many girls have any particular leaning towards, say, comptometry.

Many may, perhaps, paint nicely. But, without definite genius, or a very lucky opportunity, there is no weekly money to be made out of that, so they become comptometrists.

Then, again, in these days, when boys cannot get positions after a certain age, many, who are not actually having a professional training, have to find work at an age when they are not really capable of choosing the right career.

I often wonder how many great minds in art or science have been lost to the world by such early misplacement.

Mrs. Lucy, King William Rd., Hyde Park, Adelaide.

References As To Employers' Character

I THINK it would be an excellent idea to make employers supply references (3/9/38), and not only in the sphere of domestic service either.

If an employer had to get his employees to give him references as



Employers should reciprocate.

to character and amiability, he would learn to control his irritating habits.

M. Burgess, College View, Gaiton, Q.

Foolish Idea

APPARENTLY Miss Grace Sparkes forgets that the privilege of choice lies with the employer, for it is he or she who pays wages for services rendered.

The applicants have a prior right of selecting the job of work for which they shall apply, and the type of employer to whom they wish to offer their services.

Roy T. Thomas, 5 Napier St., Petersham, N.S.W.

Domestic Service

WHY shouldn't an employer show a reference?

When a girl enters a house for domestic work, she is making that place her home, and it is only fair that she should be able to learn something of the character of her future employer.

If this became the rule, it would save a lot of unhappiness. Bad mistresses are the only ones who would object to such a practice.

R. Sparling, 194 Pacific Highway, Pyrmble, N.S.W.

Not Necessary

I THINK you are quite wrong with regard to your criticism of the custom of asking prospective employees for references. Miss Sparkes. After all, when a stranger is being introduced into a family it is only natural that her employer should wish to know if she is honest and of good character, and, above all, clean—for that is what she will be paid for.

It is, however, a matter of indifference to the girl whether or not her employer is honest. She is not likely to have any valuables with her that can be stolen. It does not concern her whether or not her mistress is a good worker, for it is she, not her employer, who will be doing the work.

With regard to moral character, that is often the responsibility of the agency through which the girl is engaged. In any case, sufficient proof of it is generally given when the girl visits the home of her future employer to make arrangements.

Your idea, however, would take away the girl's respect for her employer. Even the greatest democrat will admit that there must be some distinction between the mistress and the maid while they remain in that position.

Miss Collins, Brisbane St., Hobart.

Unfair Situation

YES, Miss Sparkes, it is certainly time women employers were asked to show references of character, etc., to prospective domestic employees.

A domestic when applying for a position is rarely taken on face-value, and is quite often politely shown the door when it becomes known she hasn't a reference.

And yet, when one considers the treatment of servants in a number of households, one wonders why employers are not compelled to show references when interviewing would-be employees.

Mrs. H. Mylius, 58 West Parkway, Cot. Light Gardens, S.A.

WRITE NOW

All readers are welcome to try their hand at writing to this page on any topic that interests them. Letters should be short and concise. Address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

FALLING BIRTH-RATE

THERE is one big thing, Miss Mary Truby King (3/9/38) that stops right-minded Australians from having large families—money.

My husband earns £7 a week, we have three children. After paying for rent, food, clothes, insurance, dentist, we manage to bank a few shillings a week, but this is without any pleasures. I go to the pictures about once a month (1/6 back stalls), and this comes from the housekeeping money, and as my husband spends his time studying (to earn more money), I go alone.

We have a certain standard of living, liking to see our children neatly clad and well fed. Should we lower this standard and have more children to help the falling birth-rate? What do readers think?

M. L. Wright, c/o Mrs. Marshall, 66 Gulgandra Road, North Bondi, N.S.W.

ADMIRING NATURE

ONE wonders whether modern housewives have lost their ability to appreciate the beauty of the coming season.

Do these labor-saving devices free us to watch for a moment the early mists wreathing the distant hills? Do we scorn the tram to stroll home through the park and see the daphne tree in bud? When speeding along a country road, dare we slow down to gaze at golden wattles and chooselate paddocks?

Only by planning our leisure carefully and refusing to be swept into the whirl of modern life can we appreciate what Nature is spreading so profusely around us.

Mrs. F. O. Close, c/o Mr. H. Hill, George St., Scottsdale, Tas.

FAMILY LIFE

THE era of the family is passing, and the age of the individual is here. They say the war was responsible, but it had to come, anyway. It is a good thing.

People should not be so absorbed into the family that they become mere puppets. It is good for youth to stretch its wings, for experience is its only teacher.

Millie Mills, 24 Park Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

INvariably I PRESCRIBE REXONA SOAP TO KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR AND HEALTHY —IT NEVER FAILS

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AWARE of the tragedy that was Christie's life, Finlay felt an added loathing of this man who had come back, broken, debauched, and dying, but brazen to the last. Unlike Janet, he prayed with all his heart that Christie, for her own sake, might never see him. Time went on, and Bob Hay continued to remain in Levenford.

The townspeople spurned him as they would have spurned a dog, meeting all his advances, all his attempts to recall himself to memory, with stony hostility. Yet Bob did not seem to care.

He showed himself a great deal in public, stood at the Cross, paraded the High Street, forenoon and evening, dressed in his pinchbeck finery, swinging his cane, whistling, carefree, shameless.

And every month, jaunty and disreputable, but irrepressible as ever, he appeared at the surgery for the certificate which entitled him to draw his pension.

Having explained that he preferred to pay his medical accounts annually, he always betook himself jauntily away, without demeaning himself to offer a fee to Finlay.

Already it was rumored that he was in debt all over the town. He seemed, indeed, to have no means of support, but the allowance made him by the company, though this, he inferred in a high-handed fashion, was a handsome, a magnificent, sum.

On the first of September, however, Hay did not make his customary appearance at the surgery, and Finlay, who had somehow come to anticipate these visits with a mixture of aversion and interest, wondered what could have befallen the unfortunate reprobate.

He was not long in doubt. A message arrived the following day ask-

ing him to visit Hay at the Inverclyde Hotel.

He found Hay occupied a small back room in the hotel, which, despite its grand-sounding name, was a mean, disreputable tavern lying behind Quayside. He was in bed in considerable pain. Yet his demeanor was as careless and defiant as before.

"Sorry to trouble you, doctor sahib," he croaked. "Can't quite seem to get on the old pins to-day." And then, reading the distaste in Finlay's eyes, he asked: "Not much of a place here. When I'm up and about I'll dashed well give them notice. I'm going to stay with some friends, as a matter of fact, at the end of next month."

Finlay sat down quietly on the edge of the bed, drawing his own conclusions.

"You've been drinking, I suppose?" he asked.

For a moment it looked as though a hot denial were on Hay's lips; then his face changed, and instead he laughed lightly.

"Why not? A bit of a scatter does a fellow good once in a while. Shakes up the liver. Eh, doc?"

Finlay was silent, shocked, in spite of himself by the sham, the pitiable travesty stretched upon the bed before him.

"In the name of the Lord, Hay, why do you go on this way? It would be bad enough at the best of times. But don't you realise—don't you understand—he lowered his voice—"you've only got a few months to live?"

"Hub, humbug, doctor sahib," wheezed Hay. "You go and tell that to the horse marines."

"I'm telling it to you," persisted Finlay in that low, pleading voice. "And I mean every word of it. Why don't you take yourself in hand, Hay?"

"Take myself in hand? Ha, ha! That's a good one, doc! Why in the name of Allah should I?"

"For your own sake, Hay."

Again a pause, while Hay, with unwavering defiance, met Finlay's entreating gaze. It all seemed hopeless to Finlay, and, giving it up as a bad job, he was about to turn to open his bag and take out his stethoscope, when suddenly a strange phenomenon arrested him, held him as in a vice.

Through the shallow, callous expression on Hay's face there suddenly broke an unbelievable agitation; his cheek began to twitch, and, miracles of miracles, a tear fell from his eye and rolled slowly down his cheek.

Desperately he tried to hold his pose of indifference, but it was no use. The mask was off once and for all. He gave way completely, and, turning to the wall, he sobbed as if his heart would break.

Unwilling pity welled up within Finlay.

"Don't take on, man," he muttered. "Pull yourself together."

"Pull myself together," sobbed Hay hysterically. "That's good, that is! What do you think I've been doing ever since I came home but pull myself together? Do you think it's been nice for me coming back like a beaten dog to die in the gutter? Haven't I tried to put a face on things and keep my end up? Oh, Heavens, haven't I tried? You think I've been drinking? Do you know I haven't touched a drop since I came back? I don't care if you don't believe me. It's true."

"Do you know what my allowance is? Three pounds a month. A fine time a man can have on that! Oh, a hell of a fine time! Especially a man like me, whose heart's liable to burst at any minute."

And, convulsed by an agony of pain and grief, Hay writhed upon the bed.

There was a long silence; then instinctively Finlay placed his hand on Hay's shoulder. He had a terrible feeling that he had misjudged this man, that what he had mistaken for cheap effrontery was merely the mask of courage.

"Cheer up!" he whispered. "We'll do something about it."

"No, it's no use. They won't own me here." Hay retorted in a voice of anguish. "Nobody speaks to me. I'm like a leper. Maybe I am a leper. They only want to spit at me, throw mud at me. Oh, don't think I'm complaining. I deserve it. I've earned it. They're entitled to snarl and snap at me. The sooner I'm dead the better."

As Hay spoke a curious expression appeared on Finlay's face—that look which usually betokened the making of an important decision. He said no more; he did not even attempt to console Hay further; but, rising from the bed with a strange

purpose in his eyes, he walked out of the room.

About an hour later, when Hay had sobbed his grief out, and lay staring at the ceiling in the blankness of his desolation, the door opened softly, and someone came into the room. Apathetically, he did not at first turn his head, but at last he did so. Then a cry came from his lips.

"You!" he whispered as if in awe.

"You—Christie!"

Slowly she came forward—Christie Temple, quiet and unassuming, her dark hair braided from her smooth forehead above her kind and gentle eyes.

She sat down beside the bed and took his hand.

"Why not?" she said.

He could not speak; fresh sobs rising in his throat seemed to strangle him. At last he groaned: "Go away and let me be. Haven't I harmed you enough? Go away and leave me be."

"But I don't want to go, Bob," she whispered. "If ye'll let me, I'd rather stay. It's now that you need me."

She smiled at him unflinchingly, and there was that in her smile which silenced him. He bowed his

GIRLIGAGS



"WE MAY not know where our next shilling is coming from, but there's no doubt in our mind where it has to go."

head against her breast, his pain forgotten in the knowledge of her love, of her forgiveness.

Later he tried to tell her, to explain haltingly his faithlessness—of how he had been swept off his feet by wild companions, led into wretchedness and debt, sent finally to a fever-ridden, up-country station, where he had surrendered to oblivion and fate.

She listened, compassionate and understanding, frowning his head, smoothing his ruffled hair.

A week later Levenford was stirred by the news that Bob Hay and Christie Temple had got married.

The ceremony took place privately, and Finlay was there to witness it. Afterwards Bob was driven home to Christie's house, which stood right on the top of the Lea Brae, with a small garden from which there was a lovely view of the Firth of Clyde.

Healed in mind and spirit, if not in body, Bob knew the comfort and attention of a good woman.

Much of his time he spent in bed, but when winter passed and spring came again Christie would take him into the garden, where, reclining in a long chair, he would rest with his hands fondly in his wife's as she sat beside him, and his eyes on the view, watching the ships sail out to the great beyond.

A strange honeymoon, but a happy one! Finlay was a frequent visitor at the house, yet it was Christie's love and overflowing goodness rather than his skill which prolonged Bob's life.

He lived all through that lovely summer in great happiness and peace, his pretence and cheap flashiness gone, and in its place real strength and patience.

When the first colors of autumn were creeping over the landscape, and the first leaves fluttering gently from the trees, Bob Hay passed peacefully away, sailing away, like the ships, into the great beyond.

And Christie was there beside him when he died.

She still keeps much to herself, and still takes her solitary walks, but on the occasions when Finlay meets her and stops to have a word it seems to him that, instead of sadness, happiness is written upon her face.

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Real Life Stories

Adventurous Ride with a Motor Bandit

Woman's Presence of Mind

A motor ride with a thief who had stolen her car, a tour round the city in the closed-in "dickie" seat, and the eventual capture of the bandit and the recovery of valuable jewellery, as well as the car, form the ingredients of this week's prize of a guinea for Real Life Stories.

It was a singularly unusual experience that fell to the lot of Mrs. Phill Myers, of Birriga Rd., Bellevue Hill, Sydney, and was characterised by remarkably quick thinking and acting and rare presence of mind.

I HAD tossed in bed for hours (writes Mrs. Myers, who explains that the incident took place in Sydney two years ago—before she was married).

Though quite tired, I was unable to sleep, and at last, throwing back the covers, I hopped out of bed, quickly dressed, and, leaving a brief note that I would soon return, raced to the garage where my ancient two-seater was parked.

I had just reached town when it dawned on me that the city of Sydney was a fine sight at 1.30 on a Wednesday morning. With this thought in mind I slowed down near Queen Victoria Markets to make a closer inspection on foot.

Half an hour later I returned to see a man, back towards me, peering into the car. A hundred and one thoughts raced through my mind! What to do? A woman could not hope to overpower him.

Hurriedly I glanced around, only to find that there was no one near.

Creeping to the rear of the car I quietly lifted back the flap of the "dickie" seat and, feeling sure that my pounding heart must betray me, climbed in and shut the lid over my head.

In a few minutes the car started and, though I tried to follow our progress, I soon lost my bearings.

Time passed! I was getting desperate. I had no plan! I thought and thought until at last I conjured up an unlikely scheme.

Slowly I moved from my cramped position to raise my hands above my head that I might open the top of the seat. This took five minutes' hard work and, leaning out, I found the tail-light switch and turned it off in the hope that a policeman might stop the car to inquire the reason for the breach.

Cautiously I glanced about, only to realise that we were travelling northward and the roads were deserted.

Returning to my "prison" I was beginning to give up hope when, swinging round a corner, another car drove alongside and we pulled in to the kerb.

As I listened I realised that one of the voices belonged to a policeman. I jumped up—or attempted to—thumped my head, and sat down again.

More carefully I gained a sitting position and endeavored to push open the lid of the seat. It had stuck! I exerted more pressure, but it remained firm.

Runaway Train Thrill

ON Easter Monday night my two sisters and myself were returning from a holiday at Selby.

The little train on the narrow-gauge line was not particularly fast, but this time it suddenly gathered speed and was soon travelling so fast that we were jostled about the carriage and cases fell from the rack.

The brakes had failed!

There are many twists and turns in this run and round these we sped at terrific pace. One turn just near the Fern Tree Gully station we dreaded, as many hundreds of cars cross the railway crossing on the road at the foot of the hill.

Fortunately we crossed this safely, sped through Fern Tree Gully station and the dead end, and then, with a terrific jolt that threw us to the floor, the train pulled up.

When we jumped down to the



"I'D LIKE to see those birds," said the policeman, and when the back lid of the car was flung back there was a gasp of amazement.

Again I listened to the discussion, only to realise that the conversation regarding the tail-light was ending and that a criminal was being permitted to escape.

In desperation I cried out, and heard the policeman question the car thief, who replied:

"Well, er... it's only a couple birds in the back."

Again I called out—this time more like a scream.

"I'd like to see those birds," remarked the officer, sternly.

"Oh, just as you please," retorted the trapped car thief. In an instant the lid was flung back and there was a gasp of amazement as I was revealed.

The policeman was plainly puzzled on hearing my story, and the criminal took advantage of the opportunity to bolt.

Hurriedly I explained, and we gave chase. Within five minutes the thief was a prisoner, offering little resistance to a well-drilled officer.

At the station he was searched and a £100 watch, stolen from a city jeweller in the afternoon, was recovered.

By 5.30 I was once more in bed but, after my escapade, sleep was still very far away.

SEND IN YOUR STORY!

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.

Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly, The full address will be found at the top of page 3.

rail track, the engine was half buried in the roadway, and you could hardly see it for steam.

5/- to Miss F. E. Bennett, 37 Gladstone Avenue, Armadale, Vic.

Jack and Jill Romance

ON a beautiful spring day I went hill-climbing in the Adelaide hills with a friend.

On the return journey I caught my foot on a stone, and in trying to keep my balance broke into a run. Soon my running turned to long leaps, and I was going down that hill like the giant in his seven league boots.

Bad luck went with me, too. I caught my heel on another stone, and finished my journey in a roll.

Of that part of the journey I know nothing, because my head was badly cut, and I was knocked unconscious.

On being taken home my wounds were stitched and while my head was mending my hill-climbing companion called often to see how I was getting on.

This seemed to improve our friendship, and now we are engaged, and very happy. The fall changed a boy and girl friendship into a real romance.

5/- to Miss D. Roper, Unley Road, Unley, Adelaide.

Weathered a Quake

THE morning of the New Zealand earthquake in 1931 I was in charge of four young children at Hawkes Bay. The youngest, a girl of two years, was taking her morning nap; the others were playing outside.

To reach the baby after the quake occurred, I had to struggle through debris of every description—through a huge hall to the room where she lay.

My first glance at her cot covered with debris sent a chill down my spine. I struggled over fallen pictures and furniture to her bed to find that a large picture had dropped across the cot and was firmly wedged in either side.

All the things from the dressing-table were on the top of the picture, which supported the end of the table itself, and the child lay happily playing with a scent bottle, the only thing not on the picture.

Before I could get her out another quake came and I made for the front door to find it jammed hopelessly. Consequently I put the child on the floor and propelled her along covered with my body till we reached the back door.

The hot water cistern (cold, as it happened) overturned as we reached the outside, and soaked us through, but we escaped without a scratch. The other three children were also safe, but terrified, of course.

5/- to Miss M. Dodimead, 37 Parade, Napier, New Zealand.

Marooned in Mid-river

WHILE employed ringbarking on the opposite side of the river to my employer's homestead, at Waahpool, via Stroud, N.S.W., rain set in and marooned me for a fortnight.

Running out of food, and with no chance of getting supplies, I was forced to live on berries.

After a week of rain with no sign of it discontinuing, I was forced to the conclusion that my chance of surviving lay in swimming the river. Consequently I plunged in, but I had not gone far when I was struck by a floating log and carried down stream.

How I got ashore I do not know, but when I regained consciousness I hurried to my employer's home and had to be put to bed.

5/- to J. Munro, Farleigh, via Mackay, Qld.



Jane Heriote
STYLES FOR THE NOT-SO-SLENDER

OBTAINABLE AT GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise the following information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live very quietly now. If you wish to avoid losses, disappointments, estrangements and disputes, especially on September 24, 25 and 26 (very early).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Give more attention to routine now. Financial matters already started. October 1 just fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): The stars show for you now, so make wise plans and get busy. Make good use of September 24, 25 and 26 (before 10 a.m.) to seek advancement, changes, favors. Begin new enterprises.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Turn aside from all temptations for you

can get yourself into trouble during the next few weeks, especially on September 24, 25 and 26 (very early). Take no risks, avoid changes and dodge troubles.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Quite fair for small matters on September 28 (night), 29 and 30.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Just fair on October 1. Routine best.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Better times for lively Librans. Attempt new projects, changes and advancements on September 24 and 25. Be optimistic and confident. Ask aid and work hard, for success can follow.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to November 23): Not spectacular. September 26, 27 and 28 just fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Things now take a turn for the better, so work hard and seek advancement, especially on September

27 (after dusk), 28 and 29. Be confident, but not rash.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Your good times are over for a while, so live cautiously and quietly now, especially on September 24, 25 and 26 (early).

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Stop lively and things will come your way. Be sure to work hard and attempt some new ventures and changes on September 24 and 25, for the stars favor you especially well then. Enterprise will pay good dividends.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Just a week of days for most Pisceans. Routine tasks best. September 24 and 25 just fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor A.W.W.]

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

There's a "rogue" type of Virgoan as well as the "goody-goody" brand. Beware of the "rogue"!

VIRGOANS of all kinds (people born between August 24 and September 23), are endowed with high-grade mentalities.

When used for the good of humanity (as most Virgoans

do use their splendid intellects), a fine person and a worth-while life result.

But if this keen brain favors the rougher elements of character, then the Virgoan can become a nuisance. His keen mind will see the weaknesses in his victim's make-up, and be unable to resist the temptation to turn these to his own advantage.

Whereas the average Virgoan finds it difficult to tell even a "white" lie, the roughish minority can swear their own and everyone else's lives away without worrying.

However, nearly all Virgoans are dignified and extremely jealous of their honesty and good name. They will resent any doubt as to their uprightness, and, fortunately for everybody, this type comprises 98 per cent of them.

But never forget the 2 per cent minority. They can be just as hurt over your doubts or insinuations.

The worst of it is that their sincerity will win you over, against your better judgment, and even against indisputable evidence of dishonesty. Then you crave only to forgive, forget, and trust again.

Until the next time . . . and then it starts all over again.

Vivid Imaginations

EVERY sign of the Zodiac has its "bad men," of course, but the Virgoans seem more noticeable by reason of their splendid intellects and by reason of the fact that all—good and bad alike—win confidence by their sincerity and their strong views on cleanliness, method, honesty and veracity.

The health of all people born under this sign usually becomes a predominant feature of their existence. As a regular thing they are constitutionally strong and wiry, but not

Smile Your Way to Good Health!

VIRGOANS must learn to realise that—

Every pain in the side does not necessarily indicate appendicitis.

Every dull ache is the forerunner of some troublesome disease.

Whereas these people are apt to worry themselves into ill-health, they should, instead, cultivate the habit of smiling their way out of it.

essentially robust. Unfortunately there is a tendency to "imagine" themselves afflicted with ailments, and a reactionary inclination to dose themselves with all kinds of medicines and diets.

Truth to tell, they have a star-endowed gift for nursing, diagnosing and prescribing. Most of them seem to know the proper function of each part of the body, and what treatment to apply when hurts or disorders prevail.

But the wise patient will get a certified doctor's advice as well, for the Virgoan loves to try out treatments and patent medicines, and may do more harm than good.

They're Fine People

THE wise parents of Virgo children will have them taught first-aid and similar matters, and give them opportunities to do their good deeds in the way of bringing succor to those in trouble.

All Virgoans should learn to gain good health through exercise, fresh air, pleasant recreations and common-sense diets, rather than through the absorption of pounds of harmful drugs and gallons of useless patent medicines.

All told, they are a fine people and can do a lot of good in this dreary old world.

I learned this at a dance —



I simply fled! Escape—that was all I could think of! Just to get away from the gaiety and music—that marvellous music—After all, when you're chafed . . . dancing isn't fun!



"Simpleton!" said Marge, who was in the dressing room making minor face repairs. "You'd think you were born in the dark ages! This dance came at the wrong time for me, too—but you don't hear me complaining! Haven't you heard about Modess?"

"Did you ask for Modess, Miss?" said the maid, handing Marge a Blue and Grey box. "Good," beamed Marge. "Now, my dear, I'll show you good reasons why you should get in the habit of saying Modess . . ."



Marge had shown me why Modess is so comfortable . . . it's fluffy, and soft as the down on a duck's back . . . Modess Sanitary Napkins are filmed on ALL SIDES with soft, downy cotton.

"Well, pet," said Marge, as we were getting our wraps, several hours later. "Isn't it wonderful what a difference being comfortable can make in a girl's life! By the way"—she added—"here's something I forgot to tell you. You'll find Modess costs LESS . . . it's actually economical."

And Modess is safer, too . . . Modess alone has a moisture-proof backing. The only CERTAIN protection, at all times . . . softer, safer, yet Modess Sanitary Napkins actually cost less . . . they're economical.



Ask for **Modess**
SANITARY NAPKINS

A PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

Ask also for
VEMO
(Deodorant Powder)

A soothing, absorbent, and mildly astringent powder for personal hygiene. Sprinkle freely on sanitary napkins.

Just Looking?

Bears Home Centre is really an Exposition that shows you how to make your Home More Beautiful for VERY LITTLE MONEY.

We like people who are "Just looking." You're very welcome here at Home Centre. We have eleven large furniture and furnishing departments which, with new designs new on display, are at the peak of interest. We cordially invite you to come in, to look around, to shop and compare. Not simply because we like playing host to the home-loving people of this big community, but also because the displays and model rooms and values are extraordinary. We know it—and we feel sure if YOU come in and look around you'll know it, too!

Just Looking For ... MODERN?

See our modern suites—new on the furniture horizon this year—many designs exclusively made for Home Centre, designs that you'll see nowhere else! See the new "blonde" furniture made in exotic woods—casual designs, wheat toned furniture, glorious new trousseau chests and marvellous new air-conditioned ice refrigerators.

Just Looking For ... IDEAS?

See such new things as spring and summer curtains, glowing colorful carpets. See how to furnish a 4-roomed cottage for less than £30. See the smart ideas in flat furniture, also the latest ideas in Hospitality. Furniture—Chests & Cabinets, Coffee Tables, Smokers' Stands, also Sunshine furniture for the Sun room, verandah or weekend cottage.

Just Looking For ... ADVICE?

Ask our Interior Decorators, they like to have people ask them questions (no matter how "strange" you think your questions are, we think they are important). Our experts will be glad to have you consult them about new styles, room arrangements, anything you have on your mind, whether you're buying furniture now or later. And there isn't a penny charged for this service.

Looking For ... A CONVENIENT WAY TO BUY?

Divide your payments on our liberal Bear-Way Plan. You pay a moderate deposit and pay the balance in small weekly payments. You can have up to 2 years to pay if desired. Young couples just settling up their first home will find the Bear-Way Plan particularly helpful.

GET YOUR COPY NEW FURNISHING MAGAZINE

Here is a gold mine of helpful information and ideas relating to home furnishing. Not a catalogue—but an attractive magazine of 30 pages, beautifully printed and illustrated. Here is a resume of the contents of this first big issue:

- A Room that Dad Can Call His Own.
- What Does Your Lounge Room "Say"?
- Modern Ideas for Young Moderns.
- Wedding Etiquette.
- Little Things That Count.
- Young Ideas for Old Rooms.
- Lighting.
- Now Let's Talk of Summer Comfort.
- Plan Your Home.

Send for your copy of this unique magazine—"Home Planning and Furnishing." Only 1/- per copy. 12 Months' Subscription is 10/-. "Home Planning and Furnishing" is a magazine that will be read with interest by everyone who is looking for ideas for home improvement. Send for your copy—or, better still—send 10/- for 12 months' subscription.

BEARS
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403-11 GEORGE ST.,
SYDNEY.
ALSO OPP. TOWN HALL, WOLLONGONG

Betty's "Racey" Narratives

When Do We Take Charge As Ajax's Owner?

By BETTY GEE

"We regard a champion racehorse as the property of the public once he attains to the highest peak of his form, and his programme then must be mapped out to meet with the approval of the multitudes who maintain the Turf, and with their financial support make racing for great prizes possible."

So write the idealists who believe that when we advance to Utopia we will take racing with us.

WELL, I'm one of the public supporters, and Ajax is our horse, so when do I start getting my share of his £20,000 in prize money, I want to know?

Wouldn't it be really funny if these romanticists had their way and we did take command of all the champions? What wrangling and squabbling there would be when it came to fixing their programmes.

I would want to run Ajax in the Caulfield Cup, and Dickie would insist that the Craven Plate was the suitable race.

After defeat one half the 60,000 at Randwick or Caulfield would rise up and say to the other half in a full-throated roar, "I TOLD YOU SO, YOU FOOLS."

Age-old Problem

THEN who would establish the line of demarcation over which a horse had to step to become a champion entitled to the ownership of the public?

That would cause some anguish and heart-burnings with stingy owners.

You could imagine some of them—the cunning knaves—hiding the lights of their champion beneath a bushel of "ramps" and pullings so as not to disclose that he was worthy to be taken over by the crowd.

They would enjoy great betting "jokes"—win one and land a betting coup of £10,000, and then get him defeated for the next six months, and have another winning plunge and once more consign him to oblivion. He would be a champion in disguise.

Right through the ages arguments have arisen over the prerogative of an owner and the races his champion should run in.

The last was over Ajax's scratching for the Caulfield Cup. But in that case the owners warned folk months before, and scratched seven weeks before the race. It was regarded as sufficient warning, but I suppose impulsive punters burned their fingers through stepping in too soon.

I know people who are so anxious about doubles, for instance, that they take them before the entries close.

What about Pamela for the Epson and Metrop. of 1936? After we'd put our last shilling on him, out he came and left us flat. Books got £20,000 out of that without a risk.

Millionaire Hooted

MILLIONAIRE coalmine magnate, the late John Brown, got himself hooted when he won the Spring Stakes at Randwick on Derby Day, 1912.

A few days before he had scratched Duke Footie for the Metropolitan, in which he was a 6 to 4 favorite. He was reserving his horse for the Melbourne Cup, and didn't care a continental about the other races.

After his win the public asserted its resentment in no uncertain voice. But all the owner did was to raise his hat and bow.

Disgruntled punters drew satisfaction later. Duke Footie went on winning all the weight-for-age races here and in Melbourne, and started a 6 to 4 favorite who looked unbeatable in the Melbourne Cup. But he was badly licked.

The worst scratching I ever heard of, though, was of a horse in the



"I know people so anxious about doubles that they take them before the entries close," says Betty Gee.

'eighties. My grandpa told me about this. He was favorite for the handicap at a near-country meeting, and when his trainer took him to the course to run he learned he had been scratched.

He checked up the scratching, to find that it was dated weeks before, and had actually been given to a bookmaker five weeks previously.

He had been laying wagers all that time, knowing the horse wouldn't run. Nice work, eh?

The trainer indignantly wrote to the owner, telling him if the horse wasn't taken out of his stable in 24 hours he would turn him loose. No notice was taken of it, and he put him out into the streets—a thoroughbred worth £5000 of anybody's money.

Now for Hawkesbury!

WE race at Hawkesbury next Saturday, I hope you know. Delightful old picnic ground. I love it.

But I'll tell you whether I still like it when I see how Rival Hit shapes in the Quality Handicap. He's the big syndicate tip.

Sir Regent's people are going to run him there in the hope of getting him to leave the barrier. There they have the walk-up start, and he might run off with his field. Well, we'll see.

Buzalong is a strong order for the Spring Handicap, and I have Sweet Bolero for the Encourage High-weight from the Head Waiter.

The Florist's girl is going "scone-hot" for Fakenham in the Rowley Mile. My tip is for Royal Ensign in the Three-Year-Old.

Rid Kidneys Of Poisons And Acids

Your kidneys are a marvellous structure. Within them are 9 million tiny tubes which act as filters for the blood. When poisons and acids attack them you suffer from Burning, Itching Passages, "Getting Up Nights," Leg Pains, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nerviness, Circles under Eyes or Swollen Ankles, etc. Ordinary medicines can't do much good. The cause must be removed. Cystex rid Kidneys of poisons and acids in 2 hours, therefore a speedy end to kidney troubles. In 24 hours you'll feel better, stronger than for years. In 3 days, complete health is restored. Cystex is guaranteed to put you right or money back. Ask your Chemist for Cystex today. The guarantee protects you.

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49/6 Coffee Tables SALE 42/-

Credit You may not desire to pay cash immediately, so we enable you to secure delivery of any article upon the payment of a small deposit. Weekly payments to suit your income.

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Please post me a Free Copy of your 16-page "Bargain News."

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NO REPLIES NO PAY

Classified Ads. in the Daily Telegraph cost you nothing until you get replies.

No reply, no pay—the most sensational Classified Ad. offer ever made, and the Daily Telegraph makes it. Now, you don't have to pay a single penny for Classified Ads. unless you get replies. The following are the conditions of this unique offer:—

All You Have To Do

No names, addresses, or telephone numbers can appear in classified advertisements inserted on the basis of "No Reply, No Charge" (the only exception to this rule is the inserting of a locality). All replies to such ads. must be directed to a Daily Telegraph Box Number, and must be picked up by the advertiser.

Payment for Classified Ads. inserted on the basis of "No Reply, No Charge" is made only when a reply is received—no reply, no payment. The charges for this type of classified ad. are 1/- per line week days, and 1/3 per line Saturdays, some classifications less.

DAILY TELEGRAPH
Classified Ads Phone M6635
MID CITY OFFICE, 115 PRIT STREET, Sydney, between Martin Place and Hunter Street

*Always
cool and
fit
thanks to
4711
your ideal
refresher!*



4711 GENUINE
Eau de Cologne

A Fragrance of
Wistful Charm —
"Famous Rhine Lavender",
waiting to you the dewy
sweetness of old-world
Rhenish gardens.



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REPRESENTATIVE: ROBERT BLAU (AUST.),
A.C.A. BUILDING, CNR. KING & YORK STREETS, SYDNEY.



Put lovely Waves in your Hair

Ladies—give your hair a perfect Wave-set in two or three minutes with Dampette, the new delightful wavesetting preparation. Just lightly damp your hair, comb or brush a few drops of Dampette through and finger-press the waves into position. RACE WAVE-SET. LASTS FOR DAYS.

A 2/- bottle of Dampette will give you 10 perfect Wavesets. Print all Chemists and Stores 2/- bottle.

ASK FOR *Genuine* RED LABEL DAMPETTE

In Czechoslovakia



DELIRIOUS SUDETEN GERMANS hail their Fuehrer, Konrad Henlein, at a rally in the Czech border town of Reichenberg. It shows the extraordinary enthusiasm of the followers of the man whose activities have stirred the world and involved him in a treason indictment.



INSIDE CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S great armament works, Skoda, as famous in Europe as German Krupp. It is a strange irony that during depression years the Skoda works supplied materials for Germany's rearmament—now they are working full blast on defence preparations against Germany.

Where Zero Hour Looms Nigh . . .



CZECHOSLOVAK CHILDREN play in gas-masks. It is part of the intensive war training imposed on the whole Czech nation to meet the threatened invasion by Hitler. Should the children of any land have to live like this? Can reason ever prevail over the cause of such anxieties?



THE CZECH SOLDIERS who play at war along the German frontier are part of the formidable army of 2,500,000 men that this tiny country is prepared to put in the field on short notice. For months the country has been standing at arms, fearing incidents that would bring war.

Help him to smile through the
years ahead

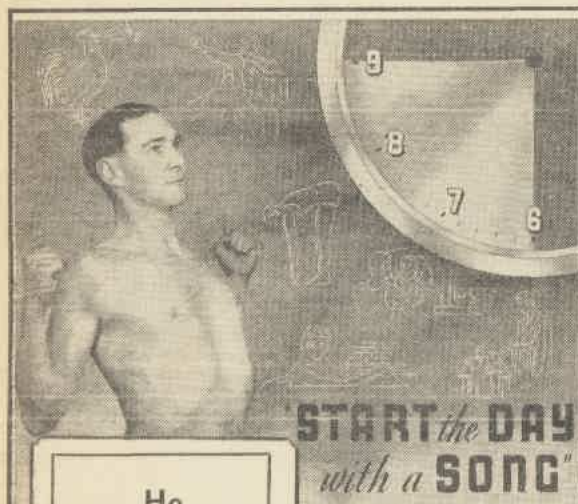


Sold by Chemists
and
Grocers everywhere.

Your baby can be as healthy as this youngster, if you give him Cornwell's Malt Extract. This famous tonic food builds a strong healthy body, sound digestion, and gives children vital nerve strength for the many years ahead.

CORNWELL'S
Malt Extract

FAMOUS FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY



START the DAY
with a SONG

He
broadcasts the time
every two minutes.

He
puts a new kick into
your daily dozes when
he calls the tune.

He
gives you the right
music, the right atmo-
sphere, the right per-
sonality to match your
early morning moods.

6 a.m.
Mondays to Saturdays

DICK FAIR

Your new early
morning man
puts YOU

in the right mood
for the workaday
world

2GB

Our Royal Family's Quiet Home Life

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

It isn't often that youngsters want to cut short the summer holidays and return home, but this is precisely what Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose were eager to do during their holiday at Balmoral Castle.

Every day they asked the same question of the King and Queen: "When are we going home?"

THE secret of this unwanted anxiety to return was the arrival from France of the two dolls, blonde Marianne and brunette France, which the French children bought with their pennies for the two little Princesses.

Since Their Majesties' return from France they have been on holiday with their daughters, and over and over again the little girls have asked the Queen to tell them the story of the dolls.

Now that the dolls are actually here, the little Princesses are beside themselves with excitement. One of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, who returned to London from Balmoral, was commissioned by the children to have a look at Marianne and France and write them a further account of the two French dolls and their dresses.

Designed by the leading Paris couturiers, these dolls have the most fascinating collection of clothes, lingerie and even jewellery.

There is a happy family atmosphere about the Royal Castle in the Highlands.

"Early to bed and early to rise" is the rule at Balmoral—if one could call it a rule, for there is complete freedom from routine and formality.

The King is much too active to really enjoy a lazy holiday. While most people bask in the sunshine or laze about the decks of their yachts he thinks nothing of a twenty-five mile walk across the moors.

King's Ambition

HE is, of course, an excellent shot; so good, in fact, that he much prefers the give-and-take chances of deer-stalking to the easy regularity of shooting at driven birds.

His ambition is to shoot two "royals," so that their heads may hang in the hall at Balmoral beside the twelve-pointers shot by his father and grandfather.

He is an early riser, and it is quite the usual thing for the earliest footman on duty to see the King coming downstairs at 6 a.m., while the rest of the Royal household is still sound asleep.

Though he has at his command a large staff of servants, he dislikes giving any more trouble than is necessary, and, therefore, in preparation for his early starts, there is a cold breakfast left spread on the buffet-sideboard in the Balmoral morning-room.

An electric kettle and a teapot are there, too, and, like any other man left to fend for himself, he makes himself a good cup of tea.

Sometimes an equerry accompanies him on his long tramps over the countryside, but if there is no member of his entourage who really enjoys long walks, then the King takes a ghillie with him for company.

In the truly democratic fashion of the Highlands he will talk over with his favorite ghillie the prospects for the shooting, the crops, the garden.

The King is dearly loved in his Highland home. Crofter and ghillie, villager and shepherd alike, have nothing but praise for his charming, unaffected ways, and this habit of long walks strengthens that feeling considerably among the simple, nature-loving people of Deeside.

And what of the Queen on her Highland holiday? She has never handled a gun, and, though before her marriage she was fond of salmon fishing, the sporting side of outdoor life does not interest her very much.

But the Queen is among her own people, and as Glamis is not very far away she pays several visits to



THE QUEEN and little Princesses in Scotland. The King hurried from here last week to join the dramatic conferences in London on the Czechoslovakian crisis.

the home of her childhood to see her father, the Earl of Strathmore, who is in residence there.

Like most women, she likes to relax as completely as possible. Sitting in the gardens of Balmoral,

looking at the silver Dee running through the castle grounds on its way to the sea, and letting the peaceful beauty of it all sink into her heart, Queen Elizabeth sews and reads.



**Excess Acid
Causes that Pain**
**Take this Advice
AND
Eat what you like**

Read how this quick-acting powder will give you immediate relief from your pain. And, what is even more important, it tones up and strengthens your stomach so that your indigestion eventually goes for good.

The stomach, from three to four times a day, has to deal with a variety of foods and convert them into nourishment for the body. These foods are not always the most suitable, or they may not have been properly chewed, and so reach the stomach in a form that makes digestion difficult.

So we must not be surprised that the stomach rebels at this harsh treatment. It does its best to extract nourishment from the food. But too often this results in an outpouring of excess acid.

At first, flatulence and palpitation are the only symptoms, but later come inflammation of the stomach

or duodenal ulcers—all caused by excess acid in the stomach.

De Witt's Antacid Powder, owing to its extreme fineness, neutralises the excess acid as soon as it reaches the stomach. There is immediate relief from the pain and the inconvenience of flatulence. But De Witt's Antacid Powder does more than this.

FIRSTLY, it protects the stomach walls from further burning by the acid. SECONDLY, helps to digest your food, and THIRDLY, tones up the whole digestive system so that excess acid is no longer given off, and you can eat what you like without any ill after-effects.

You start your happiness the day you start using

**DE WITT'S
ANTACID POWDER**

Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in handsome sky-blue canister

Price 2/6

Country customers! Mail your orders to P.O. Box 497 A.A. Sydney. Or just telephone M 2405

FARMER'S



English webbing; lacqu'd heel, crepe soles. Red, green, white, blue, yellow. **7/11**



Gala opening this week!

CALIFORNIAN SANDAL SHOP

Over 200 styles from Hollywood, Paris and points between

From all the beach and promenade gay-steppers that arrive on the big boats, we've selected the smartest, the most vital, for our new "Californian Sandal Shop". We're jubilant about the result... we'd like you to come along and admire it. Over 200 styles, from Hollywood, Paris and the places in between, in all the colours you can think of, priced from 5/11 to 29/6. Why not a lay-by?

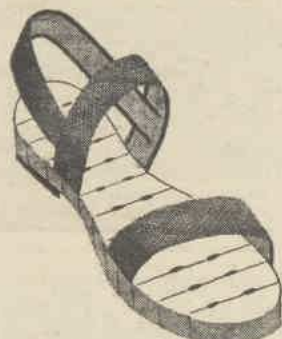
On the Third Floor. Where the well-shod people go. Special stocks for mail orders.

From **5/11**

★ Let Farmer's skilled chiropodists painlessly whittle out any of your annoying corns or callouses... for 3/- one foot, 5/6 the two.



"Avalon" tooless webbing. Yellow, green, red, wine, blue and white. **5/11**



"Duckboards" from Paris. Jointed wood soles. Red, white or blue. At **5/11**



Macramé "Skipper", lacquered Cuban heel, 5 colour combinations or white. **7/11**



Linen webbing; vamp strap. Crepe soles. All sizes. Red, yellow, etc., green. **7/11**



"Topper" has intricate straps. (Black patent, 13/9.) Red, white, blue, tan. **13/9**



KABE FLORALS

In "Glamour Girl" nighties

Dedicated to youth, are these cool-as-lettuce nighties, sprayed with charming floral patterns, and beautifully trimmed with satin applique. White, pink, green, blue, sunshine and mauve backgrounds. In S.W., W. and O.S. Lay-by at **11/9**

Nightwear on Fourth Floor



Farmer's opens

HAVE YOU SEEN SISTER THOMAS ABOUT BABY YET? Whether Baby is a thrilling "about-to-be", or an actually present bundle of preciousness, you'll bless the happy day you went along to see Sister Thomas at Farmer's. Bringing up Baby is made easy with Sister's easy-to-follow advice. Go to the Truby King Clinic at Farmer's, on the Fourth Floor. There's no charge at all.



1/6 EYE VEILS now third less!

Circular eye veil selling! A number of new designs in alluring browns, blacks and navys. Each now at a saving on the usual price. Only **1/-**

Eye Veils — Ground Floor

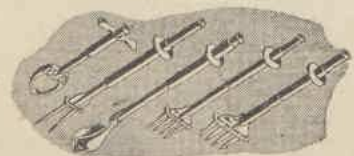
CYCLAX OF LONDON, sends Miss Judith Kellatt-Wills, beauty expert, to Farmer's till the end of September. She'll solve any of your make-up problems. M2405 for appointments. At Cyclax Section—on Ground Floor.



For the kitchen

KITCHEN TONGS. You'll find a thousand uses for these tongs. They work with a scissor action, doing their task neatly and efficiently. Nickel-plated 1/9. Chromium 2/-.

Lower Ground Floor. Country Carriage Extra



ENGLISH SILVERPLATE, 5/6. First selling of these pickle forks, cake forks, bread forks, sugar tongs and olive grips just off the boat. These attractive 'press handle' novelties will make ideal Christmas gifts. Ea., 5/6.

Ground Floor. Country Carriage Extra



Send Xmas

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What Women Are Doing

Always Travelling

MRS. ANTAL DORATI, who has come to Australia with her husband, musical director of the Russian Ballet Company, which will open its Australian season in Melbourne on September 28, finds it is possible to become very tired of travelling.

She accompanies Mr. Dorati on all his tours, and since her marriage, ten years ago, has been constantly travelling.

During the past year she has visited no fewer than 108 cities.

Busy With Preparations For Flower Ball

PREPARATIONS for the Flower Ball, to be held at the Palais, St. Kilda, Melbourne, on Oaks night, November 3, are the chief interest of Mrs. Rupert Downes, of Melbourne. She is president of the committee organising the ball, which is in aid of the Royal Melbourne Hospital and the Melbourne District Nursing Society.

Mrs. Downes
—Ronald Eder

Spring flowers will be the chief motif of the decorations, and flower ballets will be included in the programme. Mrs. Downes is giving a prize for the most attractive floral hair ornament.

Mrs. Downes, who is the wife of Major-General Rupert Downes, is interested in various philanthropic movements, and for her work as honorary secretary, for many years, of the Friendly Union of Soldiers' Wives and Mothers, she was awarded the Order of the British Empire.

Long Records of Service

AFTER having worked for 33 years and 25 years respectively for the Women's Hospital, Sydney, Mrs. Richard Sly and Lady Waley have announced their resignation from the hospital board.

Both Lady Waley and Mrs. Sly have acted as chairman of the house committee, and president of various sub-committees.

Mrs. Sly recalls the foundation of the hospital by the late Sir James Graham, the late Dr. L. E. F. Neill, Dr. Watson Munro, and Mr. David Fell, with Lady Windygar as first president.

In 45 years she has seen the hospital grow from a small house in Hay Street, Sydney, to one of the largest in the Empire.

South African Visitor Has Varied Interests

MRS. R. S. REYNOLDS, M.B.E., whose home is in Johannesburg, South Africa, is spending a year's holiday in Australia and New Zealand. Mrs. Reynolds' interests are many and varied, and she takes an active part in a number of women's organisations.

She is a foundation member of the Victoria League in Johannesburg; a member of the Brakpan branch of the National Council of Women, and a member of the Overseas and Lyceum Clubs.

Flag Festival

A RED letter day in Girl Guide circles is the International Flag Festival, to be opened this Saturday by Dame Enid Lyons at Elaine, the home of Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, Double Bay, Sydney.

The first large fête organised by the association in New South Wales, it is also the first Guide function attended by Dame Enid in Sydney.

She will be received by Mrs. Fairfax, Misses Olive King and Elsie Smith, assistant State Commissioners, and Miss Hilda Jamieson, festival secretary.

Teaching Eurythmics Over the Air

WHEN in London recently, Miss Heather Gell, well-known teacher of eurythmics in Adelaide, became interested in the work of Miss Ann Driver, who gave talks through the B.B.C. to infants' schools and kindergartens, instructing the children in eurythmics by wireless.

Miss Gell followed her work, and visited schools to see how the children responded. Later she had a successful audition with the B.B.C. with a view to doing similar work in Australia.

Since her return to Adelaide Miss Gell has taught this method over the air, and recently visited Sydney and Melbourne to give three-day courses of tuition in the work to infant school and kindergarten teachers.

Willing Worker in Cause of Charity

MRS. S. E. BRUNNING, of Melbourne, is a willing worker in the cause of charity.

Always particularly interested in the Tweddle Hospital, she is president of a committee organising a dance to be held in the lower hall at Melbourne Town Hall on October 6, and hopes to be able to hand over a large cheque to the Hospital Fund.

Mrs. Brunning's other activities include the recently-formed junior entertainment committee of the Alfred Hospital. She handled all the publicity for their very successful first effort. She also belongs to the Ladies' Aid Society of the Prince Henry Hospital.

Played Her First Big Part

AS the sixteen-year-old school-girl in the Adelaide Repertory Theatre's recent production of "Sixteen," a play by Almee and Philip Stuart, Miss Jean Marshall, of Adelaide, had her first big part.

Miss Marshall studied dramatic art, with Mr. James Anderson, at the Elder Conservatorium for two years, and won the Robert Whinham prize for elocution and impromptu reading.

She has done some producing and acting with the Independent Theatre in Adelaide, and has high ambitions of taking up the stage as a profession.

Member of "None Under Seventy" Club Broadcasts

MISS MAY GLENDENNING, who is 82 years of age and a member of the None Under Seventy Musical Society of Sydney, was recently heard over the air when she sang at a concert during the 150th Anniversary Celebrations at Grafton, N.S.W.

In the 'seventies Miss Glendenning was well known as a singer in Australia and America. On the advice of Dolores, Miss Glendenning with whom she toured, Miss Glendenning, accompanied by her husband, Mr. F. G. Mitchell, an English musician, who was also her singing teacher, went to America, where she had great success.

In Australia she appeared in "Dorothy," "Maritana," and other operas, and played many leading roles in Gilbert and Sullivan operas.



Miss Glendenning with whom she toured, Miss Glendenning, accompanied by her husband, Mr. F. G. Mitchell, an English musician, who was also her singing teacher, went to America, where she had great success.

They Are All Air-minded

SYDNEY girls are definitely air-minded, judging by the rush for membership in the Australian Women's Flying Club, just formed in Sydney. Two hundred girls, from all walks of life, attended the first meeting, and already 500 applications for membership have been received.

Lectures in aeronautics, physical culture, home nursing, and cooking will be given, and examinations held at the end of the year.

One of Sydney's best-known women pilots, Miss Margaret Adams, is president. With Miss Betty Mullens (secretary) and Miss Barbara Hitchens, she is among the founders of the club, which is largely the outcome of Miss Mullens' efforts.

Up to date, Miss Adams and Miss Hitchens, who has her own plane, are the only members holding pilots' licences.

Took Special Nursing Course in London

CONTRARY to rumor, it is not always easy for Australian nurses to obtain work in London, according to Miss Iris Uren, a young Melbourne nurse, who has returned home after six months abroad.

To obtain a position, she says, it is necessary first to register with one of the Nurses' Clubs, many of which have long waiting-lists. Also, a knowledge of children's nursing is essential, in addition to general training.

A special course in nursing, which took her into many leading London hospitals, was arranged for Miss Uren by the College of Nursing, London.

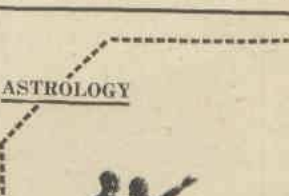
A trainee of Epworth Hospital, Melbourne, Miss Uren was theatre sister there for twelve months before going abroad.

Takes Active Part in Many Organisations

MANY responsibilities are undertaken by Mrs. K. H. S. Kerr, of Brisbane, in her work as honorary secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Brisbane.

For five years she has acted as secretary and is also on the board of directors, and, until recently, was for a number of years a member of the hostel committee.

As wife of the president of the Victorian Association, Mrs. Kerr assists with the entertaining done by the association. She is also interested in the Boy Scout movement, and is a member of the West End committee.



ASTROLOGY

By ALOR SHAN
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The Movie World

September 24, 1938

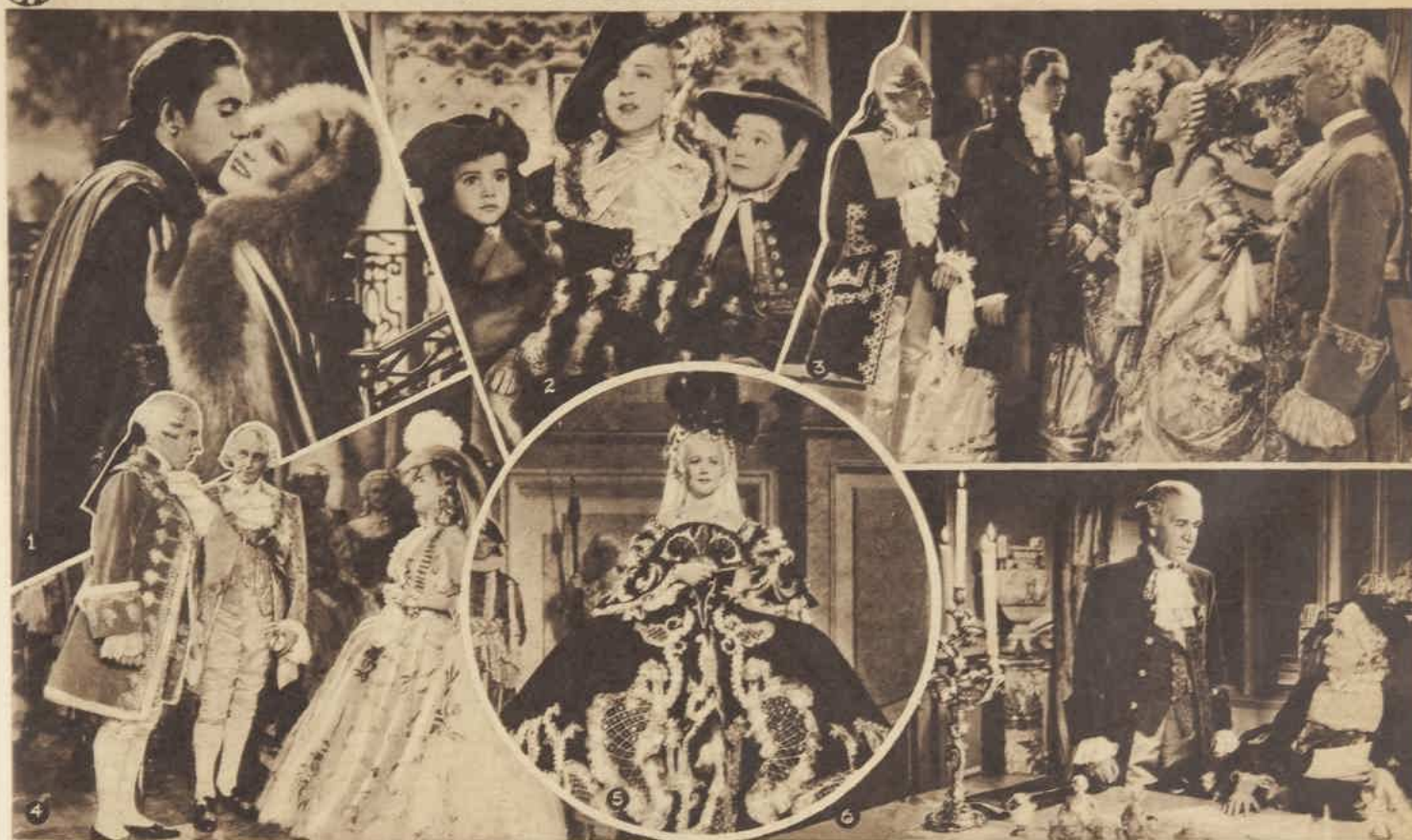
The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1. SHEARER with Fersen (Tyronne Power), her lover.

2. GAIETY AND FRIVOLITY are forgotten when the Queen, towards the end, has to fight for the lives of her two children.

3. THE QUEEN with Count de Fersen, courtiers, Joseph Schildkraut, Anita Louise, Robert Morley (Louis XVI).



4. THE AUSTRIAN Princess meets her fiance, Dauphin of France, who is introduced by his father, Louis XV (John Barrymore).

5. THE DUBARRY (Gladys George), power behind Louis XV.

6. COUNT DE MERCEY (Henry Stephenson) brings an offer to Empress Marie of Austria (Alma Kruger) for the hand of her daughter.

Shearer Returns In Splendor

"MARIE ANTOINETTE," M.G.-M.'s most ambitious production to date, provides a triumphant re-entrance for Norma Shearer, after her two years' absence from the screen. It is a biography of the last and most tragic of France's Queens, beginning from the time of her marriage to the Dauphin of France, and ending twenty-three years later, when she and her escort, Louis XVI, were put to death.

Moviedom Gossip

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

Tone for Stage

FRANCHOT TONE is seriously considering giving up pictures to return to the New York stage when his M.G.-M. contract expires this month.

The theatre has always been Franchot's first love.

Colbert's Exotic Dancing

LAUDETTE COLBERT is back at work on "Zaza," after having taken a couple of days off to recover from the strain of eight hours of dancing the "can-can."

Paramount wanted Sally Rand, America's number one fan dancer, to do the "can-can" dancing in the film, but she refused on the grounds that the "can-can" is vulgar, whereas her fan dance—in which her costume is two fans—is "art!"

Spanky Still Leader

NINE-YEAR-OLD Spanky MacFarland, leader in the "Our Gang" comedy series, was retired some time ago from the Gang because he was getting too old.

After his departure, M.G.-M. decided to continue making the little comedies, and launched a search for a boy to take Spanky's place. Winner of the search is none other than Spanky himself! The studio decided it would be impossible to replace him.

Tapley's Contract Ended

WITH "Boo-Boo," the picture in which he got his first leading role, New Zealand actor Colin Tapley has ended his contract with Paramount.

He played bit parts until a year ago, when he was sent to Malaya with a movie company to make the jungle film, "Boo-Boo," which is just ready for release.

Returning to Paramount when the film was completed, he was asked to do an unimportant part, and since he had just finished a leading role, Colin objected, and the contract was terminated. He will remain in Hollywood for a few months, but will probably try his luck at films or stage in Australia.

Maguire in London

MARY MAGUIRE will not be returning to Hollywood for several months. We ran into her father, the jovial Mick Maguire, while farewelling friends on an outgoing Australian ship, and he seemed to think Mary and her mother would be remaining in England for at least another six months.

She went to make one picture there, but her studio has decided to keep her there for several more.



Ginger Rogers, of R.K.O. Radio pictures, always uses Max Factor's Powder.



Myrna Loy, of M.G.M., gives a lovely bloom to her cheeks with Max Factor's Rouge.



Merle Oberon, United Artists', uses Max Factor's lipstick to emphasise her beauty.

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Max Factor's Rouge is creamy smooth and blends perfectly.



Max Factor's Powder harmonizes with skin color and gives you unexpected linelessness. It stays for hours.

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NAME	Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Only <input type="checkbox"/>
	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
ADDRESS	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS
	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Mouth <input type="checkbox"/>
CITY	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
			REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	
STATE	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
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Reform of a Rebel

BRILLIANT BETTE DAVIS DEPARTS FROM HER VIXEN AND PROBLEM CHARACTERS TO BECOME THE NUN IN NEW FILM, "THE MIRACLE."

THE announcement that Bette Davis, the screen's foremost portrayer of mean girls and problem characters, is to play the nun in Warner Brothers' version of "The Miracle" has electrified Hollywood.

And yet the casting is not as odd as one would imagine. Bette is a first-class actress, and has proved herself on many occasions capable of handling the most difficult and exacting roles.

The new role calls for a dual personality.

In Max Reinhardt's stage spectacle upon which Warners are basing their film, the story deals with a nun who sees and falls in love with a prince.

The Virgin Mary from her niche observes her unhappiness, and, stepping down, takes her place, while the nun goes forth into the world with her prince.

Years later, deserted, wretched, she returns, and the Virgin Mary allows her to take her place again in the convent.

Such a role will give Bette an excellent opportunity for her effective, well-balanced, emotional acting. It will be, too, the most important role of her career—surpassing "Jezebel" and the as yet untouched "Gone With the Wind."

"The Miracle," originally produced by famous German professor, Max Reinhardt, is one of the biggest successes of all time on the English, European, and American stages.

It was first presented on the Continent in 1911 and in New York in 1924.

As a stage spectacle it has been identified with some of the most ambitious undertakings in the history of the theatre in the great cities of the world.

When Reinhardt first produced it in London in 1922 he transformed the Olympic Stadium into a cathedral and presented Lady Diana Manners as the nun.

This setting is still acknowledged as the most spectacular and gigantic in stage history.

Then the producer took the play to New York in 1924 with Lady Manners.

The play was presented at the Century Theatre, the outside and inside of which were transformed into a Gothic cathedral, much as was done with London's Olympic Stadium.

Secret of Success

REINHARDT sold the screen rights to the play to Warner Brothers several years ago. Production has been delayed, it is said, until such time as the large outlay necessary to present the play properly on the screen could be justified.

Despite the present depression in the film business, and the costly undertaking the making of such a film will entail, Warners have decided to start work on the film, using Bette Davis, their most accomplished and versatile star.

It is only this year that Bette staged her rebellion at Warner Brothers, and people were prophesying the end of her screen career.

Once a star goes temperamental, wants to choose her own stories, she is finished, they said.

Since then, however, she has risen to new glory, and has become one of Hollywood's foremost actresses.

Bette's success has come not only from her own dramatic ability—but from personal grit and determination.

Her success rises from the fact that she has been able to estimate accurately her own abilities, has not allowed them to be treated lightly, and has been prepared to risk present assets for future benefits.

She started in films as an ingenue—and not the most attractive.

Vaguely discontented with the way her career was shaping at Warners, she was yet most reluctant to play in the screen version of "Of Human Bondage."

John Cromwell, R.K.O. director, was anxious for her to play Mildred, the Cockney waitress.

"He made me do it," says Bette.



"He kept at me for weeks, and I kept saying no. It wasn't the character of the girl I minded—I was simply afraid of the part, afraid I wasn't equal to it."

Her studio, considering her not important enough to worry about, left the decision to her, and eventually she was persuaded to take it.

And so she made history, not only for herself as an actress, but for the screen itself.

Her work in that film won her

her the Academy Award for the best acting in 1936; the spoilt rich girl in "The Golden Arrow," and had unsympathetic roles in "Satan Met a Lady," "Marked Woman," "That Certain Woman" and other emotional melodramas.

Then they decided to cast her in a screen version of "Comet Over Broadway," heavy melodrama, and Bette could stand it no longer.

She refused to make the film, packed up her baggage, left for London, and in an attempt to break her contract with Warners took the matter to court.

She lost, and perforce returned to her studio.

Next she was cast in "Jezebel," one of the most important films of the year.

Bette had seen it as a play on Broadway, and asked the studio to let her do it. Nothing was done until about a year ago, when Warners bought it, and named Miriam Hopkins as star.

It was then that Bette proved her ability to fight for what she wanted, and demanded and got the role.

• More familiar as turbulent siren: Bette Davis (at left) snapped in costume on the set of "Jezebel."

• Below: Bette as Mildred, hateful Cockney waitress, in "Of Human Bondage," the film that began her cycle of mean girl roles.



This film not only gave her a fine acting opportunity—she was splendid as the temperamental, heartless Southern belle—but paved the way for her to play in Selznick's much-

• Above: Bette Davis as nun in "The Miracle," her latest film for Warner Bros.

discussed film version of "Gone With the Wind."

Not that the part is so important now. "Jezebel," set in the same period background, killed much of the interest and freshness of the film.

It is still, however, an important venture.

Norma Shearer and Clark Gable were originally named for the chief roles, to the horror of Norma's fans, who could not see her as the vixenish, wayward seventeen-year-old, Scarlett O'Hara.

Next, as Scarlett

NORMA'S official refusal of the part was because of her fans' displeasure at the casting.

Many, however, believe that Norma, a woman of keen business acumen, realised that "Jezebel" had stolen the thunder from "Gone With the Wind," and did not care to challenge comparison with Bette Davis.

Bette has just completed "The Sisters," an intense "human" drama of three sisters living in a country town at the turn of the century. Bette is the eldest sister, restless to leave the small township.

She is scheduled to play in "The Phantom Crown," story of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico and mad Carlotta. Bette will play Carlotta, and John Geilgud, famous English stage and screen actor, will play Maximilian.

Other films lined up for her include "Dark Victory," "Memphis Belle," "The Lady with the Red Hair."

There is no other actress in Hollywood at the moment whose stock is so high.

She may not be the most popular—certainly she is not among the top big box-office favorites—but she is the most respected.

From Barbara Bouchier, Hollywood

instant recognition as an actress, and gave a character to the screen, the realism of which has added prestige to it ever since.

Many people attribute the present slump in pictures to the lack of originality on the part of producers.

Having made one success they tend to repeat it too often.

So it was with Bette Davis. Masterly in "tough" modern roles, she was given no respite from them.

She was a temperamental heroine in "Dangerous," the film which won

Dick Powell, Family Man

ROMANTIC CROONER ON SCREEN; IN REAL LIFE HE IS MARRIED TO JOAN BLONDELL; PROUD FATHER OF A VERY RECENT ARRIVAL.

MARRIAGE between film stars of equal standing, as all the world knows, can be the most unhappy and precarious.

At the same time, it can be the most satisfactory.

Both pursuing similar careers, they thoroughly understand each other, have all interests in common. Particularly if they are working on the same picture or with the same studio, the hours of work and play can happily coincide. Such a marriage can be an ideal modern union.

They can, too, actually further each other's careers.

Since his marriage two years ago to Joan Blondell, crooner Dick Powell has become, instead of a happy-go-lucky young man-about-town, a serious-minded family man of ambition.

Following in the best Crosby traditions, he is now one of Hollywood's happiest-weds, head of a well-founded family.

Father by adoption to Joan's three-year-old son by her first marriage, he has now a baby daughter of his own, just three months old.

And in the last two years he has become increasingly popular with film fans—the recipient of 8000 fan letters each week.

Powell started in pictures just a year after his wife. In 1933, when a talent scout saw his screen possibilities when he was singing in a theatre in Pittsburgh.

Prior to that he had organised several country orchestras, sung in church choirs, for weddings and funerals, and played a banjo in an orchestra.

His first film was "Blessed Event," and after that came "The King's Vacation."

Quickly his fresh personality, boyish charm, and tuneful crooning made him popular with fans, and he began to play leads in various musical comedies for Warners.

Some of his early films include "Happiness Ahead," "Twenty Million Sweethearts," "Page Miss Glory," and "Colleen," in all of which he played light romantic leads.

In the meantime, Joan Blondell, now married to Norman Scott-Barnes, was forging ahead in Hollywood. She and Powell were teamed together in several films: "42nd Street," "Gold Diggers of 1937," "Convention City," "Dames," and later "Stage-Struck"

and "Broadway Gondolier."

After the break-up of Joan's marriage with Barnes, her friendship with Powell grew stronger, and soon Hollywood gossip began to couple their names together.

In September, 1936—just two years ago—they were quietly married aboard the Santa Paula, and spent their honeymoon in a cruise through the Panama Canal.

At the time of Joan's marriage she had been appearing in a disheartening number of B Class pictures, including "Central Park," "Good-Bye Again," "Sons o' Guns," and "Three Men on a Horse."

Within a year she became an important star of first-class pictures, and won such parts by playing first with Powell in "Gold Diggers of 1937," then made "The King and the Chorus Girl," "The Perfect Specimen," "Stand-in," and her last im-



● Dressed up in handsome cowboy attire, Dick Powell, Warner Bros. star, in a scene from "Cowboy From Brooklyn," with Priscilla Lane, his new leading lady.



● Off screen a devotee of he-man sports, Dick Powell, neat but unshaven, at the wheel of his newly-acquired yacht. Since his marriage to Joan Blondell, Dick has eschewed party pleasure and become a peace-loving family man. Golf, horseback riding and sailing are his chief hobbies.

portant comedy, before her baby was born, "There's Always a Woman."

Dick himself from being a rather scatter-brained young man became a steady-going young husband—with a serious purpose.

A year ago he legally—and with the warm approval of the baby's father—adopted Norman Scott Barnes.

The home he has built for Joan in Beverly Hills is in the American tradition to which the Arkansas-born youth had been brought up.

Of a bungalow type, it is furnished in the traditional Western American style. The furniture is mostly heavy and utilitarian.

In his lounge he has even the old-fashioned plush sofa, armchairs and rocking-chair. The suite was a present from his parents, and he looks upon it in the nature of an heirloom.

Just before his daughter was born he bought a workmanlike but luxurious yacht, upon which he plans to take the family for in-between-picture cruises.

While building up his family life, he is quietly and steadily pursuing his career.

His most recent film is "Cowboy From Brooklyn," his next, upon which he is now working, "The Hot Heiress."

He considers "42nd Street" and "Shipmates Forever" his best films.

But sometimes he worries. He thinks he ought to stop singing on the screen occasionally, and play a really dramatic role. He is afraid the theatregoers will tire of him as a singer.

He is now, like other ambitious screen singers, concentrating on developing his voice, and hopes soon to be heard on the American concert stage.

Sabu, Films' Most Romantic Figure

NO OTHER MOVIE STAR HAS AS COLORFUL A HISTORY AS THIS 14-YEAR-OLD INDIAN ORPHAN, NOW PRINCE IN NEW FILM, "THE DRUM."

From JUDY BAILEY, London.

WITH Hollywood scouts busy looking the world over for new screen talent, there are many stories current of the unexpected rise to fame of various meritorious unknowns.

But the most dramatic success story of all is that of Sabu, little fourteen-year-old orphan boy, discovered by English producer Alexander Korda in the heart of India.

Less than two years ago he was a poor, underfed orphan boy who hung about the elephant stables of

the Maharajah of Mysore. He was paid eight rupees a month, and his one ambition was to become a mahout, as was his father before him.

At the present time Sabu receives the largest fan mail of anyone at Denham. His salary is £50 a week, with rises every six months.

He speaks English, and is learning French. Under the supervision of the studio, he is being given all the advantages of a millionaire's son.

Before his discovery he could neither read nor write, speaking only his native dialect. Now he speaks exceptionally good English with a charming but not obtrusive accent, plays and enjoys all the usual schoolboy games, swims well,



● SABU, in embroidered jacket and white trousers, as Prince Azim, in "The Drum," Alexander Korda's adventure film of the north-west Indian frontier, soon to be released. This is Sabu's second film, and second starring role. His first was "Elephant Boy."

and is rapidly becoming a proficient ice hockey player. He has risen to success on his

merits. Korda, planning an Indian epic with a Kipling flavor, a survey of the life of an Indian village in

dramatic form wanted an Indian boy for the hero.

Sabu, by his mobile face and quick intelligence, impressed him, and he became hero of "Elephant Boy," one of the screen's most charming "human" stories, and its most authentic on Indian life.

Sabu, graceful, unaffected, vivacious, provided the human interest and drama to what might otherwise have been a pleasant, but undramatic, documentary film.

"Elephant Boy" became one of Korda's outstanding successes, and unexpectedly the famous producer found himself possessed of a new original star with fresh appeal.

His new film, "The Drum," now complete in technicolor, has been specially written around him.

Learning English

IN it Sabu plays an Indian prince, who wins the friendship of the British captain in charge of a Scottish border regiment, and by his bravery saves the captain from certain death, and the overlordship of his people for himself.

The man responsible for Sabu's education and miraculous change is Captain Thomas Thompson, ex-naval man, who runs a school entirely for foreign boys at Beaconsfield.

He watches over Sabu more closely than any father, and it is largely due to his influence that the latter has remained entirely unspoiled. In the studio, there is always the danger of Sabu being petted and fussed over, but at school he is just one of the boys.

He was handed over to Captain Thompson's care some months after his arrival. The Captain's first job was to straighten out the boy's smattering of English.

Sabu learnt his lines for "Elephant Boy" parrot-fashion, not understanding what they meant. For the first few weeks it was uphill work, but fortunately Captain Thompson speaks fluent Hindustani, having sailed for years off the Indian coast, and now Sabu reads aloud to him every day, and personally replies to some of his weekly fan mail of 250 letters.

Mastery Over Animals

SABU'S mastery over animals is said to be uncanny. In "The Drum," he learned to ride a stallion expertly within a few days, and by the time the picture was finished the animal would even leave its trainer at his call.

Sabu and the horse nearly met with disaster in Wales during the shooting of some of the exteriors for the film. One scene called for horse and boy to ride at top speed down a narrow pass.

The horse floundered and one of its back legs slipped off the narrow pathway, below which was a sheer drop of several hundred feet. Sabu was the only member of the unit unperturbed, and after a short rest he went through the scene perfectly.

He finds life in England very pleasant, but none of the alleged wonders of Western civilisation surprise him very much. He takes everything just as it comes.

To Become a More Beautiful YOU

REMEMBER! ONE-THIRD OF YOUR LOVELINESS DEPENDS ON YOUR HOSIERY

There's a whole world of happiness in knowing when you "go places" you're beautiful, from the tip of your toes to the top of your head. It all depends on YOU! You must plan and select everything with care... remembering particularly that to have lovely legs you must wear glamorous SUPER SHEERS. HOLEPROOF have the Super Sheers YOU want... flattering, glamorous, yet costing no more than

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10 GOLDEN RULES

For the care of sheers and super sheers

1. Be sure of your correct foot size. (Sometimes a size larger helps.)
2. Buy at least 2 pairs of the same shade and size, and get the wear of an invisible third pair.
3. Always trim new stockings in lukewarm, sudsy, before wearing.
4. Wash tops after every wear.
5. Hang to dry where nothing will catch them.
6. Keep cushions and toe-nail files (nail-toe-clip).
7. Don't pull in, roll to toe, then to heel.
8. Fix suspenders into web below it NEVER!
9. See that heel is in correct position so that reinforcement comes above the place.
10. Don't let your stockings touch the chair or table legs - the worst enemies of sheers.

P.S.

If you feel you're not getting all the wear you should from super sheers, please write to Holeproof Stylist, Box 20045, G.P.O., Melbourne, C1, explaining your hosiery problems. There is a specially trained staff to help you solve them. Remember, Holeproof stockings are made for YOU, and we want you to be happy with them, ALWAYS.



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The ideal stocking for evening - can be worn all day long by following the 10 Golden Rules.

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The aristocrat of all long wearing sheers. Correct for day and night.

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THE Color OF THE MONTH Ask for Redhead Hollywood's most fashionable hosiery color. It's new exciting - guaranteed to look like the loveliness of your legs.

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Here's Hot News From All the Studios!

IT is now understood that Greta Garbo will reach American shores within a few weeks, and not as late as November.

Stokowski, who is now vacationing in his Connecticut country home, will shortly leave for Hollywood. He steadfastly refuses to answer any questions about Garbo, but says he will soon leave for Hollywood to consult with Walt Disney on a symphony cartoon.

Garbo's next picture will be "The Life of Madame Curie."

AUSTRALIAN Joy Howarth has had several unlucky breaks since she arrived in Hollywood. Just recovered from a serious illness, she has now had to cancel all business appointments because of ear trouble. Incidentally, there is no truth in the rumors about a "romance" with Australian writer Ivan Goff. Joy and Goff have been going out together, but simply for companionship. Joy is still technically married to George Brent. California divorces don't become final for one year after they're granted.

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

IT seems that the former child star, Mitzi Green, will not be making a screen comeback after all. Mitzi, who is now quite grown-up and very good to look at, signed a contract with R.K.O. almost a year ago to make a musical, "Fiddlesticks." However, owing to the public's lack of interest in musicals, the picture was called off. Mitzi, tired of waiting for another film, asked R.K.O. for a release from the contract and is now back on Broadway, continuing her stage career.

GEORGE RAFT'S battle with Paramount has given Lloyd Nolan the important lead opposite Dorothy Lamour in "St. Louis Blues."

Raft was assigned the role, but the day before shooting was to commence Raft's agent informed the studio that he wouldn't work until the option of his contract was taken up—which would automatically give him a salary raise.

The option not being due until December, the studio refused to comply with the demand.

Then Raft decided he didn't like the part in "St. Louis Blues"—that of a master of ceremonies—and wanted more rugged roles, such as he had just completed in "Spawn of the North."

So his bosses suspended him—which means no salary until he goes back to work. It probably won't be for some time, as there are no other pictures lined up for him at present.

HUMPHREY BOGART has secured his divorce from his former wife and filed application to wed Mayo Methot, an actress on the Warner lot.

Mayo and Bogart have been a Hollywood twosome for many months.

THERE was much excitement at the Walt Disney studio when Walt installed two baby deer in the studio yard the other day. The babes will serve as models for "Bambi," a forthcoming full-length cartoon feature in which the hero is a deer.

The feature won't be out for two years, but work on it has already started, and the artists need live models to photograph and study in order to get authentic action.

Walt's new pets are just two months old.

THE latest fashion fads in Hollywood are doll hats and white fingernails. The former resemble ordinary hats that have been shrunk to a ridiculously small size. They're worn over one eye and look quite cute on the few who can get away with them.

GLORIA STUART, who was married four years ago to Arthur Grant Sheekman, scenario writer in Aquia Caliente, has just gone through another civil ceremony with him in Los Angeles. She and her author-husband were not quite sure that the first ceremony was valid.

MARIE WILSON, the "beautiful but dumb" girl, will marry Nick Grinde, director, October 21.

David Niven runs to brunettes. Olivia de Havilland is Merle Oberon's successor in his affections.

Hollywood's latest reducing fad is rowing a rubber boat on the private swimming pool.

COMEDienne Martha Raye has had to postpone her marriage to song-writer David Rose.

Martha wanted the ceremony to take place in September, on the day on which her divorce from Buddy Westmore became final, but a new comedy with Bob Hope will keep her well occupied until the end of October.

At the moment, Martha and Rose are winding up a personal appearance tour of the country.

DAVID NIVEN is acting in two pictures at one time, in two different studios. He covers ground by bicycle between Goldwyn studios and Warner Brothers.

At the former he is playing opposite Merle Oberon in "The Lady and the Cowboy," and at Warner's he is appearing in "Dawn Patrol."

AS a publicity stunt for her first big picture, "Boy Meets Girl," Warner Bros. let Marie Wilson sit in the box office of the Hollywood Theatre when the film was running and sell tickets for an hour the other day.

Evidently Marie's not so good on mathematics, for the theatre came out with a five-pound deficiency at the end of the day!

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Mickey Rooney has finally obtained Louis B. Mayer's promise that in four years he will be allowed to produce a picture.

Mickey, not content with being one of Hollywood's top juvenile actors, has long yearned to branch out into production, persistently begging Mayer to give him a chance. This week Mayer agreed to grant his wish when he graduates from college four years hence. He starts his college course in two months.



FAMOUS DOCTOR LIVED TO 105

SHOWS SICKLY MILLIONS HOW TO COMBAT DISEASE

One of the most brilliant romances in Australian medicine is the amazing story of Dr. Alan Carroll, M.D., M.A., D.Lit., Ph.D., D.Sc., whose wonderful record of drugless healing built him a world-famous reputation, and maintained him at the zenith of his career until he passed on at the ripe old age of 105—The Grand Old Man of Australian Medicine.

MEN — WOMEN — AND CHILDREN SAVED Through the Child Study and Adult Health Association which

he founded, to give a free service to the sick, and which still carries on this work at 75 Liverpool Street, Sydney. Dr. Carroll restored health to thousands, saved lives, and made it possible for men, women, and children to enjoy life and health beyond their greatest hopes or expectations. He proved that health depended on the Liver and Kidneys and that most diseases suffered by mankind were caused directly or indirectly through faulty functioning of these vital organs. His research led him to realize a

Safe, rapid, certain way to end KIDNEY TROUBLES —and LIVER DISORDERS

Bladder Troubles, Constipation, Sluggishness, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Getting Up Nights, Headaches, Eyestrain, Morning Tiredness, Biliousness.

LIFE-LONG SUFFERERS GET QUICK RELIEF

No matter how long you have suffered or how many remedies you have tried, start now on a course of Dr. Carroll's treatments, and see how quickly they rid your system of the CAUSE of kidney and liver complaints, bringing back normal health and vitality.

Mr. W. Mitchell, of Sans Souci, N.S.W., writes: "I knew Dr. Carroll years ago. I am now taking his U.B.O. Liver and Kidney Tablets, and they are doing me a world of good."

Mrs. J.T.A. of Wadestown, N.S.W., writes: "Your U.B.O. tablets worked wonders for me after suffering 10 years with my liver. They have also given my son and daughter wonderful relief."

J.A.S. of Goffs Harbour, N.S.W., says: "Dr. Carroll's Liver and Kidney Treatments have done me a wonderful lot of good after many years of suffering."

Mrs. W. Bevan, of Blinya, N.S.W., writes: "Just a few lines to say since I used your Kidney and Liver treatment I feel good. The best I have felt for three years, and I can recommend it to anyone as a good sure cure for liver and kidneys. With many thanks to U.B.O."

Mr. E. R. of Queensland, writes: "Would you kindly forward me your book of all information on diet. I have just commenced taking your Kidney and Liver pills, and already I am feeling the benefit!"

Dr. Carroll's Treatments have a 30 years' record of positive results.

They are harmless and contain pure herbal extracts in a perfectly balanced proportion for the quickest, surest, safest results.

Obtainable At All Chemists, or at the U.B.O. Dispensary, 75 Liverpool Street, Sydney.

DR. CARROLL'S U.B.O. KIDNEY TREATMENT

Acts in two ways, by first removing from the system accumulated poisons due to faulty or weak kidneys, poisons which cause night agony, constant discomfort, bladder trouble, rheumatism, backache, and bad health generally. It also has a direct soothing, healing, and stimulating action on the affected kidneys, and restores them to their natural function of

eliminating uric acid, phosphoric concentrations, and toxins, thus restoring all trouble and maintaining perfect health. It ends the irritation of that painful "burning" sensation, brings you feel younger, stronger, more vigorous—ends the nightmare of that "peat 40" feeling which makes life a misery for thousands.

DR. CARROLL'S U.B.O. LIVER TREATMENT

The liver is a most important organ of the body. A sluggish or disordered liver causes biliousness, constipation, indigestion, bad skin, and devitalizes the body and mind. Dr. Carroll's U.B.O. Liver Treatment also acts in two ways. First it relieves the existing complaints, and

then attacks the root of the trouble by definite action on the liver. It stimulates, strengthens, and regulates that organ, enabling it once more to normally perform its functions, which are vital to perfect health.

Dr. CARROLL'S U.B.O. KIDNEY TREATMENT, 3/6 U.B.O. LIVER TREATMENT, 2/6

Packed in Convenient Tablet Form.

Free Booklet: Fill in coupon or call at the U.B.O. Dispensary and you will receive Free the Doctor Carroll Treatment Book, "Famous Doctor's Secret of Long, Healing Life." Any information regarding individual requirements will gladly be given without obligation.

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Get the DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

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"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 2/- pr.

worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

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How to Bring Back that "Lighter" Golden Radiance to Darkened FAIR HAIR

All shades of Fair Hair given that "Lighter" more lustrous colour by amazing new "Violet" Sta-blond

Here is the quick scientific but easy way to bring out the lighter radiance of all the darker fair hair, from ash blonde to brownish. Wash your hair with Sta-blond, the shampoo which coaxes out the natural golden colour which alone makes true fair hair so attractive. Sta-blond will make your hair from 2 to 4 shades lighter, according to your type. Light fair hair can never darken so long as you use Sta-blond, the safe shampoo which contains no harmful bleaching or dye. Because it contains the precious Viof, this new shampoo prevents brittleness and dandruff, and rejuvenates the roots. Your hair takes longer, too, to turn grey. Try Sta-blond today, or insist that your hairdresser uses it. New Sta-blond contains enough for two shampoos. Distributors: Fawcett and Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 367985, Sydney.

STAY FAIR WITH STA-BLOND

"THE BEST ... FOR INDIGESTION"

"A friend gave me a couple of doses for TWIN SODA and I think it is the best I have taken for indigestion," writes Mr. R. R. of Glenorchy, Tas. (the original of this unsolicited tribute is on file). Every month hundreds more indigestion sufferers are proving TWIN SODA's double action. By swiftly neutralising all excess stomach acids it stops pain at once. Moreover, its gentle laxative action purifies the digestive organs, restores normal functioning. Your chemist sells TWIN SODA—1/6 a large packet.

Asthma Cause Dissolved in 1 Day

Doctor's Prescription Acts 3 Ways To End Asthma

Do you wheeze, choke, strangle and gasp for breath? Can you breathe at all? And find that your vitality is sapped and your health ruined by Asthma or Bronchitis? If you are a victim of this dread disease, there is hope! Health and happiness for you in the prescription of a physician with 20 years' experience. This new, revolutionary medicine has brought freedom from Asthma to millions throughout the world who had despaired of ever again living a normal life.

3-Way Action Dissolves Cause

This physician's prescription, called Mendoc, is scientifically prepared and compounded to act directly in removing the true and underlying cause of choking, gasping, wheezing. This is accomplished by its 3-way action. First, it soothes and dissolves the mucus or phlegm that causes the choking and gasping. Second, it relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in the bronchial tubes so that you can breathe freely and deeply and thus get the flood of healthy, restoring air and oxygen to your lungs. Third, it promotes body vigour and stimulates the building of rich, red blood. Thus Mendoc acts in a natural manner to overcome Asthma, restore sound, refreshing sleep, and finally makes you feel free to live your normal life.

Helps Millions

Millions of former sufferers from Asthma and Bronchitis in all parts of the world are now enjoying vigorous health and sound sleep through the use of Mendoc. Sufferers who formerly had to sit up all night and others who had to take hypodermic injections are now able to work and enjoy life. Many do not contain any narcotics or habit-forming drugs, yet it brings sound, restful sleep the very first night. This is because it acts to dissolve the cause of their terrible choking, gasping attacks of Asthma. Sufferers are lured to their prison of Mendoc. For instance, Mrs. G. Tynan, 15, Fenway Avenue, Rose Bay, N.S.W., recently said: "My husband suffered with Bronchitis and Asthma for years, and had to leave his work because of it. He had to be propped up in bed all night, and had two doctors' prescriptions made up, but could get no relief. After the first bottle of Mendoc, he was able to sleep the night through. He took three bottles and is now quite cured and back to work again. He can eat anything and is back to his normal weight, having got on to three stone."

PRIVATE VIEWS

★★★ THE DRUM

Valerie Hobson, Sabu. (London Films.)

(Week's Best Release.)

"THE DRUM" is one of the finest films of its kind ever made. To see it is an enchanting adventure. It transports you to an exotic, romantic world, full of strange figures and stranger scenes... yet always you feel you are following the real experiences of real human beings.

Sabu, who was a best-seller instantly in his first film, "Elephant Boy," is equally good in this. His simple, appealing character and youthful zest shine through the story. And he is paired with another fascinating youngster, Desmond Tester, who plays the part of the British drummer-boy.

One of the dominant figures in "The Drum" is Raymond Massey as the fierce, resolute Prince Khul, enemy of England and master of an army of fanatical tribesmen. His struggles against British rule are the background theme of the play.

Valerie Hobson and Roger Livesey are convincing and compelling as the lovers, whose love is threatened by the young officer's dangerous duty.

But the real story surrounds the two lads, the Indian and the drummer, and the working out of their diverse destinies against the background of hatred and heroism.

Since the producer is Korda, one expects scenic grandeur and strength of atmosphere, and both are here to a delightful degree.

You cannot for a moment imagine you are looking at some fustian scene created for the camera; you are an onlooker at a real drama in the real Indian hills.

"The Drum" is a splendid adventure, with a captivating human interest story.—Mayfair; showing.

★★★ TROPIC HOLIDAY

Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland. (Paramount.)

THE best light entertainment in town—at any rate among the new releases.

Colorful settings in Mexico are well photographed and well used to give atmosphere to the story. The comedy is often brilliant, and always bubbling. The music is pleasant and smooth, and the stars attractive throughout.

Ray Milland plays the part of a bored Hollywood author who plunges down into Mexico to escape sophistication. Down there he falls in love with a lovely senorita (Dorothy Lamour), and is blissfully happy until his forgotten fiancée (Binnie Barnes) arrives from Hollywood.

This main mix-up is further complicated by the affairs of Martha Raye (as Milland's secretary), who falls in love with a caballero and gets involved in a bull-fight.

Bob Burns butts in to add more complications and more comedy, and the whole thing goes with a swing—and a sing.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★★ BOOLOO

Jane Regan, Colin Tapley. (Elliott Special.)

THE young New Zealand star, Colin Tapley, crashes into world movies by an unusual entrance—through the animal cage.

His first big film is this "Bring 'Em Back Alive" documentary about a tiger hunt in Malaya, and he and Jane Regan are both effective enough in the unimportant human story.

The real thing is the jungle stuff

Shows Still Running

★★★ Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Feature-length fairy tale drawn by Walt Disney. Plaza, 17th week.

★★★ Romance For Three. Florence Rice, Frank Morgan. Comedy with Alpine setting. Liberty, 5th week.

★★★ Three Blind Mice. Loretta Young, Joel McCrea. Modern romantic comedy. Century, 4th week.

★★★ The Rage of Paris. Danielle Darrieux, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Gay comedy. State, 3rd week.

★★★ The Adventures of Robin Hood. Olivia De Havilland, Errol Flynn. Period adventure in technicolor. Regent, 2nd week.

★★★ Blackade. Madeleine Carroll, Henry Fonda. Spanish war drama. Embassy, 2nd week.

★★★ Love Finds Andy Hardy. Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney. Judge Hardy domestic tale. St. James, 2nd week.

—and this is superb. Of all the animal pictures yet made, none has been more realistic than Booloo, though some have been more flamboyant in forcing ten or eleven jungle monsters to fight at once.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ THE AMAZING DOCTOR CLITTERHOUSE

Claire Trevor, Edward G. Robinson. (Warner Bros.) A HEAVYWEIGHT crime thriller, which was boomed as almost a classic on the stage.

It's far from a classic on the screen. The artificial thrills and the fantastic character of the mystery doctor are so far-fetched as to be ludicrous.

Robinson, an over-boomed actor, is out of his depth in this old-time melodrama, and even the solid work of Humphrey Bogart and Allen Jenkins can't pull it through.

Claire Trevor is pretty, but ineffectual.

The film in general is ineffectual but not pretty.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ RACKET BUSTERS

Gloria Dickson, Humphrey Bogart. (Warner Bros.)

"RACKET BUSTERS" is somewhat better than most crime pictures in production and in acting, with that brilliant character man, Humphrey Bogart, playing the chief racketeer.

THEATRE ROYAL

Now playing nightly at 8. Matinee Wed. and Sat. at 2.

GEORGE GEE

popular English comedian, in the melodious J. C. Williamson production,

"NO, NO, NANETTE"

with a big cast of favorites.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★★ Two stars—above average

★★★ Three stars—excellent

But it isn't a good woman's picture, and a lot of women won't think it a good children's picture, though the children may think differently.

Bogart plays the leader of a gang which preys on long-distance transport lorries on the highways. A truck operator, played by George Brent, is persuaded by the authorities to co-operate in the attempt to trap the gangsters.

The result is plenty of excitement and shooting, and a hectic love affair between Brent and Gloria Dickson. By no means dull, and by no means restful.—Capitol; showing.

★ IT'S A GRAND OLD WORLD

Gina Malo, Sandy Powell. (Associated Distributors.)

THIS will undoubtedly be a popular picture, simply because Sandy Powell is so much boomed as a radio star in England, and as a gramophone-record artist here.

But as a picture it is painfully thin, recalling the crudities and amateurish technique of the early Gracie Fields films.

Sandy, like Gracie, shines through bad material, but, unlike Gracie, he himself is a terribly variable quantity. He has a certain whimsical quality, and a note of pathos which he himself burlesques very well. But, like most English comics, he has no conscience whatever about using old gags, old "business," and old methods.

The story of "It's a Grand Old World" is the usual simple, unreal romance of sudden success. Sandy wins a fortune in one of the huge football pools they run in England, and then finds himself being dragged into all sorts of trick ways of spending it. Of course, the interest of Gina Malo pulls him through, and of course he discovers that simple, homely things are best in the end.—Lyceum; showing.

★ CARNIVAL QUEEN

Dorothea Kent, Robert Wilcox. (Universal.)

THIS is an average sort of yarn set against the background of America's hectic times of fairgrounds, with showmen and showgirls, sharpies and flats among its characters.

The plot, about a romance that involves its hero in a surprising amount of intrigue and action before he's through, is ordinary and uninspired.

Robert Wilcox, however, gives a fine performance and a great deal of personal magnetism. Dorothea Kent, undistinguished in looks, has a fresh charm that compels interest even when the plot flags.—Capitol; showing.

★ SAFETY IN NUMBERS

The Jones Family. (Fox.)

IN their latest film, "Safety in Numbers," the Jones Family get mixed up in the radio business. It had to happen. It's happened to all the stock characters of the screen from cowboys to detectives.

There's a certain artificiality in the plot in the unconvincing way one thing leads to another. But there is a lot of good comedy, if you like that sort of thing, and Ma and Pa Jones, particularly Pa, contrive to get quite an amount of whimsical human appeal through the clowning.

Hearty, homespun comedy, American style.—Mayfair; showing.

Relief from PILES



Thousands of sufferers have found quick and lasting relief from this distressing affliction by the use of Rexona Ointment. The soothing medications reduce the inflammation and provided a course of laxative is taken with the Rexona treatment a complete cure will result except in such rare cases as require surgical treatment. The regular use of Rexona Soap, containing the same mild but effective medications as the Ointment, is recommended for bathing.

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Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says: "Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the lack, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Your sincere Mrs. Roach."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 3/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET

Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLS

CONSTANT headaches, poor circulation, failing sight, dizziness, flushes, kidney and bladder weaknesses are caused by High Blood Pressure.

If you suffer this way, start a three months' course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to banish aches and pains, improve circulation, regulate your arteries, purify your blood, and give you new vitality.

Get Genuine Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLS

A three months' course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthols will add happy, pain-free years to your life.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthols contain no drugs and are safe for the most delicate patient. Every flask of Menthols contains the valuable diet chart which will help you. Get a 3/6 flask of Menthols (month's treatment), or 3/6 (13-day) flask of 30 from your nearest chemist to-day.

Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLS

Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

DID YOU KNOW—

That Joyce Beazley has chosen St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, for her wedding to John Hall on September 28 because her parents were married there?

Cabaret Tea

A LAUGH went up from the thousand spectators at the Cabaret Tea at the Trocadero last Thursday when Mrs. W. H. O'Malley Wood, the president, had to announce that the lucky number which had won one of the prizes was her own ticket!

There was a record attendance for a fashion show, and the members of the 14 committees of the Benevolent Society of New South Wales who arranged the afternoon were justly pleased with the result of their efforts.

An effective entrance for the mannequins was the revolving stage at the Trocadero.

A popular performer was Florence Gordon-O'Brien, who made her first public appearance in the dance of The Dying Swan. Her dancing has attracted the attention of such famous persons as Leon Wolskowsky, of the Russian Ballet, and she leaves in a fortnight's time for further study abroad.

Showed Film of Wedding

MRS. FRANK CROWTHER, wife of Lieutenant Crowther, returned from Brisbane at the end of last week. Before she left she gathered some of her friends together to see movie pictures of her wedding, which took place in January.

Afterwards her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McMaster, entertained at tea. Mrs. McMaster wearing a becoming powder-blue costume with a pink blouse and pink camellias pinned on the lapel of her coat. Mrs. Crowther wore a smart mole-tailored frock and tiny veiled hat.

Week-end at Southport

FROM all accounts Lyle Mason, one of Sydney's young lovelies, is having a marvellous holiday in Brisbane.

Her hostess, Mrs. A. S. Huybers, entertained a house-party for the week-end at her house at Surfers' Paradise in honor of Lyle.

The other guests, all young people, included another Sydney lass, Grace Curlew, Mrs. E. C. P. Curlew, Cameron Robertson, from Toowoomba, Joanne Woolcock, Nancy and David Curlew and Bill Kilgour.

Mrs. Hugh Cameron, of Binn Duns, Cowra, has returned home from the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, North Sydney, with her infant daughter, Marjery Mary.

Bridesmaids from Sydney

FROM India, Brisbane and Sydney will come the bridal party for Gwen Manchester's wedding with Lieutenant John Anderson. The ceremony, which will be a military one, will be celebrated in Melbourne at Christ Church, South Yarra, on October 15.

John, who is attached to the Australian Staff Corps, has been stationed at Akul, North-West Province, and arrives in Melbourne from India this week.

Lieutenant Harrison, who has promised to be best man if he arrives in time, is returning to Australia from Singapore.

Pat Handley, one of the four bridesmaids, hails from Brisbane, while the other three will be Sydney socialites—Isabel Platt Hepworth, Nell Skinner and Julie Lloyd. These four lasses arrive in Melbourne on October 9, and on October 10, with Mrs. Alan Kenna and several other friends of the bride-to-be, are giving a kitchen tea at Mrs. Kenna's home.

After the honeymoon John will bring his bride to Sydney, her former home town, and they will take a flat somewhere near the surf.

Sheila Tonkin, who will be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Joyce Beazley and John Hall on September 28, has issued invitations to a cocktail party at Romano's on September 26, in honor of the bride and bridegroom-elect.

Summery Attire

LINEN playsuits or shorts and shirts were worn by the players at the tennis tournament held at Ascham College last Thursday to defray expenses for the Pan Dance, which will be held at Romano's on November 4, in aid of the Frances Newton Free Kindergarten.

Even in such summery attire the players found tennis a strenuous game on such a hot day. A favorite spot between sets was on the lawn under the trees where the girls took turns at winding a gramophone and playing records.

Mrs. Roy Howes, of the lovely olive complexion, looked attractive in a white playsuit and a cute little knitted bolero of emerald-green with Tyrolean embroidery on the lapels.

Yvette Hall was president of the committee which arranged the tournament, and Mrs. John Phillips the honorary secretary.

For Spring Meeting

MANY country visitors are arriving in Sydney this week to be in town for the Spring Race Meeting and the parties arranged to add to the festivities.

Among them will be Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Osborne, of Bolaro, Adaminaby, who will stay with Mrs. Osborne's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Balf, of Double Bay.

Others who will make the trip to town are Mr. and Mrs. Archie Sinclair, of Inverell; Mr. and Mrs. Moreton Lodge, of Tumut; Mrs. G. M. Faithfull, of Goulburn; and Mrs. Jack Ross, of Boobera, Goondiwindi.



MRS. RUTH WILSON, of Point Piper, who, with her mother, Mrs. F. W. Allen, is spending a holiday in Queensland as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Warner, of Telwood.

—Doyne

Sargent Concert

I THOUGHT one of the most striking frocks worn at the symphony concert at the Town Hall last Wednesday was Betty McCoy's full-skirted gown of diagonally-striped red, black and gold taffeta.

The applause which greeted the appearance of Dr. Malcolm Sargent was almost deafening, and the hall was packed with an enthusiastic audience.

Lady Jordan, who seldom misses a concert, was in her usual seat. She wore a lovely ermine cape with her sweeping frock of ice-blue velvet. Also in velvet was Audrey Connell, whose lovely titian hair and creamy skin were emphasised by her off-the-shoulder frock of black velvet.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Shannon, of Bush Park, St. Lawrence, near Mackay, left by the Monterey on Friday to spend a month in New Zealand. While in Sydney they stayed at the Australia Hotel.

Ice-Skating Ball

PAM ROBERTS, Gwenda Wharton, Nancy Storey and Robin Punshard are among the clever young skaters rehearsing for the Tambourine Ballet for the Spring Race Ball at the Ice Palais on October 7.

The girls will wear gipsy costumes with lots of scarlet and sparkles and black velvet boleros, and will form a colorful background for the Toreador number, which will be performed by Myrtle Malcolm, Hana Bishop and Clarry Owens.

This ball will be unique in Sydney as all the dancing will be done on the ice, so the cabaret show is being arranged to entertain those whose skating ability is not up to dancing standards.

Among the skaters who have already booked tables for the ball are Mrs. H. C. H. McNall, Mrs. Colin Galbraith, Mrs. Frank Wharton, Mrs. F. Bouvet, Mrs. Keith Stanton and Helen Taylor.

Girl Guides

GIRL Guides from every suburb in Sydney will take part in the International Flag Festival to be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, Elaine, Double Bay, on Saturday.

Dame Enid Lyons will open the festival and will be welcomed by Mrs. W. Maxwell Little, Divisional State Commissioner, president of Glenagarry Camp and convener of the Festival Committee.



Sydney Dancers

BEFORE he sailed for India last Saturday Lieutenant Leo Cook was farewelled at a round of parties. On Wednesday night he was at the Carl Thomas Club with Robin Eakin, Jean Kennedy, Sheila Tonkin, Tom Cree and Jack Pagan—and, incidentally, the three lasses all chose varying shades of blue for their frocks.

Thursday night saw Leo tripping a rhythm at Romano's, partnered by Robin Eakin.

Another party at Romano's last week was given by the R. H. Allen couple, who celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary with Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Vincent. Mrs. Allen wore a tailored gown of purple sheer and Mrs. Vincent's black sheer frock had drapes of royal-blue and purple falling from the shoulders.

Four more of Sydney's dancing enthusiasts who were at the Carl Thomas Club last Wednesday were Audrey Connell, escorted by Bill McMahon, and Sheelah Lyle and Wal Anderson, dining "a deux."

Mrs. Esmont Theile, of Maryborough, Queensland, is visiting Sydney with her two children, Helen and David, and staying with her mother, Mrs. Henry Macourt, at Roseville. Before her marriage Mrs. Theile was Dr. Alice Macourt.

Visit to Paris

NEWS comes from London of Barbara Robbison, the pretty little New Zealand lass who made her home in Sydney for two years before heading for England.

When last she wrote Barbara had just spent three glorious weeks in Paris with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Stiver, who left Sydney about the same time as Barbara.

While they were in Paris they saw our glamorous Margaret Vyner, but Barbara says that the Vyner has now returned to England to make another film there.

I LIKE—

The ice-blue taffeta frock trimmed with hand-made flowers of the same material, which Jean Kennedy wears when she goes dancing.

Stop thinking "I wish I weren't so FAT"

IF UGLY FAT IS SPOILING YOUR LIFE... READ THIS:

Thousands of women have written us praising BonKora. They tell us how it has rid them of ugly fat without starving or strenuous exercise. How it has made them feel better, brought them new energy and vitality. How it has made them look years younger, restored their youthful figures, helped them wear dresses many sizes smaller, and brought back new joy in living. You'll start to feel better the day you start the BonKora treatment. Many women have lost 5 pounds the first week. Hundreds have lost from 10 to 60 pounds in one to six months.

NO STARVING! Eat Plenty of Foods Listed in Package

BonKora is an effective method of reducing in all cases of obesity due to the usual ordinary causes such as a toxic condition, constipation, indigestion in eating or drinking. If you are not entirely satisfied after taking just one bottle, manufacturer will refund your money. Remember, most women out of ten lose fat easily because it is an admitted medical fact that 99% of the cases of overweight are due to those ordinary causes. Give BonKora a chance to do for you what it has done for thousands of overweight women. Try it today.



BONKORA AT ALL CHEMISTS

Are You Too Fat?

AND LOSING YOUR GOOD LOOKS?

If your skin is pimply, eyes dull, tongue fur-coated, and you suffer sick headache, biliousness and depression as well, you can be almost certain that the unhealthy fat is being caused by the absorption of waste digestive matter into your blood stream. Constipation is usually the cause of the trouble.

Disperse the poisonous accumulations by taking Pinkettes and see how quickly the unhealthy fat tissue vanishes and what a remarkable difference a few doses make to your skin, eyes, breath and looks. Pinkettes are compounded of safe laxative ingredients that exercise and strengthen lazy bowels. They cleanse the stomach and intestinal tract, unload the congested liver. So effective that you reduce the dose as they make you regular and clean inside. At chemists and stores 1/3 bottle.***

Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTTEETH, a new, greatly improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth firm and comfortable. Canids, slide, slip, rock or pop-out. No gummy, goopy, pasty taste or feeling. Makes breath sweet and pleasant. Get **FASTTEETH** today at any good chemist (2 sizes). Refuse substitutes.

"THIS is a bad introduction. You'll put me down as a neighborly pest who has everything except the practical things she ought to have."

As I sent Nellie for the mop, broom and sweeper, she went on to explain:

"I really did tell Marcia to buy whatever she needed, but she's definitely made up her mind not to like London shops. Nothing suited her." She laughed and indicated at the open door of her flat a big, plump woman.

"Why didn't you bring that stuff here yesterday?" I heard. "Now you are ruining my new carpet."

Within a few days I discovered that everything in the place, including little Mrs. Farnham, was to Marcia, here. She made me think of a brooding beast. The pad-pad of felt slippers which she always wore had the sound of an animal's paws. Her large body moved with strange jungle agility. When she opened the door her bulk spread across the doorway, a protective sentinel. There was something quiet and fateful about Marcia, something that rendered her broad face expressionless until her eyes leaped at you.

Mrs. Farnham explained that first day:

"She's heartbroken at leaving the country. You see, she's been with the family—my family—ever since I was born. My father died when I was a little thing, and mother five years ago."

"How do you like us here?" I asked.

"Oh, I'd be happy anywhere with Cliff."

The Flat Next Door

Continued from Page 6

Her husband's name left her lips lingeringly, as though they kissed it in passing. She had a haunting voice, deep and soft.

When I saw Clifford Farnham I quite understood his attraction, not only for the girl he had made his wife, but for almost any woman. His immediate charm rested in the way he addressed you, quite as though no other person were in the room. He singled you out with a sort of tender intimacy.

Later I found out that he had a job in a broker's office—a junior partnership. Nellie informed me to her succinct Scots fashion that she suspected Mrs. Farnham was the rich one. Nellie said it with a peculiar look which made me wonder what she felt unaid.

In contrast to Elaine Farnham's frankness, I never learned more of her husband than the fact that he was not altogether English. His mother was of Italian extraction. They had met on a world cruise and been married almost immediately after their return.

His friends belonged to the set who like to do a round of cocktail parties. The hard brilliance of the women bewildered Elaine Farnham. At the frequent cocktail parties I noticed their attitude towards Cliff Farnham's wife. They neither patronised nor snubbed her. They simply ignored her existence. Men, on the other hand, swarmed towards her fresh young beauty. Discovering after a time that she was terribly in love with Cliff, they soon lost interest.

More and more Elaine seemed like a delicate craft on uncharted seas, trying to find its way to a safe harbor. For several months she kept pace with her husband. Then she had to stop going out. Cliff went without her.

Except for the theatre and concerts or an occasional small dinner party, I am not a socially active person. I love my home and books and the cheer of a log fire. So I fell into the habit of having Elaine in during the evenings when I heard their door slam.

I loved being with her. I'd never had a child of my own and there was something wistfully appealing about this girl so alone in the midst of the crowd her husband surrounded her with.

She covered his absence night after night with:

"Of course, he'd stay at home if I asked him to, but why should I? I'm not such awfully good company just now, and he loves people to be gay."

She kept up her visits until my only brother, Philip, who is a civil engineer, returned from South America after an absence of three years. When Elaine stopped coming, I knew it was because she preferred not to meet strangers. But I was sorry. I had a sure sense that she would have liked Phil.

Phil was then twenty-eight, with a boyish face that had pencil-thin white lines of laughter where the sun had failed to penetrate. The rest of his skin was a deep, warm brown. Even his rough, dark hair was sun-burned. He had broad shoulders, stooping a bit, and nice grey eyes. His curious, absent manner of looking past a person often gave those who did not know him an impression of rudeness. But this was due to the fact that his work took him into strange, remote parts of the world and his hearing was more uncannily acute than his sight. Accustomed to the sound of silence, he had an ear for it, rather as a musician senses the key-note that makes all harmony intelligible to him. Over the hysterical shriek of London noises, Phil could discern the approach of an aeroplane long before I was in any way conscious of it. A whisper in an adjoining room reached him distinctly.

ABOUT midnight, a few days after his return, he was reading in a chair by the fireplace, when suddenly he looked over his book.

"New people next door?"

"They moved in just after you left."

"Does he make a habit of abusing his wife when he's tight?"

"Don't be silly!" I bristled. "The Farnhams are devoted."

"H'm!" Philip observed, and gazed blankly at the wall separating our living-room. "Must be a special London brand of devotion. Or are those just pet names?"

I listened a full minute before the man's abusive voice, talking rapidly, came through the wall.

"We ought to do something!"

I was on my feet without knowing it.

"But thing we can do is to mind our own business."

"But you don't understand. His wife is a darling and—"

"Maybe she likes it. Lots of them do."

Phil chuckled, and his impersonal amusement infuriated me. After a moment he went on reading. Of course, he was right about not interfering, but the shock kept me awake most of the night. I kept asking myself how often the girl I had come to love had to face this kind of thing. She had never, even by the slightest word, given me a hint of it.

The night Elaine's baby was born, Cliff Farnham could not be found. Marcia and I took her to the nursing home and waited during the long hours. Marcia sat, without voicing a word. But her lips moved constantly, whether in prayer or opinion of her master, I could not tell. He stumbled in at four a.m. just after Elaine came to. He was staggering drunk.

Marcia got him out of the place and into a taxi. The sight of him, gone loose as a marionette with strings broken, made me sick.

That same afternoon he was back again, bending over his wife's bed, immaculate with the over-smooth, slightly pasty appearance achieved by an expert masseur.

"Darling," he murmured, "they wouldn't let me see you before. I've been here all night, ever since I got Dr. Grierson's massage. From the way I paced the floor, you'd have thought I was having the baby."

Bending tenderly over her, he gave her his irresistible smile. She

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, September 21:

11.45 a.m., Serial, "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins. 2.45 p.m., Interview with Lady Zimmern.

THURSDAY, September 22:

11.45 a.m., Serial, 2.45 p.m., Interview with Miss Florence James, British Press Representative for Dr. Montessori.

FRIDAY, September 23: 11.45 a.m., Serial, 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, September 24:

2.30 p.m., "Let's Go Places," 9.30 p.m., "Hits of To-day."

SUNDAY, September 25: 4.30 p.m., Celebrity Recital—Yehudi Menuhin, violinist. 6.10 p.m., From the pen of Richard Strauss.

MONDAY, September 26:

11.45 a.m., Serial, 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

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The Dependable Vinegar

★ Brewed from a 200 YEARS old Recipe



QUARTS AND PINTS

FOR salads, cold meats and in an endless variety of ways, the rare flavour of Champion's Vinegar adds greater appetite appeal to meals.

CHAMPION'S

PURE MALT

VINEGAR

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense. "Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

CORNS

Lift out Corns

Cheer up! Forget that beastly burning throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frosol-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers. Lift out your corns with magic Frosol-Ice — and wear new shoes — go dancing — anything you like. So popular and sure is Frosol-Ice that chemists and stores sell it every day on guarantee. Price 1/6

ENDS STOMACH TROUBLES Doctor's Widow Tells

Mrs. P. W., a doctor's widow of Toronto, N.S.W., used to suffer severely. She now writes: "Not only does TWIN SODA keep the pain away, but it keeps one in regular habits. I used to take pills every night—but never since taking TWIN SODA" (the original of this unsolicited tribute is on file). TWIN SODA has a swift double action. It stops pain by neutralising excess stomach acids—its gentle laxative action purifies the digestive organs, puts a permanent end to all trouble. Buy TWIN SODA from your chemist. Only 1/6 a large packet.***

American Radio Stars To Broadcast Here

"Hollywood Hotel Revue" Artists
On Air From 2GB

The latest American radio acts will be heard on the air here during this week, when stars of the "Hollywood Hotel Revue" make a broadcast.

Station 2GB has arranged a special session by the top-liners from this company, which opens at the Theatre Royal on Friday of this week.

RADIO has given the stage and screen many new ideas in entertainment.

Especially is this noticeable in America, where stars of the air have brought a new technique to the screen, and many major productions have been based on the talents of radio entertainers.

This influence is plainly seen in "Hollywood Hotel Revue."

Many of the stars of the "Hotel" company are radio top-liners in America, and several have been in films.

The company arrived from New Zealand on Monday of this week, and were on the air from 2GB the same night—they just couldn't miss the opportunity 2GB offered them to give Australian listeners a taste of latest American broadcast acts.

Another broadcast has been arranged for Sunday night, September 25.

Marty May, comedian of the company, opened the short, snappy radio season in Sydney.

Marty has been described as a musical genius in the States, and he has a good line of comedy as well.

The Howard Brothers, highlight of the revue, have a reputation to

maintain. Australia has seen and heard them in many good talks.

Remember Willie Howard's song, "Down in California-ay," from "Rose of the Rancho"? He has plenty more like that and, with his brother, put on that great burlesque of "Rigoletto" that filmgoers will recall.

Millard Jorgen and Edna Page are two more notable broadcasters to be heard from 2GB. Joan Abbott, too, feminine star of the show, has some new air acts for listeners.

SOMETHING new in stage and air shows will be the first night at the Theatre Royal on Friday. On the lines of a Hollywood premiere, the stars will be in front of the house with impromptu acts and film star impersonations before the show starts.

Harry Dearth and Dick Fair will be there to put it on the air from 2GB at 7.30.

Most of the company will be in the



MARTY MAY, "Hollywood Hotel" comedian and singer, who opened the company's radio season from 2GB.



JOAN ABBOTT, dancing and singing star, to be heard in the "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast from 2GB.



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Here is another bargain offered by the Sydney County Council to its customers . . . electric hot water in your kitchen, bathroom, and laundry for as little as 3/9 per week . . . WITHOUT DEPOSIT! The Smiths took advantage of this offer the other day. The Council included the cost of wiring and plumbing in the terms, and also supplies electricity to them at the greatly reduced rate of .35d. per unit. You can enjoy the same wonderful advantages and economy.

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"AGONY WITH STOMACH TROUBLE"

"I feel so grateful for . . . TWIN SODA. I suffered agony for years with stomach trouble and constipation. Since taking TWIN SODA I feel a different person," writes Mrs. G. P. of Emuherrie, via Mudgee (the original of this unsolicited tribute is on file). This is because TWIN SODA has a double action. First, it neutralises all excess stomach acids and thus ends pain instantly. Secondly, its gentle laxative action restores normal functioning. Buy TWIN SODA from your chemist. 1/6 large size. 2/6 giant family size."

MISS FLORENCE JAMES, former Press representative of Dr. Montessori, who will be interviewed over 2GB by Dorothea Vautier, who conducts The Australian Women's Weekly sessions on that station. (See story below.)

studio for the broadcast on Sunday at 8.15 p.m.

Though "Hollywood Hotel" is a spectacular show, there is also much novel air material in it. On this special session you'll hear the newest ideas from the studios of America's best talents.

Child-Training

MISS FLORENCE JAMES, who has arrived back in Sydney after several years abroad, will be interviewed by Dorothea Vautier from 2GB on Thursday of this week, at 2.45 p.m.

Miss James was for some years British Press representative for Dr. Montessori, and her interview will deal with Dr. Montessori and her splendid work in the training of children.

As British Press representative, Miss James had very responsible work to do.

Dr. Montessori holds international congresses and courses of study in different countries of Europe, and all speeches and material are sent to Miss James for distribution and re-writing.

In England there is tremendous interest in the training of children between two and five years of age.

It is realised now that the foundation of character and personality laid during these years may determine a child's whole life, and this new understanding is founded on the scientific works of Dr. Montessori.

Thursday's interview will reveal many important aspects of child-training.

Gas in the Stomach is Dangerous

Daily Use of Salix Magnesia Overcomes Troubles Caused by Acid Indigestion

Gas in the stomach accompanied by a full, bloated feeling after eating is almost certain evidence of too much hydrochloric acid in the stomach, causing so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous. Too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leads to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sour, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to try to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralising effect on the stomach acids. Instead get a little Salix Magnesia from your nearest chemist or store and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This will drive out the gas, wind and bloating, sweeten the stomach, neutralise the excess acid, and prevent its formation, and stop sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia (in powder or tablet form) is harmless, inexpensive, and a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.

CLIFF FARNHAM managed not to miss a day at the nursing home. Promptly at three-thirty he appeared, smiling, gracious, with a wealth of fresh flowers and words of endearment.

The day he brought his wife home, Phil and I were going for a walk when they arrived. We stopped as Farnham helped Elaine from their car. I recall, as though it had been yesterday, how she looked. Against the dark, fur coat collar, her hair in short curls glistened under a blue beret. I had the curious impression of a blue flame lighted behind her eyes.

I introduced Phil. My brother made a brave attempt to wax enthusiastic over the baby, but his eyes were all for Elaine.

When he turned to Cliff Farnham, I noticed a swift, puzzled expression cross his face. Instantly it was gone. Yet once the Farnhams had disappeared indoors it came again and I could see that he was not walking beside me so much as groping towards some cross-road in his mind.

"Look here, Linda," he inquired presently. "What was it you told me about that fellow Farnham?"

"Nothing that I recall."

"What's his job?"

"Broker."

"Money?"

"Nellie has remarked on several occasions that his wife has the money—if you take any notice of servants' chatter."

"His wife ever say he'd been married before?"

The Flat Next Door

Continued from Page 38

"Heavens, no. What makes you think he has?"

"Can't imagine, but the minute I got a good look at him, something clicked. I've seen him somewhere."

"Where?"

"That's what stumps me. But vaguely I seem to link him up with some woman—not this woman."

"He's half Italian. Does that give you any hint?"

Phil walked on silently for a time. "Half Italian." He said the words as though without consciousness of speaking aloud. "Italian. Let's see, I was there six years ago, on the way out East. No—it seems to me the connection has something to do with the tropics." He walked on, frowning.

"What do you think of Elaine?"

"Most beautiful thing I ever laid eyes on. Farnham ought to be horn-whipped," said Phil.

In the next few months Phil saw quite a lot of the Farnhams. Cliff had bought an interest in some coffee plantation about which Phil could give him first-hand information. They invited him to their cocktail parties and frequently to dinner.

Then Elaine took a house at Hove for the summer. For herself, she would have stayed in town because Cliff hated the journey back and forth to the City, and so joined her only for week-ends. But the baby had to be out of the hot and stuffy atmosphere of London. Marcia went with them and the flat was left in charge of a charwoman, who cleaned

up in a haphazard fashion every morning.

One night I came in with Phil from the theatre and supper. As we stepped out of the lift, three men and women were waiting, and the Farnham door was open.

"Don't keep Cliff up too late, Janet," one of the women called.

"Never fear—little girl and boy going bye-byes right away," answered Cliff's voice, thickly.

The others laughed. As the lift carried them down, the Farnham door closed softly.

I went weak and shaky. My brother stood with lips taut, staring at the closed door. For a second I thought he was going to ring the Farnham bell. I wished he would.

"In heaven's name, why can't the man appreciate what he's got?" he ripped out.

Phil's face was drawn and his eyes strained. Their look frightened me. I saw plainly enough, too plainly for my peace of mind, the state Phil was in. He looked as though an iron fist had given him a body-blow.

He unlocked our door with hands twitching in a rage that demanded to strike and strike hard. There was not a trace of his usual color under the tanned skin.

"To-morrow," I said firmly, "I'll talk to him—or you will."

"And be told to mind our own business. Remember the night I heard him shouting at her, I remarked that was the best thing we could do?" He sat down and his head dropped to his hands. "Wish to heaven I'd followed my own advice. Wish I'd never seen her!"

I went over to him.

"Phil—no! You mustn't let yourself feel like this."

"Let myself? Let myself? Heavens, Linda, that's funny! Don't you suppose I fought not to let myself? All the reason a man can use—all the common sense—talking to myself like a Dutch uncle. No use, old girl!"

BUT you've always been so level-headed. This can't result in anything but misery for you."

He looked up, his mouth twisting in a grimace.

"I see that all right—as plain as I see you standing there. Theoretically, I'd laugh at any man unbalanced enough to fall in love with a woman in her position. I'd say he deserved what was coming to him. I'd say send him to a brain specialist. Yet, at this moment, I'd give everything I've got to go in there and beat Farnham into a pulp."

"Has she—has Elaine any idea?"

"That I love her? Not a suspicion. Why, Linda, I've never even talked to her alone. I'm just your rather pleasant brother. What makes me see red is that I can't protect her. She's his and she loves him—that's that. I've just got to att back and let her suffer."

We left for abroad shortly after that.

When I got back little Nancy had grown to look like something transplanted from a magazine cover, all golden fluff of curls and black-fringed blue eyes. But Elaine looked a wraith. The change was shocking.

She seemed to have aged ten years in ten months. Her lovely warm pallor had become a transparent whiteness. All the color, the light had gone out of her. Her voice was weighted with weariness. And in her eyes even when she smiled a strained anxious expression told its story more clearly than words.

About this time Marcia began to signal frantically from her bedroom window which faced my kitchen. Nellie would bring word to me and I'd hurry over with any excuse to

HOPE

Hope dies hard; the human heart is greater than the weight it bears. Greater than the slow distress Or fear that takes it unaware.

Hope is an artist, painting With his colorful stroke and free The story of our day dreams On the walls of our destiny. —P. Duncan-Brown.

break in on Cliff's ravings. I'd pretend to want his advice on switching investments, even buying stocks through him so that I might logically consult with him.

Cliff Farnham was his old self, a bit puffy around the eyes, a bit more florid, but as smooth and sleek as ever. Apparently he was not in the least concerned over the transformation in his wife, for when I mentioned that she appeared to have lost pounds he laughed.

"But my dear Mrs. Chester, that's the ultimate ambition of every woman."

During the winter, Nancy suffered a bad attack of flu, and when she was on the mend Elaine took her into the country. Marcia went along. For over a month Farnham had the place to himself.

About nine o'clock one evening my bell rang with the sharp, repeated summons of terror. Phil dropped his book and hurried to the door.

Elaine stood there. Hugged close in her arms, Nancy was whimpering as a child does when wakened from deep sleep.

Across the hall I heard Cliff's

furry, besotted voice shouting:

"What the hell do you mean, sneaking home? Play tricks on me, will you? Get out! Get out, I say! And stay out!"

Phil pulled Elaine in and slammed the door. In her dead white face the eyes were stark. Her lips moved numbly before she could bring out a word.

"I'm sorry. I—I don't know what to say."

Phil's arm went around her shoulders and he led her to the couch before the fireplace. She just sat there staring into the fire. Presently she looked up at me.

"Such a dreadful scene. I'm so—

ashamed."

I took off her hat, smoothed her hair.

"Dear, don't be upset. To-morrow

he won't even remember. He was

lonely—"

"That's why I hurried home. He wrote he was lonely and seedy. So I thought—"

"What does he mean, she broke off, 'calling me a sneak?'"

"Not a thing," Phil interpolated.

"He's drunk—doesn't know what he's saying. Stay here with Linda to-

night. Walk in to-morrow morning

as though you'd just arrived."

I sat beside the bed until Elaine

drifted into restless sleep. A faint

ridge was cut between the dark

brows and her arm was wound

Nancy. She clung to the child as

if in that contact alone lay peace.

On my way back to the living-

room Nellie summoned me. Marcia

was waiting in the kitchen. Her big

hands tore at her apron. Her eyes

were bright points.

"Is Miss Elaine all right, ma'am?"

"She's asleep. So is the baby."

"She didn't guess, ma'am? She

didn't see me hustle that woman

out the back way, did she? I came

into the house first and he jumped

up, yelling at me. Then he saw Miss

Elaine and he yelled to her to get

out."

"I'm sure Mrs. Farnham has no

suspicion anybody was with him."

Marcia's mouth worked.

Please turn to Page 44

"I can't do much Peg with this grubby old coloured cover"

"You certainly can! PERSIL will make those colours lovely again"

Peg was right
PERSIL WASHES COLOURS SO CLEAN

Colours which look faded are often only dulled by dirt. Quick, thorough Persil washing soon gets rid of ingrained soiling, and lets the colours shine clean and clear again. There are good reasons why Persil washes coloured things so beautifully and so speedily: Persil's suds are oxygen-charged to cleanse thoroughly, so you can use cool, or even cold, water for extra delicate fabrics. And because Persil is so thorough you need keep coloured things in the water for only a very short time. *And don't forget—Persil's gentle cleansing makes things last longer.*



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Please allow at least ten days' time for delivery. It often requires additional time to fill your order in colour and size required.

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GOOD VALUES
REGULARLY AT 15/-

Each one with scintillating style details and clever dressmaker touches that make them suitable for practically any daytime occasion.

Fashioned to the style tempo of Spring 1938—and priced—as the result of a huge purchase—at the amazing bargain level of 10/- each.

PLEASE ORDER EARLY—and where possible make a second choice of style and colour.



ME1.—SMART SHARKSKIN FROCK, guaranteed washable. Brightly coloured grounds of Green, Fawn, Blue, Pink, with many floral and figured designs. All sizes from SSW to XOS.

Regular Value - - - 15/-
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ME2.—MADE OF SELF CHECK LINON in delightful tonings of Natural, White, Azure Blue, Malinson Pink, Nil Green, Black, Navy, and Brown. Guaranteed washable. Sizes: SSW, SW, and W.

Regular Value - - - 15/-
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ME3.—PANEL BAYADERE FLAT CREPE FROCK. Exclusive to Grace Bros.! Knife pleated panel in skirt of six pleats. Sizes: SSW to OS. In floral tones of Saxe, Navy, Brown, and Black.

Regular Value - - - 15/-
GRACE BROS.' PRICE - - - 10/-



ME7.—FLORAL FLAT CREPE FROCK for the stouter figure. Suitably patterned on Black and Navy grounds. All sizes from W to XXXOS.

Regular Value - - - 15/-
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ME6.—WELL-CUT GARMENT OF DELUSTRED CREPE. V-neckline with fine lace trim to tone. In Black, Navy, Bottle Green, Rust, Saxe, and Wine. All sizes from W to XXOS.

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ME5.—IT'S SHARKSKIN—It's washable. Brightly coloured Bayadere. Florals in dressy Shirtmaker style. The frock shown obtainable in Pink, Blue, or Brown. Many other "crazy" designs and Florals in White, Lemon, and Pink tonings. SSW to XOS.

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ME4.—MADE OF EMBOSSED SPUN-LYN. A British fabric guaranteed to wash. In new tonings of Romance Blue, Salmon Pink, Holyrood Green, Puritan Fawn. Sizes: SSW, SW, and W.

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Books

Reviewed by . . .
ESME FENSTON

BENITO MUSSOLINI, coward, weakling and traitor — this is the picture of Europe's iron-jawed strong man seen through the eyes of a woman who worked at his side when he was a Socialist rebel.

AS medical chief of this clinic I have thousands of patients every year. Believe me when I tell you that I have never seen such a coward as Mussolini."

This was the opinion expressed by a specialist who attended Big Boy Benito way back in 1912, when he was editing "Avanti," the Italian Socialist newspaper.

The story is told by Angelica Balabanoff in her autobiography, "My Life as a Rebel."

Maybe a rebel to you is just someone on a soap-box, a crank, a nuisance, a menace.

Or maybe you believe in cranks; you feel they get things done, that without them the world would stand still.

According to your point of view on this subject you will be interested or not in this book.

It is a sincere attempt to trace a single-minded striving for world revolution—one-eyed trouble-making, some might call it.

Angelica Balabanoff was born rebellious. She rebelled against her governess, her parents, the conventional upbringing of a well-to-do Russian girl. She cringed with

shame when she saw peasants kiss the border of her father's coat.

She demanded education and broke with her family to go to the Université Nouvelle at Brussels, then later to Universités in Leipzig and Rome.

She concentrated on political economy and ended up a confirmed Socialist. Through her activities in the Socialist party she came to know Mussolini.

A Timid Benito

IT was at Lausanne she first met him.

"He was a young man I had never seen before, and his agitated manner and unkempt clothes set him apart from the other workers in the hall. The emigre audiences were always poorly dressed, but this man was also extremely dirty.

"I had never seen a more wretched-looking human being. In spite of his large jaw, the bitterness and restlessness in his black eyes, he gave the impression of extreme timidity."

She learned that he was a refugee from military service in Italy, claimed to be a Socialist, was starving and without work, and so she offered to help him earn money by translating a revolutionary pamphlet.

"What is your name, comrade?"

"Benito Mussolini."

"Little did I dream that night that,

BOOKS TO READ

THE JOYFUL DELANEYS. Hugh Walpole. Meet the Delaneys. You'll enjoy them—a gorgeous family.

THINK AND GROW RICH. By Napoleon Hill. You're promised in the preface that if you read this book you'll discover old Andrew Carnegie's secret of making millions. The price of the secret is too high!

MURDER IN THE TAJ MAHAL. By P. N. Walker Taylor. A superintendent with a charming ability to fall asleep at any convenient—or inconvenient—moment and an extremely ingenious method of murder.

due in part to my aid and sympathy, the miserable vagrant of that Lausanne meeting was to assume a leading role in the movement to which I had given my life, and that he was to be guilty of the most infamous betrayal of modern times.

"If Mussolini was ever sincere with any human being, I believe that he was with me. He needed someone to lean on, and his vanity would never have permitted him to lean upon a man."

Walking with him one day, he told her this story of himself:

"Just after I came here I was living in the greatest misery. I saw two Englishwomen sitting on a bench with their lunch—bread, cheese, eggs!

"I could not restrain myself. I threw myself upon one of the old witches and grabbed the food from her hands.

"Then he stuffed his hands in his



AN EARLY PICTURE of Mussolini and his family. He introduced his wife and daughter to the author of "My Life as a Rebel" as "My comrade Rachel and our daughter Edda."

pockets and began to laugh. . . . "Don't you think it would have been better if I had killed those parasites? Why does not the hour of revenge arrive?"

"I pointed out to him that the assassination of two women would not have solved the problem of human hunger, but he was not concerned with hunger as a social problem. He thought in terms of the satisfaction of his own needs—food and revenge."

WHEN Angelica Balabanoff and Mussolini were joint editors of "Avanti" he proved a craven.

"Whenever Mussolini was called upon to face an unpleasant situation, to refuse an article, to dismiss a collaborator, encounter the anger of those to whom he had made promises which he had broken, he would ask me to substitute for him. Whenever a controversial article had to be written he would ask me to write it."

The fact that Mussolini sold out his Socialist friends, the immediate

price being the money for his own newspaper, is well known.

Retold by one of his former colleagues the story seems more the record of a Judas, more bitterly treacherous than ever.

"My Life as a Rebel" is definitely a story of bafflement and disappointment.

At times it is dull, recording as it does the doings of long past conferences and early struggles.

Yet its sincerity and the intense conviction of this woman who has devoted her whole life to the revolutionary cause raises it above tedium.

The appearance of such figures as Lenin, Trotsky, Keld Hardie, Rosa Luxemburg, John Reed and other famous rebels against the accepted ways of the world make it intensely interesting to the many who feel that revolutionary spirit can help this weary world.

"My Life as a Rebel." By Angelica Balabanoff. Hamish Hamilton, London. Our copy from Dymocks.

Say it Today—
"THIS TIME I'LL TRY
IPANA!"

Do something about that dingy smile—head that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. Give your gums, as well as your teeth, the special care they need.

IT'S A TREAT to see a girl with a glorious smile—teeth that glisten, gums that are healthy and firm! You want a smile like that . . . a brilliant, winning smile. Then remember, in these days of modern, soft foods your gums as well as your teeth need special care.

If your tooth brush flashes that warning tinge of "pink"—see your dentist. You may not be due for dental tragedy, but let him be the judge. Usually, however, his advice will be simply, "Gums denied work by soft, creamy foods"—"gums that need exercise"—and as so many dentists often add, "gums that will benefit by the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Try Ipana—today. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Make this part of your daily dental health routine. Change to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage, and help improve the brilliance, the sparkle and the gaiety of your smile!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.



Let Ipana, with Massage, help you to have a brilliant, sparkling smile!



CHANGE TO

Ipana

AND GUM MASSAGE



Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, joins up with **GRUNTZ:** Theatrical producer, and becomes the star of his revue. His amazing magical demonstrations on the stage attract the attention of two racing men, who, as he is going home, knock him down and take him to their stables.

Here they tell Mandrake that they own Falcon, the fastest horse in the country, and intend to enter him in the Bell Handicap for the following week under another name. They want Mandrake to change the horse's appearance, so that the judges won't discover his true identity. **NOW READ ON.**



TO BE CONTINUED

Every Day You Run the Risk of Catching COLDS-FLU SORE THROATS



EVERY DAY you run the risk of catching a Cold, the 'Flu', or a Sore Throat. You leave home in the morning as fit as a fiddle, yet, without the slightest warning, you contract a 'Flu' attack—pick up a Cold or develop a sore throat with distressing feverish conditions. Contagion is possible anywhere—in Trains, Trams, Offices, Work-rooms, and even in Theatres. How to prevent the development of these sudden attacks is the problem. 'ASPRO' is the answer. 'ASPRO' stops Colds, 'Flu', Sore Throats and reduces feverish attacks at inception, because after ingestion in the system 'ASPRO' is a powerful germicide, is anti-pyretic (or fever reducing), anti-periodic and anti-fermentative. 'ASPRO' also banishes pain and headaches in a few minutes, relieves rheumatism and brings sweet sleep to the sleepless. Always take 'ASPRO' according to directions—don't expect one tablet to do the work of three!

'ASPRO' IS YOUR QUICK PROTECTION

15 PROVED Uses FOR 'ASPRO'

- 1—It relieves Headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
- 2—It brings Sweet Sleep to the Sleepless.
- 3—It relieves Rheumatism in one night.
- 4—It will ease the Nagging Pains of Neuritis and Neuralgia.
- 5—Take 'ASPRO' to relieve Tooth-ache.
- 6—'ASPRO' taken as directed will smash up a Cold or 'Flu' attack in 24 hours.
- 7—It brings relief without harming the heart.
- 8—It soothes away Irritability.
- 9—It speedily reduces Temperature.
- 10—The stabbing pains of Sciatica and Lumbago can be hunted out with 'ASPRO'.
- 11—It can be taken at any time, in Train, Tram, at Home, at Business, anywhere, everywhere.
- 12—It gives great relief to women when depressed.
- 13—It relieves ill after-effects of alcohol.
- 14—It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the fever.
- 15—As a gargle, 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore Throats and Tonsillitis.

CLERGYMAN PAYS TRIBUTE TO 'ASPRO' for HEADACHES & 'FLU'

Mortimer Road,
Cooper's Plains,
Queensland, 7/5/37.

Dear Sirs,

As a clergyman whose calling is rather strenuous (I have three churches under my care), I find that 'ASPRO' is a great standby in keeping me in good health. It never fails to afford quick relief when I use it for Headaches and many a time it has saved me from attacks of Influenza. It is always to be found in our home.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Rev. A. W. BROWN.

WORKS CONTINUALLY IN A DRAUGHT—BUT DID NOT LOSE A DAY'S WORK

"Aizle," East Bairnsdale,
East Gippsland,
20/12/37.

Dear Sirs,

As I live in the country and work every day in the year in the wet (being wet from knees to foot), I very often catch a Cold and a real Cold at that, but on taking 'ASPRO' tablets I find that I can shake the Cold off with no ill effects. As I work in a tannery, which is very draughty, I think that your 'ASPRO' tablets can claim all the credit for my not losing a day in 1936 or 1937.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) F. ANDERSON.

Nicholas
Ltd.

Obtainable
everywhere
'ASPRO'
3/- 1/3 4/-

34E/38

The Flat Next Door

Continued from Page 40

"He'll kill her if he keeps on," she muttered. "That's what he'll do—kill her."

Still muttering, she moved like a great shadow across the dimly lighted service hall.

As I told Phil, he paced the room. "I suspected as much. The minute I opened our door and saw Marcia motion me to keep Elaine with us, I knew what was wrong. Linda, what's to become of her? Don't let's fool ourselves. We've seen this coming."

"She can leave him. If he makes life impossible, she can go, and take Nancy."

"Can she? You think it'll be as easy as that?" Phil shot at me. "He's a shrewd one, Farnham is, drunk or sober. To-morrow, when they meet, he'll have cooked up some plausible excuse for to-night's performance, and she'll believe him. She'll believe him because she wants to. Then the thing will happen again. And so it will go on."

"Marcia says, if he keeps it up he'll kill her."

"Kill her? He won't get that far. Not if I have to kill him first, he won't."

"Phil, for heaven's sake!" "I mean it. Before he has the chance to break her, I'll break his neck."

I knew Phil meant it. He was not a man ruled by temper or impulse. His feelings were deep-rooted. They were powerful. Rage seething for so long might at any moment break loose, a volcanic, ruinous force.

This thought so terrified me that I begged him to save Elaine further embarrassment. I pleaded with him to avoid meeting Cliff Farnham for a while. He finally gave in, packed his bag and went to his club.

And now I must for the first time unlock the little grey leather volume which is Elaine Farnham's diary. Not long after that night she gave the book into my keeping.

"I can't destroy this, and I don't want it in the house any longer. Read it, Linda, if ever anything—" She left the sentence unfinished and hurriedly substituted, "Read it if ever you're tempted to think me a coward."

I have never thought Elaine a coward, but open the volume now simply because I have no other way of knowing what transpired in the Farnhams' life immediately after that unhappy experience. To the close-written pages, Elaine confided facts which pride would never let her tell to a human being. These I must have in order to arrive at a decision.

So I turn to Elaine's description of the day following, when Cliff Farnham appeared at my door, apologised for his behaviour, and asked to see his wife. I left them alone.

March 30, 1936.

Early this morning he came over to Linda's and begged me to forgive him, the way he always does. His one excuse was loneliness—he'd had only a bottle of Scotch for company and suddenly began to fancy himself a neglected husband.

Yet I can't believe there wasn't another reason. I can't forget his look when he shouted at me to get out. As if he wanted to tear me to pieces. What does it mean? Even drunk, he's never been so enraged. And that queer, horrible expression of a trapped animal.

This morning it was gone—not a trace left. He caught hold of my hands and kissed them and whispered how desperately sorry he was. He pleaded that when he's drunk he's another man.

I'd lain awake most of the night thinking of that other man, thinking what it would mean for Nancy to grow up with him, of what it might do to her when she's old enough to notice, to be afraid.

I said we mustn't discuss the thing in a stranger's house. I went in and got Nancy. She put her little arms around my neck and hugged me.

Oh, Heaven, who doesn't he try to cure himself? Why does he always appeal to me with promises he doesn't intend to keep? Why does he always swear this will be the last time and make me feel I ought to stand by him?

I can't go on this way. I don't

want to have to live with the man I saw last night. I don't want my baby to have to live with him.

This constant gnawing fear of what he'll do next, this dread that comes from not knowing what to expect of him, it's like poison. It's making a coward of me.

Until last night I kept telling myself Cliff was like a sick child. I kept saying to myself, "If he had a fever, you'd see him through it, wouldn't you? You wouldn't desert him. Well, this is a fever and he's not responsible. Don't listen to his foul language. Close your ears the way you would to delirium." That's what I've tried to do, but now I can't any more. I keep seeing the man who ordered me out of my home, with his eyes bleared and horrible, and his teeth bared like fangs.

To-night he will come home, looking himself—or is it himself? Which is the real Cliff? Which is the father who's got to be Nancy's companion and help me shape her life? If I had the answer! If only I knew! I think of the Cliff I pledged myself to under a moon that burned like a great, hot coal. I didn't ask myself or him any questions then. After one short month of knowing him, all I wanted was to hold for ever the romance he brought to me.

The Arabs have a saying, "Only God and myself know what is in my soul."

How true! Only God and myself. Am I willing to face what is in my soul? Then I must do it now. I hear the front door close and Cliff coming along the hall. . . .

I told him, Before he could stop me or say he was too tired to listen, I told him I was going to leave him. I scarcely remember what I said. It all came tumbling out, all that I'd held back for so long. How I knew he didn't love me. How I'd known it long before Nancy was born. Whatever his reason for marrying me, it wasn't love. I'd felt that in so many ways, even though I'd kept telling myself over and over I mustn't believe such a thing. But last night made me decide we had to face the truth. What was the use of lying to myself and letting him lie to me? We both knew I wasn't his sort of woman. We both knew his friends didn't like me and he didn't want me. We couldn't go on as we'd been living these past few years. Last night was just the climax, but if I needed more proof of how he really felt, I'd had it.

ALL the time I was talking Cliff lolled back in an armchair with his legs swung over the arm. He didn't look up until I'd finished. Then he stared at me and his eyes were like glass.

"Try it," he said. "Just you try and go. Then watch me take Nancy away from you."

I think my heart stopped—it was so still; then it raced on. This was just bravado, of course. He couldn't take Nancy.

"If you force me to put up a fight," I heard myself saying, "the courts will never give her to a father who's a drunkard."

"Oh, no," he laughed. "And how do you propose to get a divorce from me? In this country a man can drink himself into the gutter and the divorce court will still regard him as a proper husband and father. Don't take my word for it. Ask any solicitor. I could beat you to a pulp and you could have me arrested for assault, but you'd never get free of me without evidence of unfaithfulness. I have no intention of supplying you with such evidence."

I asked him why he wanted to hold me when he'd be able to live as he pleased if I were out of his way. He studied me with such a quiet measuring look, with his eyelids drooped and a sort of half-smile, as though what I said only amused him.

"The fact that I don't mean to let you marry anybody else is good and sufficient reason."

I told him I never wanted to marry again.

Please turn to Page 45

EVERY MOTHER should take the specialists' advice . . . use only Castile No. 4 for baby! Castile No. 4 is an olive oil soap that prevents dryness and chafing . . . keeps the skin soft . . . banishes cradle-cap and dandruff. Castile No. 4 is the SAFE soap to use . . . ask any doctor!

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Small tube 1/-
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Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Pains, aches, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, leg troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply melts away and the whole system is invigorated and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical! It is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the leg tablet with wonderful healing powers.

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You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see the below. Every sufferer should buy this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force, overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great power of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before. It makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

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Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Ltd., 123, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the amazing Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your nearest dealer and see for yourself what a wonderful medicine Elasto is. Obtainable from chemists and druggists everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food does not digest. It just decays in the bowels. What shows up? Poor stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel tired, hot and weary and the world looks blue. Liver troubles are only made worse. A more powerful movement doesn't get at the cause. It merely overloads the liver. The liver needs a gentle, steady flow of bile. Two pounds of bile flowing freely will make you feel "up and up." Bile flows, bile purifies, bile makes life flow freely. Ask for CACTUS Little Liver Pills by name. Druggists refuse anything else. 1/6.

CLIFF kept on measuring me with the queer smile that wasn't really a smile at all. He didn't speak. He just sat there with his eyes moving over me.

I couldn't stand it—his silence. So I said:

"I won't even trade on a divorce if you don't want it. It doesn't matter. Nothing does except that I want to go away—and I want Nancy. Any arrangement you'll agree to—"

"I'm not quite the blind fool you take me for," Cliff interrupted. "You think I don't know that Phil Mast is sitting right, waiting to follow you?"

I was too bewildered to say anything and I must have showed it, because he went on:

"Instinct is often stronger than judgment. You flew to him last night like a bird to its mate. I wasn't so drunk that I didn't see him open the door and put his arm around you."

"You know it was Mrs. Chester I went to—"

But Cliff broke in without raising his voice.

"And spent the night with her, too, I suppose? You only had to cross the hall to come home. Why didn't you? What kept you under a stranger's roof instead of your own?"

"You kept me there. Nobody but you. It's no use trying to shift the blame."

"I doubt if any court of law could be persuaded to take that viewpoint," Cliff answered.

Then he got up abruptly and went into his dressing-room.

March 31, 1938.

I can find no way out. Holmes McKenna told me so to-day. I went to him because he was my father's friend and solicitor. If anybody in the world could help me in this, I knew he could. And he says he can't unless I'm willing to hire detectives to follow Cliff constantly.

I could do that, although I hate the thought and I don't believe Cliff has had affairs with other women.

What an outrageous thing for him to say about Phil Mast! Yet McKenna says, if Cliff should choose to make an issue of it, he can answer any suit of mine with the same ugly insinuations.

April 10, 1938.

This afternoon I ran into Phil Mast, the first time we've met since that night. I'd gone for a walk round the square and he came swinging along from the opposite direction.

He asked if he might join me. We talked about the glorious spring weather, about anything and everything except what was uppermost in my thoughts and must have been in his.

The thing Cliff had said about him kept hammering in my brain. I felt I owed him an apology. Stupid, apologizing for an insult Phil didn't even hear, but I had a horror Cliff might let go one day and say to Phil what he'd said to me. I wanted to guard against it. Perhaps that's why, without stopping to consider, I burst out:

"I want to tell you something about the other night, Phil. Please listen—will you?—then forget the whole nasty business."

He looked down at me and frowned.

"I forgot it long ago. I wish you would, too."

"There's only this—if ever Cliff makes any crazy accusation against you, don't take it seriously. When a man's drunk, he's apt to get all sorts of mad ideas. You said that yourself, didn't you?"

"What does Cliff accuse me of?" he asked.

I lied.

"Nothing definite. He didn't like my spending the night at Linda's. He says I should have come home."

"Ehaine, answer me straight. It can't do any good not to. I'll know. Did Cliff accuse me of being in love with you?"

"Yes, that's exactly what he said. And he's apt to repeat it sometimes when he isn't responsible."

Phil answered in a voice that was low and husky:

"But he's right. He's right—I do love you. I can't help telling you, Ehaine."

It came so suddenly and so plainly against his will. His face was set and the whole look of him was tense.

"But Phil—what is the use of it? I mustn't wreck you the way I've wrecked myself."

"We can't either of us do anything about that. Being so helpless is what kills me. If I could put up a fight to release you! If you weren't so much in love with him."

The Flat Next Door

Continued from Page 44

I shouldn't have admitted the truth. But I couldn't hold back.

I admitted that I no longer loved Cliff, and that despite my requests he would not allow me to leave him, threatening to take Nancy if I did.

Phil said like a prayer: "Heaven, there must be some way to save you!"

"I'm not the one to be saved," I answered—and meant every word. "Because of Nancy, I can see this through. It's you, Phil. Take yourself off somewhere—far enough so that you won't be close to me, seeing everything that goes on. When I take Nancy to the country next month, leave town. Don't see me again until the autumn, at least."

"Exactly what I intended," Phil answered, without hesitating. "Though not for the same reason. I'm off for the Pacific Coast, and a group of tropical islands. Some date I want to check up that may concern you."

"Concern me? What possible date—"

"It's all too vague to talk about. Don't ask any questions just now. I've had this trip in mind for a long time. But after to-day there's a condition. I won't go unless I have your word that when you need me you'll send for me."

Here the record comes to an abrupt stop. The rest of the pages

are blank. About a month later Ehaine handed over the book to me.

I had booked to go to the Riviera for a few weeks, but in response to an urgent request from Phil I changed my plans and took a house near the Parthenon at Goring-on-Sea.

Two days before Phil left, Ehaine invited me to a farewell dinner despite Phil's protests. I felt we had to go, and Ehaine added her persuasions to mine.

The other guests, Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson and Mr. and Mrs. Moore, we had met previously.

Throughout dinner Cliff drank heavily, and although his speech became blurred he kept pace with the conversation, evidently aware of every word he uttered.

We women must have been alone in the living-room over coffee and liqueurs at least half an hour when the men joined us. Mrs. Tillotson was questioning me about Phil's forthcoming journey. I knew my brother had told them he was bound for Honolulu on an engineering proposition, and I added nothing further. But Mrs. Tillotson persisted with Phil. What a pity, she teased, to devote one's time to mechanics on an island created for other more satisfying pastimes. Didn't Phil consider that a sheer waste? Now if he were to take a sweetheart along—Mrs. Tillotson left the suggestion dangling.

Please turn to Page 46



THIS gay print coat worn with a matching dress is selected by Florence Rice, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. The hem and lapels are bordered in black, the background of the print. The seeds and flowers are in red and white.

WE'RE SHOUTING ABOUT Vita-Bloom

Sheer Hosiery by Prestige

THE MOST AMAZING DISCOVERY FOR YEARS

- IT WEARS LONGER
- IT'S SPLASH & DIRT REPELLENT
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- ITS BEAUTY LASTS



1 THE REASON FOR VITA-BLOOM: Raw silk is protected by a natural protein substance that gives the thread amazing strength and vitality. This vital element is removed from the silk in the making of hosiery. Hosiery manufacturers have tried to overcome this for years.

2 WHAT VITA-BLOOM IS: Now, Vita-bloom, a new secret method, an extra manufacturing process used only by Prestige, restores this life-giving protein. Vita-bloom definitely improves Prestige hosiery.

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LUX TOILET SOAP is Supercreamed

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Supercreaming is an exclusive process... a wonderful development in modern skin care. Rich, softening skin cream, is actually blended into every tablet of Lux Toilet Soap. This special cream protects and corrects—sets the tiny oil ducts functioning normally, softens a dry skin and refines an oily one.



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Wish I had a
lovely skin like
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mine too... it's lovely!

JOAN BENNETT says:—
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Joan Bennett
A Make-Up Girl is
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Film Star skin for you... through Lux Toilet Soap's Supercreaming

You can have lovely, smooth, glamorous skin if you use supercreamed Lux Toilet Soap faithfully. Perfect skin texture depends on the proper functioning of the tiny oil ducts in your skin.

Ordinary Toilet Soap Saps Vital Beautifying Oils

Beware of washing your face with ordinary toilet soaps which dry out the precious natural oils that keep skin softened. This is the most frequent cause of parched ageing skin, coarsened texture and relaxed, open pores.

Lux Toilet Soap has a very different effect on your skin, because it's Supercreamed. It clears up excess oiliness yet leaves sufficient natural lubricant to keep your skin beautifully softened and supple. And a skin that is cleansed to the depths of the pores and gently, naturally lubricated is sure to be clear and silken-smooth. So use Lux Toilet Soap regularly for skin loveliness!

9 OUT OF 10 FAMOUS FILM STARS
USE LUX TOILET SOAP

8.97.7

A LAYER PROP



The Supercreamed lather feels quite different from ordinary lather, not only richer, but much, much smoother... you can actually feel the cream! Wash your hands with any ordinary toilet soap and then with a tablet of Lux Toilet Soap... that's the test that shows the difference.



The Flat Next Door

Continued from Page 45

PHIL laughed—why not wait until he got there? He'd been pretty well around the world and never yet found a shortage in the romantic market.

I had no idea that Cliff overheard a word until he turned from Mr. Moore, with whom he had been talking. His face was very red, his eyes such narrow slits that all one could see was a bloodshot gleam. Leaning an elbow on the mantel, his other arm swayed forward. The ice in his glass tinkled. The drink spilled out on the rug.

"Behold," he leered at Phil, "perfect specimen of age of chivalry. Our friend, Naat, don't want other women. Only one woman he wants. She's wife of another. What's he do? Exert his manly charm? Not Try'n win her? No! None of that. Too honorable gentleman."

Elaine's still face was an ivory mask. Her strangled voice tried to head him off.

"Cliff, stop! If this is supposed to be a joke, you're carrying it too far."

"Joke, m'dear? Joke? I pay our friend great compliment an' you say I joke." He flourished his glass. "Come on, drink 'till. Drink's health an' safe journey. Come, Elaine, drink to knight who puts temptation 'hind him—"

"Cliff—" Elaine caught his swaying arm—"for heaven's sake pull yourself together!"

The glass splashed its contents over her as he shoved her aside.

Excited laughter came from the women.

"C'm on, all of you—age of chivalry—knight who loves an' rides away! Drink!"

"Phil," I whispered swiftly to my brother, who was livid, "laugh it off. Treat it as a joke."

"C'm on, m'dear," Cliff gripped and swung upward Elaine's empty hand. "Where's glass? Brandy for m'wife! Somebody give her brandy. Mus' drink to her knight. He's flyin' away because he loves—"

The sound from Phil's throat was like a wounded animal's. I couldn't hold him back. His fist crashed into Cliff Farnham's jaw. The man toppled over, the glass he still clung to splintered on the hearth.

Phil stood gazing down at the sprawled figure.

"Sorry," he muttered to Elaine. "Couldn't help it."

Elaine looked at him, though I knew what she said was meant for the others.

"It wasn't your fault. But I hope you understand he's too drunk to know what he's saying."

Phil's clenched hands unknotted.

"Of course," he nodded. "Of course." He turned from her to the other women. "My apologies. Stupid to have lost my temper. I should know Cliff well enough to realise this was just a little fun at my expense."

While the two men helped their host to stagger to his feet, Mrs. Moore remarked slyly that it was refreshing these days to see primitive man in the raw. Mrs. Tillotson's knowing smile intimated a great deal more than her "Oh, we all knew Cliff must be joking."

Elaine followed us to the door. She spoke in a frantic whisper.

"Phil—can you ever forgive me? I didn't dream—"

"If I could only take you with me," came from Phil.

"I'm all right. Don't worry."

"Shall I apologise to Cliff? Will it make things easier for you?"

"No. It'll be all right," she repeated.

"This has got to be good-bye. I can't see you again."

"I know. Good-bye, Phil."

"Good-bye—"

They did not touch each other. Phil had the look of a man who faces death. All at once Elaine said in a low, steady voice:

"One thing I've got to tell you before you go so that you'll remember always, I love you."

To Be Continued

Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid is guaranteed to banish any form of Piles, misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vaculoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely of costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.***

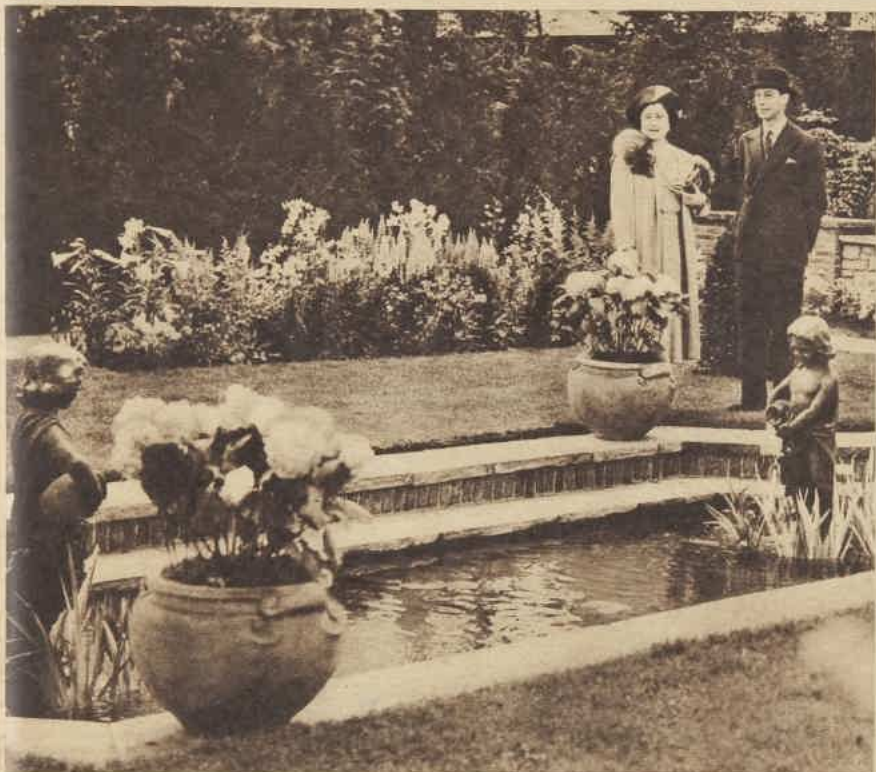
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

September 24, 1938

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

BEAUTIFY YOUR GARDEN *with a* POOL



THE KING AND QUEEN pause to admire an ornamental pool during their tour of the Chelsea Flower Show, the largest of its kind in England, which is held annually in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

GARDENING is a fascinating hobby at any time, but there are many ways it can be made even more entrancing.

Ornamental pools, for instance—have you ever thought of making one in your garden? A fish-pond, a garden pool, or a water garden.

If not, why not make a start now and have your pool ready for the summer when it will add a cool beauty to your garden that nothing else can equal?

Imagine a pretty fish-pond with little water plants growing in it here and there, and golden and other colored fish swimming about in the water. You will surely feel enormously proud of such an attractive addition to your garden.

Besides, it will give you a fresh interest in your work.

Right Position

ANY average garden will take a pool quite well.

Select a position in a semi-shaded corner of your garden. The design may be of any quaint type, but see that it will harmonise with the home and its surroundings.

Large homes would require a large fish-pond which can be made most interesting if built, say, on sloping ground with little waterfalls and rivulets trickling down into it.

Such a pool can be built up about two feet six inches high in the front or all round, but should have a sloping bottom to give a depth of about three feet in the deepest corner. It can be made square, oblong, or half-moon in shape.

For large ponds it is advisable to have a division if only one pond is required, the division being so that the fish spawn can be lifted from one pond into the other for special breeding purposes. (Goldfish, for instance, are cannibals—they will eat their spawn and tiny progeny.)

All ponds should have a certain amount of sunlight. They should be in a position to catch a few hours of

the morning sun and be shaded during the hotter part of the day.

It is also a good idea to build them near deciduous trees, so that during the cold winter months they receive plenty of sun, which is most beneficial to the fish at this time of the year.

An average-size pond, and one very easy to construct, would be about 8 to 12 feet square and 2 to 3 feet deep. It would depend upon the size of the home surroundings and could be made from cement, bricks, rubble, and from blocks of stone.

After the fish-pond has been completed and first filled, a good dressing of alum should be placed in the water and left for many days, or at least a couple of weeks, and then cleaned out again before the fish are placed in it.

In small gardens some very interesting fish-ponds can be made in all shapes and sizes, but, of course, they will be tiny.

For instance, old casks can be sawn in two and sunk into the ground. Around the rims stones can be placed, and if they are placed in a manner so they will form various pockets, all kinds of tiny creeping plants, ferns, etc., can be grown between them.

Others of Glass

IN addition to these tiny ponds, others can be made with glass, the top also being of glass that will slide on and off when required. This keeps the pond very clean, keeping out all leaves and rubbish.

In the autumn, when the leaves begin to fall from deciduous trees, a wire-netting frame can be made and placed over garden ponds. This will prevent the leaves falling in and going to the bottom, which they will do when they become saturated with water.

The fish-pond must be kept as clean as possible, for when it is filled with crystal-clear water it shows off to advantage the quaint aquatic plants with their colorful blossoms and the tiny fish swimming about.

Now here are the names of some aquatic plants:

Segittaria Natans is one of the most important because it carries into the water a certain amount of oxygen. The leaves grow about fifteen inches long and appear similar to blades of grass. This plant grows very rapidly and will spread over the surface of the sand at the bottom. It can be propagated from runners.

Vallisneria, known as tape grass, has long ribbon-like leaves, grows rapidly and forms a silky green effect. This plant should be grown in compact bunches at the bottom of the pond. Be sure to cover the roots and leave the crowns well out; this will ensure healthy growth.

Aquatic Plants

ANACHARIS is a very fast-growing plant, loves plenty of light and is most noted for its oxygen-producing qualities. It is also known as a water pest as it grows so rapidly, but really this is a good feature for fish-ponds because the faster it grows the more oxygen it places in the water. It will grow rapidly from cuttings and usually any piece left floating on the water will go to the bottom and take root.

Floating plants and vegetation in a pond where there are young fish are very good, for the small fish like to hide away from the larger ones.

Fish also love to nibble at any floating plant, so we recommend salvinia. It also is oxygenating and the fish love it.

Water-lilies are an added attraction, and can be had in many colors. When planting in a pond see that there is a certain depth of sand or loamy soil in the bottom which will help to produce rapid growth.

The outside of the pond can be made very attractive by the planting around of the various fringes. When in flower, the reflection of these flowers in the water adds a charm never to be forgotten.

THERE'S nothing that adds greater charm to even the tiniest garden than the glistening, mirror-like water of a fish-pond or garden pool

—says THE OLD GARDENER

HAVE you ever thought of making a pond or garden pool in your garden?

And why not? . . . You cannot imagine until you have such a little pool set in green lawns and shrubbery just what a sense of cool beauty it will bring to your home surroundings.

Just as water—a bit of the sea, a lake or a river—adds surpassing beauty to an otherwise ordinary landscape scene, so does water used attractively in fountain or ornamental pool add incredible charm to a garden.

The limpid loveliness of imprisoned water, its reflective qualities that double the beauty of flowers or long grasses nodding in the breeze above it, the way it ripples like silk when the wind blows across it . . . These are just a few reasons why your garden should include a pool.

On this page the Old Gardener tells you how to make a garden pool.

Now bring on
"OLD ENGLISH"
The Tasty Cheese
in a Packet



NEXT Sunday night at supper, when the crowd has eaten well, and the menfolk are just beginning to wish for a nice tasty bite of cheese to finish off the meal in style . . . now bring on the "Old English" and give them all a new experience in tasty cheeses. Old English, the tasty cheese in a packet!

More Delicious! More Convenient!

Old English is a rich flavoured, thoroughly matured cheese . . . as tasty as any cut cheese you've tried . . . and it has all the advantages of a Kraft packet cheese. It never gets dry or crumbly. There isn't any rind to waste. It cuts cleanly; stays fresh in its foil wrapping.

OLD ENGLISH

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KRAFT



In two, four and eight ounce packets at all food stores.

Green Grows the LAWN!

Make it a perfect setting for your home . . . as well as a lovely foil for floral beauty.

—says The Old Gardener

IT is not necessary to have a large area of ground in order to have beautiful lawns. Small homes with a perfect setting—that is, a background of shrubs with beds of perennials intermingled with annuals massed together to produce a vivid color scheme—will make the lawns off to perfection.

Large, sweeping lawns in the bigger gardens should have trees for their background, which give to the home that majestic, commanding appearance. In front of these should be intermingled all kinds and varieties of shrubs, with perennial borders and spots here and there for annuals.

Remember that lawns are recognised as the starting-point or basis of a perfect garden. So keep in mind that, to make a perfect lawn, it should be done in a scientific and practical manner.

Any Gardener Can Do It

GOOD drainage is one of the first considerations. If the ground should be badly drained, drain-pipes will have to be laid.

One row of these right through a lawn will take off all excess water from a distance of fifteen feet each side.

These drain-pipes are placed well down below the surface, and must empty out into a lower level.

Should drain-pipes not be obtainable, or expense has to be studied, a very economical drain can be made by opening out a trench about two feet deep, and filling in the bottom with rubble—that is, broken stone or bricks—until the drain is about half full.

Cover this with old grass, bags, or any material that will prevent the soil from mixing with the rubble. See

BEAUTY among the flowers at right you see lovely Phyllis Brooks, Fox star, in the garden of her Beverly Hills home.



"GLARE-PROOF" Powder

Never Looks "Powdery"

Notice what a strong, bright light does to your face!

How it brings out little faults—casts hard shadows that sharpen your face. Then, try Pond's Powder!

Pond's shades are blended scientifically to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light. To give a soft, lovely look in the hardest glare. Never shows up harsh and "powdery." Fine and smooth. Pond's has special ingredients to make it cling. Stays fresh for hours.

Pond's Face Powder

FREE OFFER: Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's new Powder. I enclose two 10¢ stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing. Pond's Dept. X51 Box 1111 J. G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name _____

Address _____

that the end of this drain empties to a lower level.

The spring is one of the best times to make a lawn, whether it be sown with seed, planted with runners, or turfed.

The plot where the lawn is to be made must be thoroughly dug. The trenching system is the best, and this is done by taking out a strip of soil down to the subsoil.

Wheel this strip to the other end to be used to fill in the last trench at the completion of the job.

Proceed This Way

NOW take your second strip and throw it into the trench from where the first was taken, and so continue this operation until the whole area has been completed.

The plot should then be raked and broken up as fine as possible. A long board is then used as a "straight-edge," and two people, one on each end, can drag this "straight-edge" across the plot.

If it is a flat piece of ground it can be made perfectly level, and should it be a sloping piece the same levelling can be done by making a good, even grade.

Should it be desired to sow seed, the surface must be brought to a fine tilth. And if this cannot be done it would be advisable to spread over the surface a couple of inches of very fine, light soil. This should be levelled off, rolled, and then raked over again.

Be sure to secure good, clean seed. The Australian couch makes the best lawn under Australian conditions. In colder climates many people sow the English lawn grass and also the "creeping-bent." But from my experience there is no grass which gives better results than couch.

For small plots one pound of seed usually does twenty square yards. For larger areas, it is usually better to sow it thickly—say, about four to six bushels to the acre.

Always do the sowing on a calm

day, as the seed is very light and it is difficult to broadcast it if there is any wind. Broadcast the seed both ways; that is, sow one way and then across in the opposite direction. To get an even distribution to every pound of seed, mix it with four to six pounds of sand.

Rake the seed in lightly, and then roll. Do the rolling at right angles. After this has been completed, keep the plot well watered. This should be done with a very fine sprinkler on the end of a hose—the finer the better.

When the grass begins to grow, constant rolling should be resorted to, and in a couple of months it will be ready for mowing. Cut often, roll regularly, and water frequently.

A very quick lawn can be made from runners either with couch or buffalo. Buffalo lawns are essential in sandy soil, especially if the slope of the land should be difficult.

Quickest of All

THE quickest way of all to make a lawn is by turfing. The turf is cut into one-foot squares and laid after the section is perfectly graded.

Lay the turf evenly, making one row after another right across the plot, edges just meeting.

Top-dress lightly to fill up cracks, give a light watering, and then a good rolling.

If a roller is not available, a good rammer can be made from a piece of hardwood timber about 12in. x 12in. square and 1ft. in thickness. Have a strong handle attached, and when bumping the turf down with this hammer make even strokes.

Plenty of water will make the turf grow rapidly, and it will need to be cut and rolled regularly. A good sprinkle of blood and bone and superphosphate, mixed in equal parts, with one quarter of sulphate of ammonia is a splendid fertilizer which will give the lawn that rich, green, even appearance.



"Here you girls, you've gossipped long enough. Let's go for a stroll."

"Oh! you go along Gwan, my new shoes won't let me walk."



"What a nuisance, I'd love to be with Alex. to-day. Why did I wear these new shoes."



"You should have come with us, Alice. Why don't you wear comfortable shoes like mine? Bedgood Tango never cut the instep and you can get them from any good shoe store."

"And they always look beautiful, too."

Flexible instep gives you fit with comfort

Tango FLEXIBLE INSTEP Court Shoe

Don't wear Court Shoes that cut your instep wear the BEDGOOD TANGO



Made only by BEDGOOD
Obtainable at all good stores

There's **MAGIC** in the 'DULUX' tin!



- BEAUTIFUL, DURABLE COLOUR MAGIC

Painting is *fun*—when you use "Dulux"! This easy-to-apply, smooth-flowing, quick-drying "Miracle Finish" gives beautiful, glowing COLOUR to your home. Fixtures, pieces of furniture, doorways, cane chairs and lounges, bathroom and kitchen cabinets, chairs, stools—these are only a few suggestions what to paint.

"Dulux" is more *durable* because it's *chemically different*! It wears better, doesn't crack or flake because it's *tougher*. It won't fade in steamy air—its lustre does not dull. A wipe over with a damp cloth restores its beauty. Of course, for natural-finish furniture, etc., you will use "Dulux" Clear—superseding Varnishes!

And—have you used the new "Dulux"? "Dulux" SUPER-MATT—the beautiful, velvet-finish "Dulux" for artistic decoration of walls and ceilings. "Dulux" SUPER-MATT dries quickly, without showing brush-marks, giving an unsurpassed beautiful soft velvet appearance.

B·A·L·M
DULUX
REGD

**SUPERSEDES ENAMELS
AND VARNISHES**



"Dulux" Gloss and SUPER-MATT Finishes are products of
British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd.
Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin (N.Z.)



A SUGGESTION for a colourful kitchen:
Walls and Ceiling—"Dulux" Architectural
Interior Gloss White; Cabinets, etc.:—White
trimmed with "Dulux" Bright Red; Furni-
ture—"Dulux" Bright Red trimmed with
"Dulux" Black. Floor—Black and Red Lino.

Or you may prefer: Green and White Kitchen:
Cabinet finished with "Dulux" Chinese Jade
Green—Walls of Pale Green—"Dulux"
Architectural Interior White on Benches and
Kitchen stool—Table finished with Chinese
Jade Green—Floor Green and White.

**FREE
BOOKLET**



This handy book outlines very simply the correct way to apply "Dulux", in order to obtain the full benefit of its greater durability and beautiful appearance... Send Coupon to British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 21, CONCORD, N.S.W.

COUPON Please forward—Post Free—my Free Copy of "Manual on the Application of Dulux" Finishes.

Name _____ Address _____

...DOWN the GARDEN PATH

You and your friends will wend a joyous way if your garden, from fence to front door, has a happy, inviting atmosphere . . . an air of simple charm.



LIGHT REFRESHMENTS, cool drinks and appetising sandwiches always taste surprisingly delicious when served in the garden on a sunny day.

GARDEN paths and front gates are as important as the front door in suggesting an atmosphere of hospitality. From the moment a visitor

arrives she should feel drawn to your house by its welcoming paths.

They should never be allowed to become dingy or shabby-looking from lack of paint. A good paving paint



THERE'S nothing like pretty shrubs growing in ornamental pots for adding charm to a garden. An orange tree and a hydrangea are shown above.

will prevent dirt and grease from being ground into the brick, stone, or cement work, and will act as a preventive against deterioration, since it is weatherproof and waterproof.

The path will just need hosing down occasionally to keep it bright and clean.

To Match Verandah

PATHS are usually painted in the same color as the verandah floor and steps; or to match the shutters and trim of the house. There is a lovely forest-green shade of paving paint which is very popular, and seems to merge the path into the grassy color of the lawn itself.

Fancy stone or brick borders along the paths can be done to match; or the stone of a flagged path may be painted different colors, Spanish style. The stones in a rockery should

be touched with green to conceal ugly surfaces and rough cement joints.

For fences and gates, whether of wood or metal, most people prefer greens as a perfect garden background, though they can, of course, be painted any color you like. It's easy to keep wire fences and gates fresh and bright with a coat of weatherproof silver paint.

If there's any part of your garden sheltered from the public view, it's fun to paint over old chairs and tables in bright colors, and set them out among the trees for lounging and eating on warm days.

A few outside cushions in flamboyant colors will also be an acquisition for comfortable sunning.

Incidentally, it's worth remembering that you can buy a special preparation for painting over shabby canvas chairs to give them a new lease of life.

And here's another cheery suggestion: Do have some shrubbery in gaily painted tubs.

It doesn't take much looking to find a barrel or box of interesting shape to paint, and you could grow a dwarf orange tree or hydrangea or anything you fancy in it.

Even the homely scarlet and pink geraniums look twice as gay in a large blue-painted tub.

In fact, a seeing pair of eyes, a bit of imagination, and a few pots of paint will transform an ordinary little garden plot into the gayest garden lounge!

Remember, when looking over your home with a critical eye, that it's just as easy, just as good an investment to make the outside of your house attractive as it is to make the interior colorful and charming.

Modern paints are as good as an insurance policy for protecting its value. Good paint preserves sur-

faces—protects them against corrosion, makes them impervious to the ravages of sun and wind, as well as giving the whole place a well-tended appearance.

A house that nestles among trees and shrubbery can well be treated in a fresh light tint if it is weather-board, stucco, or rough-cast.

Its doors and windows, downpipes and guttering could be brilliant red, rich green, or deep blue. Then you could paint the pathways and the front fence in a matching shade.

But if your house doesn't shelter behind lots of greenery, and is in an exposed position, closely surrounded by neighboring houses, be careful of using too much white, or too many bright colors. They will tend to seem hectic and out of harmony with the environment.

Safe Colors to Use

IF your little brick bungalow is as like as two peas to the one next door, and the one after that, you can wave the magic wand of color, and give it a new personality.

Paint the exterior woodwork and guttering in cheerful tones. All the greens and new browns are colorful and attractive; and as contrasts they're the safest of all the colors.

Green particularly gives a pleasing contrast with a red tile roof, and it makes your home seem almost part and parcel of the garden as it echoes the cool greens of lawn and shrubs.

IF YOU are a gardening enthusiast, gather your flowers or prune your vines attractively clad like this girl in gay peasant cottons.



It's Not Her Fault she's Delicate Despondent and Dull . . .

The Doctor Knows It's

Faulty Elimination

No child need be that way if you would only treat Faulty Elimination the safe way. Firstly, you must realise that Faulty Elimination is serious—dangerous because it is insidious. Unsuspected poisons enter the system due to food waste remaining in the bowel. This overburdens those vital cleansing organs, the liver and kidneys, which become sluggish, causing even more serious "poisoning." You just can't blame the child for being cross and out of sorts.

Because Faulty Elimination is serious, take no risks with your remedy. Trust only Laxettes—the only complete and sure treatment. Laxettes act very gently, inducing natural bowel movement without any danger of scouring the natural lubricant from the bowels. For that reason, avoid harmful substitutes and harsh purgatives.

Laxettes have the purest chocolate flavour too!

WARNING: Unless they are in a tin, they are not genuine Laxettes. 16 the standard tin—6d. the sample tin—at all chemists and stores.



FOR YOUR OWN HEALTH:

Headaches, Lack of Appetite, Indigestion, Dizziness, Tiredness, Irritability and "Nerves" are frequently the result of Faulty Elimination.

Just as Laxettes are safest for children, they are safest for you.

LAXETTES
Rectify Faulty Elimination



GARDEN CHAIRS provide welcome comfort. This one in canopy style is padded at the end of the seat. The footrest folds back.

6 PAGES OF NEEDLEWORK

SUNFLOWER Luncheon SET

A STRIKING floral design in table linens that is very simple to work

The outlines should be done in white buttonhole-stitch and centres in yellow stem-stitch with black squares

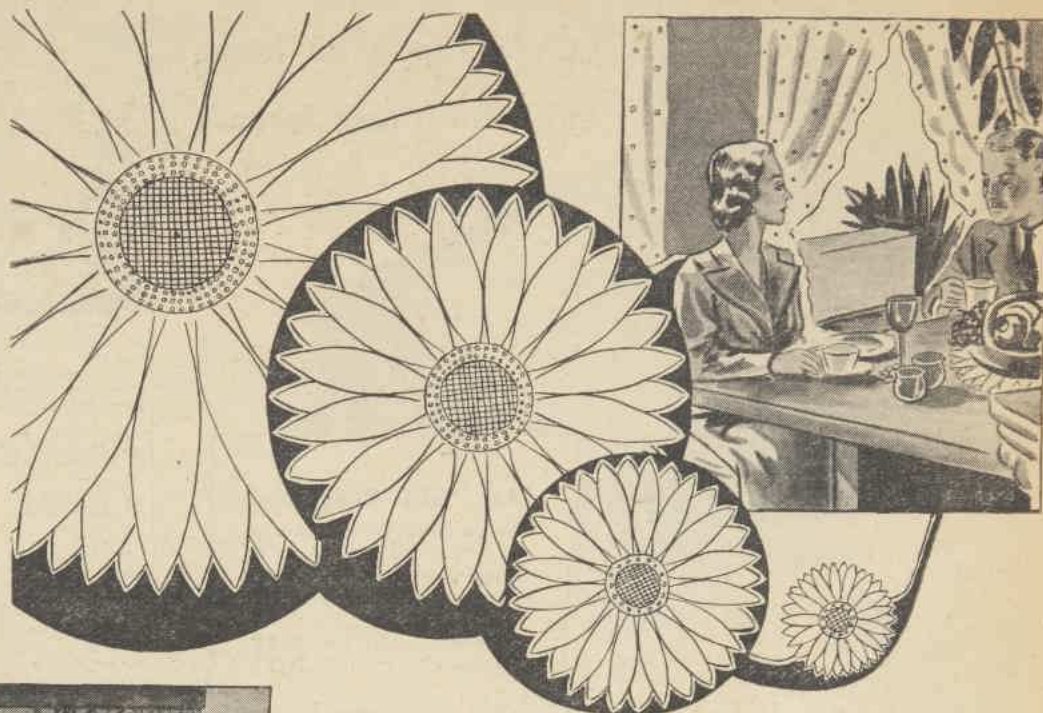
The luncheon sets are obtainable from our Needlework Department on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen, or on green, yellow, or blue organdie

Prices are:

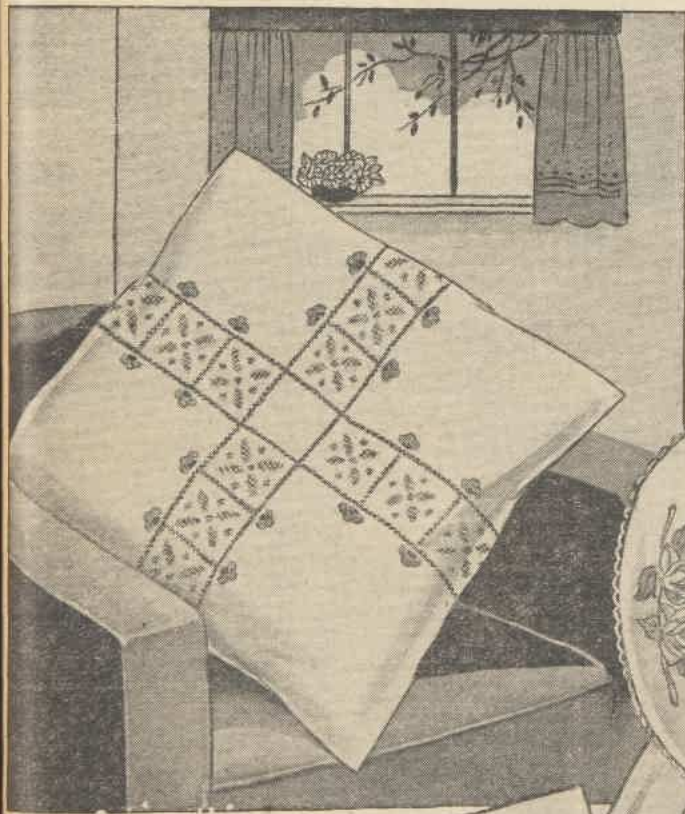
NINE-PIECE SET, comprising 18 x 18-inch centre, four 9 x 9-inch mats and four 5 x 5-inch mats, 3/9 set.

THIRTEEN-PIECE SET, comprising 18 x 18-inch centre mat, six 9 x 9-inch mats, six 5 x 5-inch mats, 1/9 set, postage free

Or separately, 18 x 18-inch centre, 2/6; 9 x 9-inch mats, 1/- each; 5 x 5-inch mats, 6d. each. Serviettes to match, 11 x 11 inches, 1/- each.



Cushion Covers of Varied Shape



Covers obtainable traced on white blue, yellow, pink, green or cream linen or on cream, blue, or green Cesarine. Three styles also available in crash.

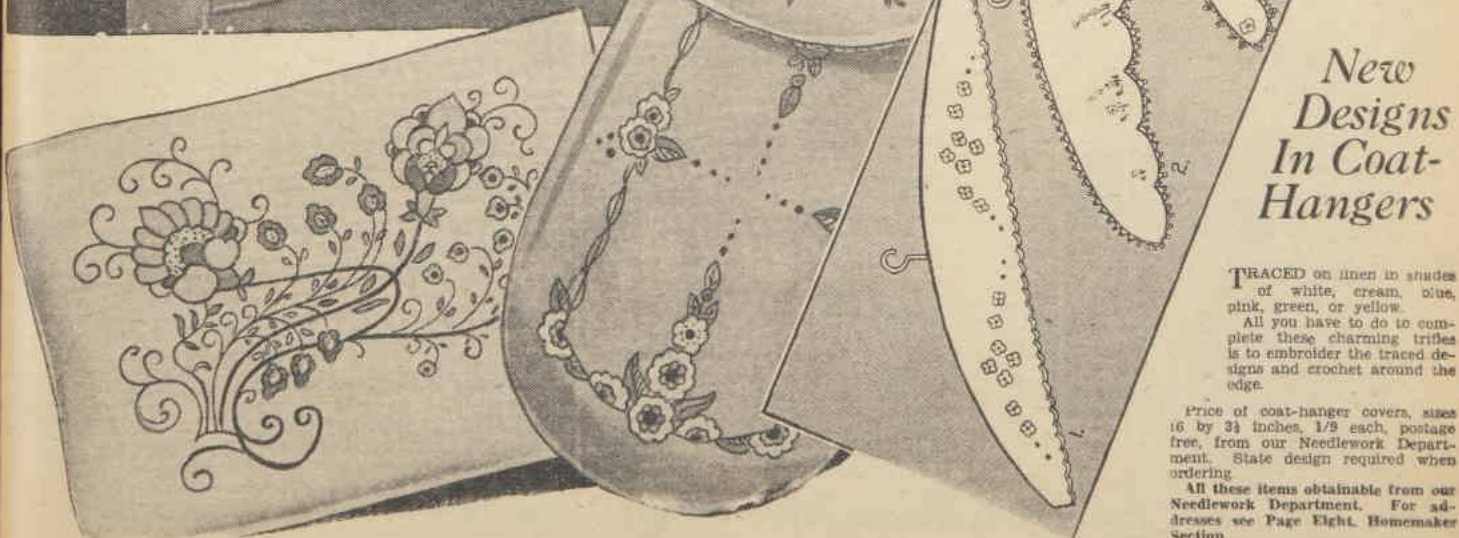
CROSS-STITCH DESIGN. Smart square cover, 18in. x 18in. Linen 3/6; Cesarine 3/-, postage free

SPRING-FLOWER DESIGN. Round cover, 18in. x 18in. Linen 3/6; Cesarine or crash 3/-, postage free

OBLONG FLORAL DESIGN. Very striking cover, 18in. x 24in. Linen 4/6; Cesarine or crash 3/9, postage free

CAMELLIA DESIGN.—An oval-shaped cover, 18in. x 24in. Linen 4/6; Cesarine or crash 3/9, postage free

The pretty designs shown on the left can be obtained from our Needlework Department.



New Designs In Coat-Hangers

TRACED on linen in shades of white, cream, blue, pink, green, or yellow. All you have to do to complete these charming trides is to embroider the traced designs and crochet around the edge.

Price of coat-hanger covers, sizes 16 by 34 inches, 1/9 each, postage free, from our Needlework Department. State design required when ordering.

All these items obtainable from our Needlework Department. For addresses see Page Eight, Homemaker Section.

HORDERN BROTHERS

Cheer up your home
with fresh new Spreads



Usly. 8'11
6'11

Art. Silk Bedspread

Just the spread you have been looking for... neat pattern Art. Silk Bedspread in pastel shades. Also suitable for an under-spread for your lace-spread.

Single size. Usly. 8/11. Spec., 6/11
Double size. Us. 12/11. Sp., 8/11

Modernising Your Home?

... if so, visit our Furnishing Department, where a staff of furnishing specialists will make practical and artistic suggestions for re-decorating your flat, room or house.

We carry a stock of materials so large and comprehensive in its assortment that you must find what you desire, and at the right price, too.

Hordern Brothers really do specialise in window draping, loose covers and re-upholstering.



English Jaspe Spread

SPECIAL OFFER! Over 300 extra fine quality double Bedspreads featuring lovely designs and colourings. Will stand years of hard service. Double size. Usually priced at 8/11, 9/11, 10/6, 13/11, 17/6. Special, 6/11, 7/6, 8/11, 10/6, 12/11

Usly. 8'11
6'11

Your Curtains made up Free of Charge

Select any material from our Art Furnishing Department, paying not less than 2/11 per yard, and we will make curtains in the simple modern manner **FREE OF CHARGE**. You pay only for the material and sundries, just as much as you would pay if you were making your own curtains! There will be no rushed or careless workmanship, and think of the time and worry you save! Bring along your measurements and a rough sketch of your windows to our Furnishing Dept. on the First Floor. Pelmetts, frilled curtains or any hand-working charged at **HALF USUAL RATES**.

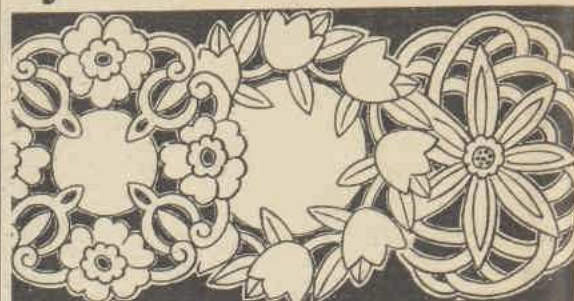
Half Making-up Rates for LOOSE COVERS

If you look for loose covers that fit as they should, you must come to us. Our new covers without frills look just like upholstering, and your chairs look as new. Chairs made up for 12/6 each, plus materials, a very moderate charge for first-class workmanship. Our whole stock available to your choice.



203-7 Pitt & 420-2 George Streets, Sydney

MAKE THESE NOW for CHRISTMAS



Three doyleys in simple cutwork. Size, 9 x 9 inches, and obtainable in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen. Price, 1/- each, post free.

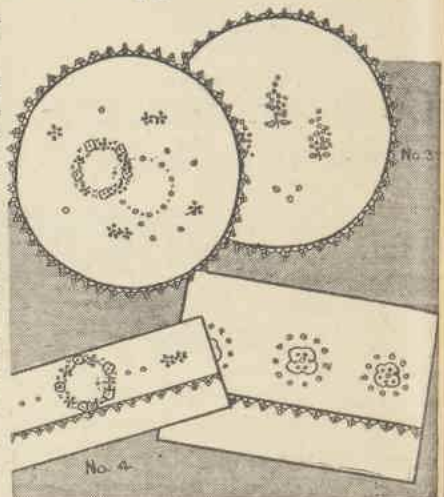
Stitches used are buttonhole, satin-stitch, and stem-stitch. Broder cotton for working may be obtained from our Needlework Department—price, 2½d. per skein.

Powder Puff and Comb Cases

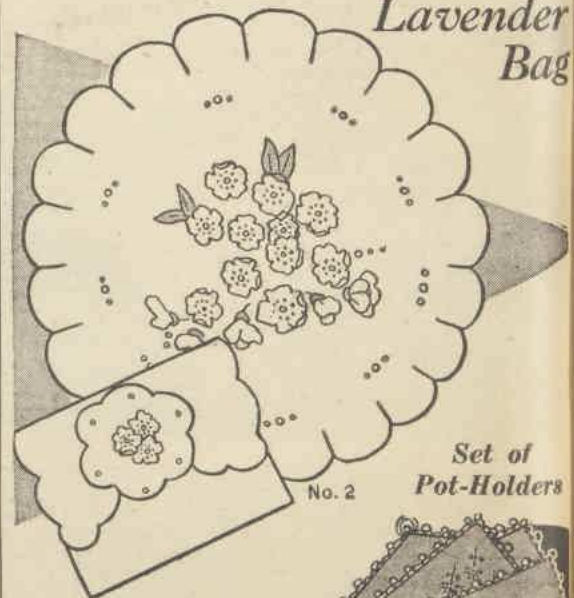
Obtainable ready for working in pure white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen, or in white, yellow or blue organdie.

Powder puff cases are in three designs, two being round and one square. Size, 4½ x 4½ inches. Comb case measures 4½ x 2½ inches. Price 6d. each, from our Needlework Department.

Cottons for working, 1½d. skein.



Handkerchief Sachet and Lavender Bag



IN APPLE-BLOSSOM design ready for working in linen or organdie.

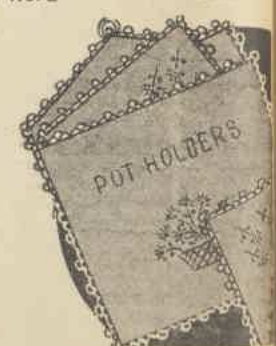
SACHET measures 8 x 8 inches. Price: Linen, 2/-; organdie, 1/6.

Lavender Bag: Linen, 1/-; organdie, 9d.

To make lavender bag fold on guide line in envelope shape.

Make a small muslin bag to hold lavender and slip inside envelope.

Set of Pot-Holders



POT-HOLDER bag containing pot-holders traced for working on blue, cream or green. Crochet in or in good quality crash. Edges hemstitched for crochet. Price 3/- complete set.

GUEST ... TOWELS

In Beautiful Cut-Work

THREE charming designs, exclusive to *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

Obtainable from our Needlework Department on white huckaback, cream linen, or pink, green, lemon, or blue silk huckaback.

"WILD ROSE" DESIGN

The flower is worked in buttonhole-stitch, with the outside of the leaves also in buttonhole. Stamens are worked in stem-stitch. The centre of the rose may be eyeleted, or worked in french knots as desired. Edge is finished in buttonhole. Price, 2/6 each. Postage free.

"TULIP" DESIGN

Almost the whole of this design is worked in buttonhole, and makes a delightful Guest Towel when finished. The edge is also buttonholed. Be careful to press the work before attempting to cut the material. Price, 2/6 each. Postage free.

"SWEET PEA" DESIGN

Unusual design for a Guest Towel. The flower is worked in buttonhole with the inside stem-stitched. The leaves are worked in buttonhole with the centre stem-stitched. Be careful to thoroughly press the work before attempting to cut the material. Price, 2/6 each. Postage free.

Broder Cotton in white or ecru shade for working may be obtained from our Needlework Department. Price, per skein, 3d.



For our Needlework Department addresses see Page Eight, Homemaker Section.

GLOXINIA LUNCHEON or SUPPER SET

ENTRANCING design for your home or trousseau and extremely simple to work.

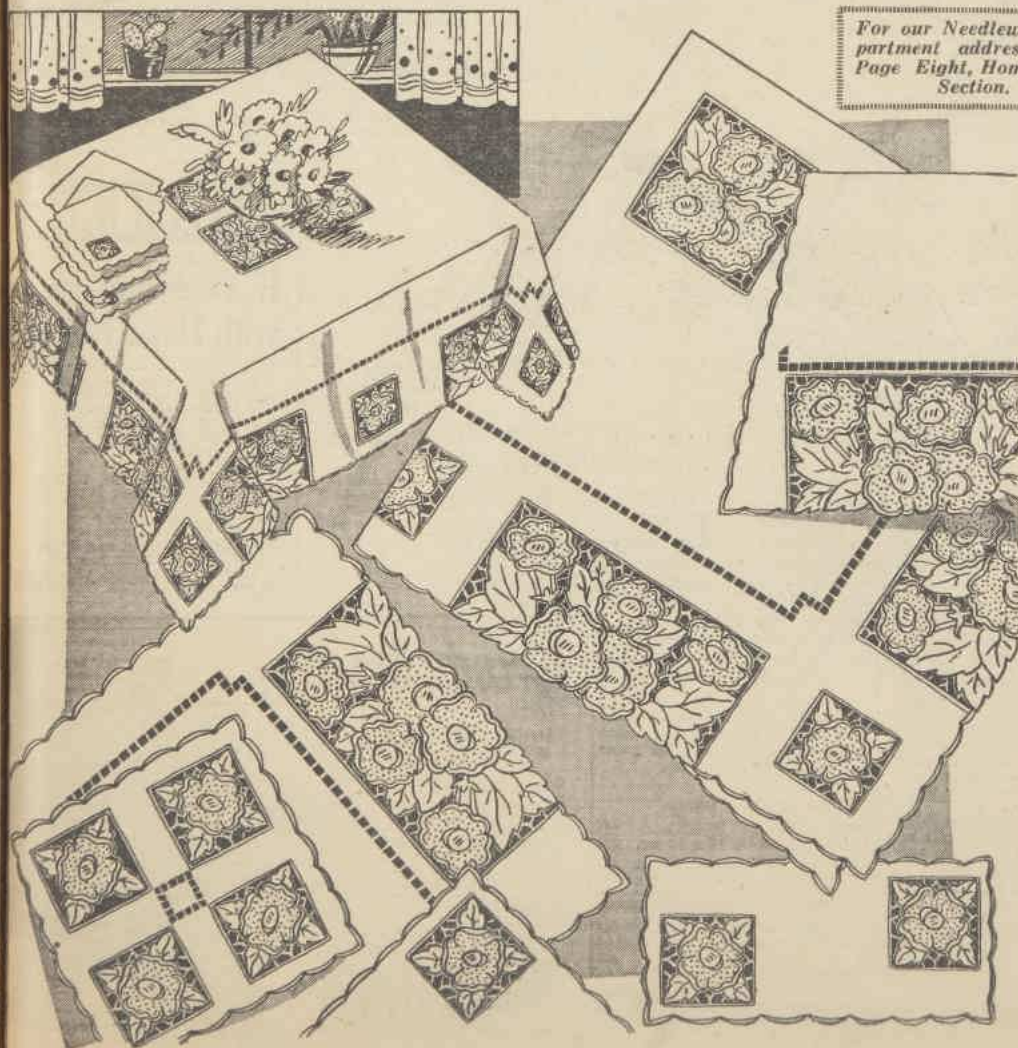
WHOLE outline is done in buttonhole stitch. Flowers are done in buttonhole with centres in french knots. Leaves outlined in buttonhole with stamens in stem stitch or satin-stitch.

Obtainable from our Needlework Department on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen. Prices are:

- Cloth, 36 x 36 inches, 7/6.
- Cloth, 45 x 45 inches, 8/9.
- Cloth, 54 x 54 inches, 11/6.
- Serviette, 11 x 11 inches, 1/-.
- D'oyley, 8 x 8 inches, 1/-.
- Sandwich d'oyley, 5 x 11 inches, 1/-.
- Traymobile cloth, 14 x 25 inches, 4/6.
- Tea-cosy, 13 x 10 inches, 3/6.

All postage free.

Ecru or white broder cotton for working this set obtainable from our Needlework Department for 2½d. a skein.



SUCH SOFT, TENDER SKIN! OF COURSE, HER SOAP HAS ALWAYS BEEN **Pears**



NOW ONLY 6^d. A CAKE



A. & F. Pears Ltd. 10,142-324

TO MAKE SAUCEPANS SHINE



GIVE THEM

MONKEY BRAND'S
smooth scratchless cleaning

Cleans SMOOTHLY—preserves the surface.



2,101-25

Why Suffer from PILES?



Famous Ointment Relieves & Removes Them

Are you a victim of piles (hemorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hemorrhage? If so, be sure and try Zam-Buk, which has proved successful in thousands of cases.

Zam-Buk brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also prevents septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer a day longer—get a 1/6 box of Zam-Buk to-day and use according to the printed directions.

Read This Convincing Testimony.

"For years I had piles, and used to be laid up with them. Zam-Buk Suppositories brought wonderful relief from the burning pain, and I can do housework in comfort and be on my feet eight hours a day." Mrs. M. Smith.

"The pain and hemorrhage of piles caused constant misery. I began to look an old man, and was low-spirited. Zam-Buk caused my piles to disappear, and has ended years of suffering." Mr. A. Fletcher.

ZAM-BUK SUPPOSITORIES

are recommended for inward use. Left in position at night they heal while you sleep. Price 1/6 per box.

For INWARD PILES

ADORNED With ARUM LILIES



... Linen Table or Side-board Set in Beautiful Cutwork Design.

OBTAINABLE from our Needlework Department, in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green Irish linen.

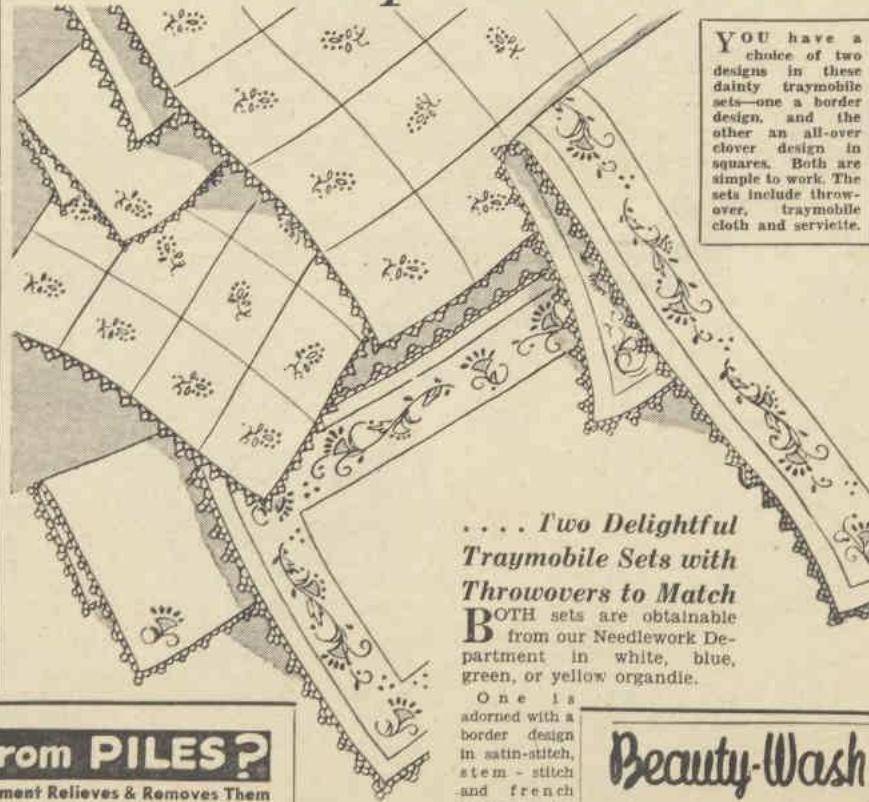
Prices are:
Centre, 18 x 18 inches, 2/6.
Centre, 18 x 12 inches, 2/-.
Small mats, 9 x 9 inches, 1/- each. Postage free.
Set including one 18 x 18-inch centre, one 12 x 18-inch centre, and two 9 x 9-inch mats costs 5/9 post free.

TO WORK—Buttonhole the whole outline of the design; work centre of lilies in satin-stitch. Use white or ecru border cotton or cotton in natural shades of flowers—white lilies with yellow centres and green leaves.

Leaves are buttonholed and stem-stitched.

Press work before attempting to cut out.

SET IN Crisp ORGANDIE ...



YOU have a choice of two designs in these dainty traymobile sets—one a border design, and the other an all-over clover design in squares. Both are simple to work. The sets include throwover, traymobile cloth and serviette.

... Two Delightful Traymobile Sets with Throwovers to Match

BOTH sets are obtainable from our Needlework Department in white, blue, green, or yellow organdie.

One is adorned with a border design in satin-stitch, stem-stitch and french knots, and the other with an all-over clover design in lazy-daisy stitch, french knots and squares in stem-stitch.

Prices are:
Border or Clover Design:
Throwover, 36 x 36 inches ... 2/9
Traymobile Cloth, 14 x 25 ins. 2/-
Serviette, 11 x 11 inches ... 1/-
Postage free.

Cottons obtainable for 1 1/2 skein.

Organdie is unusually dainty for afternoon tea use and can be worked in delightful color schemes. All white organdie with embroidery in pastel shades is lovely, while the colors blue, green and yellow are equally attractive worked in contrasting tones.

BETTER EYESIGHT ...

without glasses.

Until recently it was thought that glasses were inevitable for eye weaknesses and defective vision, but now IT HAS BEEN DEFINITELY proved they need not be worn, and that 96 per cent. of eye troubles can be put right by a natural scientific method known as EYE CULTURE.

If you already wear glasses, EYE CULTURE can improve your vision and enable you to discard the glasses. If you do not wear glasses but your eyes are causing discomfort from

EYE STRAIN LONG SIGHT
ASTIGMATISM SHORT SIGHT
OLD AGE SIGHT WEAK SIGHT
TIRED EYES SQUINT
EYE HEADACHES GLARE, FAILING SIGHT etc.

then EYE CULTURE can bring you normal eyesight again without resorting to glasses.

Persons who have worn glasses for as long as 50 years have, with the aid of eye culture, been able to read, work, sew, etc., without glasses, dispensing with them altogether.

No matter what your age, or the condition of your eyes, investigate Eye Culture. Send to-day a 3d. stamped addressed envelope, describing your eye trouble, and learn what Eye Culture has done for others and CAN DO FOR YOU, too.

EYE CULTURE

No. 1 ST. JAMES BUILDING, 107 KILPATRICK STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

ECZEMA

SENSITIVE PEOPLE feel eczema acutely. The continued irritation, the unsightly eruptions and the uncertainty where the trouble will next spread makes them feel almost ashamed.

Eczema is not due to dirt, but to the fact that certain skins react badly to various forms of irritation (internal or external) and poor general health increases the liability.

Since there is a great tendency for eczema to spread and to become chronic, early local treatment is imperative, and the best salve for this purpose is DOAN'S Ointment. It penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies, is antiseptic and healing and quickly allays the irritation. DOAN'S Ointment is also good for other itching skin complaints and for the relief of piles. Buy a tin to-day, but, be sure you get DOAN'S.

DOAN'S OINTMENT

If Your Ears Ring with Head Noises.

If you have catarrhal deafness or head noises, go to your nearest chemist or store and get a bottle of Parnal (double-strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy, and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has catarrhal deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial. Get Parnal to-day.

Beauty-Wash

your own Hair

GIVE it magic new lustre with amazing "coconut foam." Dissolves instantly dust, dandruff, oily film—leaves hair silky-clean. Waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling—easy to dress.

BLONDES: Colinated coconut oil Shampoo preserves true gold.

BRUNETTES: Find new lights. Thirtly, A 2/6 bottle gives 14 perfect shampoos.

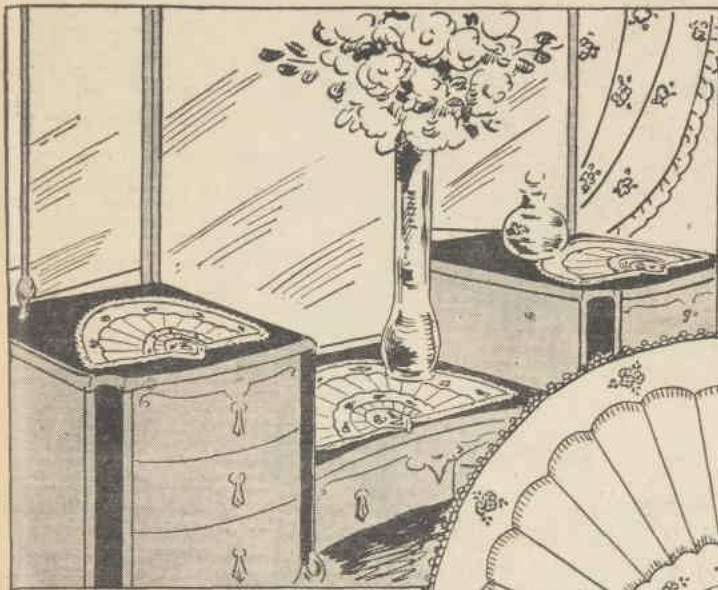
COLINATED COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO



Betty Grable Paramount Player

Chemists, Store, Hairdressers.

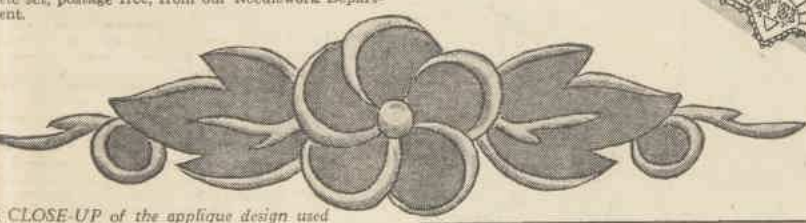
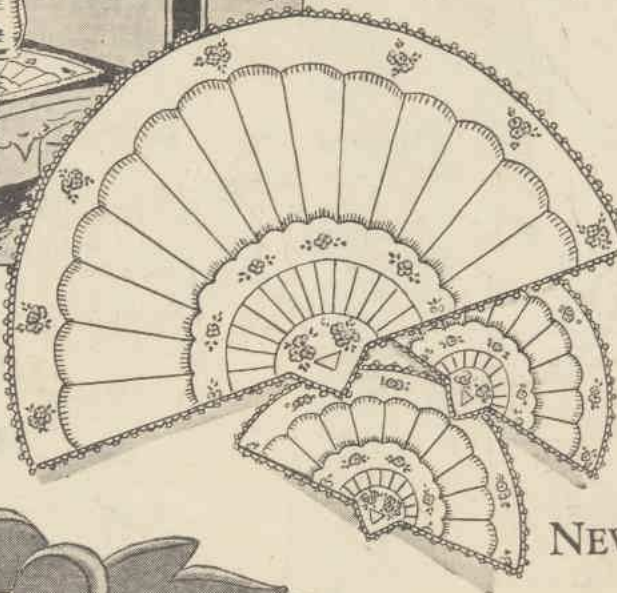
To ADORN Your DRESSING-TABLE



The Fan Set

AN unusual design in duchesse sets, the three mats being in the shape of an open fan. Flowers are worked in buttonhole-stitch, with leaves in lazy daisy. Fan portion should be worked in stem-stitch in black or brown. Edges are spoke-stitched ready for crochet.

CENTRE FAN MAT is 12 x 17 inches; small mats 3 x 6 inches. Obtainable traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen. Price, 2/6 complete set, postage free, from our Needlework Department.



A CLOSE-UP of the applique design used for decorating the bathroom accessories.

Guest Towel with Matching Applique Designs

DAINTY towel obtainable in super-quality white huckaback with a matching applique design. The towel is also obtainable with the applique designs in the same colors as the bath towels and mats.

The guest towels measure 34 by 18 inches, have hemstitched hems, and are all ready to be finished with the applique design.

Your initial for working on guest towels is also obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Price of guest towels, 2/9 each, with applique pieces. Postage, 3d extra.

White Bath Towels with Applique Designs in Contrasting Shades

THESE bath towels measure 24 by 51 inches, and are made of super-quality Osman towelling. The applique design makes a delightful and individual finish, and may be obtained in black, yellow, and blue to harmonise with the color scheme of your bathroom.

Your initial for working on the towels is also obtainable.

Price of towels, 4/6 each, or 8/3 a pair, plus 1/6 postage.

Applique Face Washer

EVEN in your face washer you can be individual and finish it to match the other accessories in your bathroom. This one has been specially designed to complete the set illustrated on this page, and is also obtainable in the same colors as the other items. Made of best quality towelling with edges finished in shell-stitch.

Price 9d. each, postage free.

COTTONS in any shade required for working these duchesse sets may be obtained from our Needlework Department for 11d. a skein.



Two Dainty Duchesse Sets

Early Victorian Design

A SET that is handsome but simple to embroider.

The figure should be worked in stem-stitch or satin-stitch, as desired, with flowers in buttonhole. The posy is worked in buttonhole, and the hat and face in stem-stitch. Edges spoke-stitched for crochet.

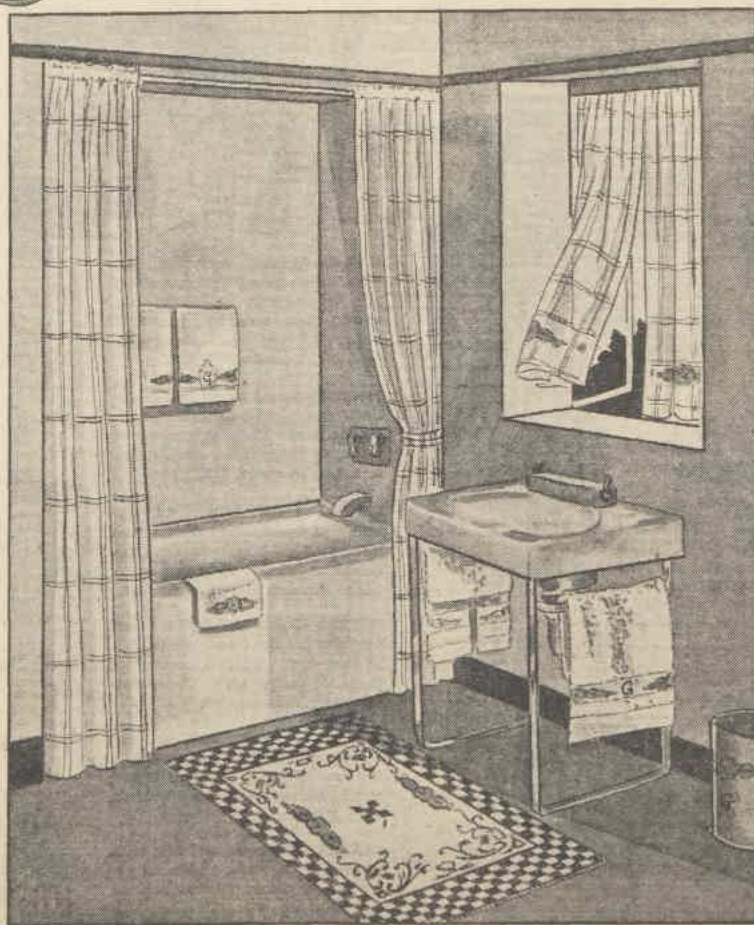
Centre mat is 17in. x 13in.; small mats, 9in. x 9in. Obtainable on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen.

Price, 2/6 complete set, postage free, from our Needlework Department.

+ + +

NEW CHARM for YOUR BATHROOM

In Gay Accessories Appliqued in Bright Contrasting Colors



THE most ordinary bathroom will gain a new, fresh charm if you add gay accessories embroidered or appliqued, as these on this page.

They help to give your room an individuality and, in the case where a bathroom is in a neutral-toned scheme, a highly decorative touch of color.

The accessories pictured here have been specially designed for you, and are all ready to be finished with the applique floral design.

Bath Mat

THIS mat measures 34 by 20 inches, and is made in the best quality terry towelling in check designs. Colors available are black and white, yellow and white, and blue and white.

The mat is reversible and will launder perfectly.

Price 8/3 plus 1/6 postage from our Needlework Department.

IN THE BATHROOM shown on the left we give you suggestions for using the applique motif as a decoration. Here it is used on the bathmat, on bath towels, on curtains, on face-washer, and on guest-towels. The applique pieces—which are obtainable in black, blue or yellow—may harmonise or contrast with the color scheme of your bathroom.

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



FIVE-PIECE BABY'S LAYETTE

DAINTY spring styles for baby which would look adorable made up in fine muslins or silks and embroidered with tiny floral motifs. Patterns are cut in three sizes to fit infants 6 months and 12 months.

Fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our Pattern Department.

Material required, 36 inches wide:

No. 1—Bonnet, 1 yard. No. 2—Frock, 1 1/2 yards. No. 3—Coat, 1 1/2 yards. No. 4—Petticoat, 1 yard. No. 5—Nightdress, 1 1/2 yards.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated above, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE—Box 288A, G.P.O.
 BRISBANE—Box 400F, G.P.O.
 MELBOURNE—Box 195, G.P.O.
 NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
 PERTH—Box 451G, G.P.O.
 SYDNEY—Box 4200YY, G.P.O.
 If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.
 TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
 NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 5.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Size

Pattern Coupon, 24/9/38.



WW2529.—Embroidered on collar, sleeves, and hem. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Material required: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Paper Pattern, 10d.; Transfer, 1/6.



WW2530.—In button-up style with Peter Pan collar. Sizes, 2 to 8 years. Material required: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Paper Pattern, 10d.; Transfer, 1/6.

EMBROIDERY ON SUMMER FROCKS

Patterns and Transfer Designs Now Available!



WW 2524

WW 2525

WW2527.—Jumper blouse. Daintily embroidered and useful for ensemble wear. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 2 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Paper Pattern, 10d.; Transfer, 1/3.

WW 2527 WW 2526

WW2523.—Smart. Very plain, and yet so smart design. The embroidery is quite simple to do. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Paper Pattern, 1/1; Transfer, 1/3.

WW2534.—Bolero frock. Made distinctive with embroidery. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Paper Pattern, 1/1; Transfer, 1/3.

WW2525.—Pretty frock. An embroidered front adds charm. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Paper Pattern, 1/1; Transfer, 1/3.

WW2526.—Informal. Smart design for informal occasions. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Paper Pattern, 1/1; Transfer, 1/3.

WW2531.—Frock finished with touches of embroidery. Sizes, 1 to 6 years. Material required: 1 yard, and 1 yard contrast. Paper Pattern, 10d.; Transfer, 1/6.

WW2532.—Frock in smocked style. Sizes, 1 to 6 years. Material required: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Paper Pattern, 10d.; Transfer, 1/6.



WW 2531

WW 2532

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. (3) State size required. (4) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (5) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (6) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



• NO ONE could feel dull or depressed in this dining-room. It is simply, though attractively, furnished. The wall vase, ever filled with fresh, colorful flowers, adds to the brightness and charm of the room.

TRANSFORM the WALLS of Your HOME

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR

It's not such an irksome task to repaint them; neither is it a costly undertaking... Here's help!

Peaux Sensibles



★ FOR SENSITIVE SKINS

Lenthéric of Paris, the master perfumer, has created a face powder so delicate in texture that it suits the most sensitive skin. Its velvet texture does not mask your own complexion. Natural shades to match every type of skin, bring the radiance of youth! Prices from 1/9 a box.

Lenthéric also for lipsticks, Eau de Cologne, and "Tard" the exhilarating daytime fragrance for moderns.

LENTHERIC
PARIS

WITH winter away and the freshness of spring upon us we are forced to look critically upon the walls, ceilings and floors of our homes.

They represent the largest decorative area in any room, and must therefore be kept fresh-looking and attractive.

No matter how smart your furnishings, shabby, dingy-hued walls or floors will sadly overshadow them and spoil the whole effect.

So if you feel like repainting your walls and ceilings decide first of all upon your color-scheme, buy good paint, and set to work!

With regard to color: Remember that light walls give an impression of spaciousness which is a precious asset in a small room.

Off-white and pastels are usually the happiest choice, especially for much lived-in rooms.

Walls in these shades are an attractive setting for nearly every type of furniture, except where a very studied effect is desired. Cream or buff-toned walls are favorites for lounges and breakfast-rooms; delicate pinks, lilacs, greens and blues for bedrooms. Choose what you will for your dining-room, but avoid glaring colors.

Modern prepared paints are remarkably easy to use, and by following those common-sense rules about equipment and procedure, even the veriest beginner can do a good painting job.

Until you've actually started on some painting, you can't imagine what a help it is to have all your equipment handy, and in good condition. That is the first rule to

remember. Have everything ready before you start.

If you're getting new brushes, be sure to get good ones that won't moulit as you work. And see that you have the correct size of brushes for the job—a large one for big areas, and a little one for corners and crevices. This thoughtfulness beforehand will pay you a hundred-fold in ease of painting.

Turpentine or kerosene, a scraping knife, sandpaper, and a dusting brush or small hair broom, together with some pieces of cloth that are clean and free from fluff, should also be kept on hand.

Preparing the Surface

AND now for the actual surface you're going to paint. This should be:

- (1) Perfectly dry.
- (2) Absolutely free from grease.
- (3) Free from dust.

Take special care to remove all dust from the tops of doors, skirtings, panels and picture rails, and from the tops and corners of windows and window-sashes. Dust which frequently lodges unseen in cracks and corners can be picked up on the brush while painting and ruin the finished job.

Paint must be stirred and mixed thoroughly before you start to use it. Pour off most of liquid from the top of the tin into another container, and then stir the remaining material from the bottom, making sure it is all taken up off the bottom of the tin.

Now stir back the liquid poured off before. Finally, pour from one tin to the other two or three times. This mixing is most important, as in some cases inadequate stirring may result in patchy colors.

the inside surface of the tin. This saves splashes or drops, and distributes the paint evenly through the brush.

Get the feel of the brush by painting a small patch on a piece of board or an old cardboard box.

When making a painting stroke, the handle of the brush should be almost at right angles to the surface being painted, the bristles bending under a firm pressure.

Silvafras that Heater

Silvafras can stand any heat or any weather. So Silvafras your stove and copper, too. Wherever there is metal inside or outside of the house, there's a use for Taubmans Silvafras.

Silvafras gives a gleaming silvery permanent finish. Never needs polishing.

Ask for Taubmans Silvafras wherever paint is sold

WRITE TO ANNE STEWART ABOUT YOUR DECORATING PROBLEMS

Anne Stewart, author of "The Colorful Home," is in charge of Taubmans FREE HOME DECORATING SERVICE. Write to her in full detail for advice about any home decorating problem you have. Address your letters to Miss Anne Stewart, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, Dept. A46, 75 Mary Street, St. Peter, Sydney, N.S.W.



RHUBARB makes delicious tarts and pies, both large and small. An appetising pie recipe is given on this page.

RHUBARB is GOOD for "SPRING FEVER"

By...

MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

... It's a homely, old-fashioned food, but it abounds in health-giving qualities, and can be made into the most delicious dishes.

REMEMBER the rhubarb pies mother used to make—and the rhubarb stewed and served with lots of cream...

Dishes you ate with relish because you liked them and not because you were told that rhubarb was "good for the blood."

All the same, that old advice still

holds good. Rhubarb is good for you, and especially good for "spring fever," or, to be more explicit, that rather heady but tired feeling that comes when the weather begins to warm up.

Really, I often wonder why we don't make more use of rhubarb. It is one of the finest health foods you can serve at any time, quite apart from this time of the year, when spring begins to show up all faulty complexions.

How do you serve it? Just stewed with custard?

Well, here are some suggestions for new recipes and ways of serving that will make rhubarb a first favorite with your family.

1. Wash and dry well. Then cut rhubarb into one-inch pieces. Measure, and to each two cups allow half cup of sugar. Place in top part of double boiler, cover, and cook till tender. Chill. Serve with cream.
2. Half fill sundae glasses with

To prepare for cooking, the rhubarb is thoroughly washed and then cut into small pieces, as shown above.

steamed rhubarb. Chill. Pour over chilled custard sauce. Decorate with ring of bananas and ratafias.

TO BAKE RHUBARB

Wash and slice rhubarb. Place in greased fireproof dish. Sprinkle over sugar, lemon juice, and orange rind. Bake in a moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes, covered with greased paper.

RHUBARB TOFFEE PUDDING

One and a half bunches rhubarb, 6oz. shortcrust, 6oz. brown sugar, 3oz. butter, ginger.

Grease pie-dish thickly with butter, sprinkle over half the sugar, pressing it well in. Make pastry. Cut one-third off. Roll out larger piece and line dish. Add half the rhubarb cut into small pieces, then the sugar, then rhubarb. Sprinkle in 1 teaspoon ground ginger. Cover with remainder of pastry. Bake in moderate oven for 1 hour. Turn out and serve with cream.

Note: Suetcrust can be used in place of shortcrust, lining basin with it, then steam 2½ hours.

RHUBARB TART

Shortcrust, 1½ lb. rhubarb, sugar, lemon juice, grated orange rind.

Wipe, trim, and slice rhubarb. Make shortcrust. Cut one-third off. Roll out larger piece and line deep sandwich-tin. Pack in the rhubarb. Sprinkle well with sugar, lemon juice, and orange rind. Roll out remainder of pastry and cover. Glaze. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes, lessen heat, and cook 20 minutes longer. Serve hot or cold with cream or custard.

RHUBARB CREAM

One pound rhubarb, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, stick cinnamon, 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup whipped cream.

Wash and cut up rhubarb; add sugar, rind and juice lemon, stick cinnamon. Cook till tender. Remove cinnamon. Allow to cool, then fold in cream. Serve in sundae glasses garnished with rosettes of whipped cream.

RHUBARB FLAN

Shortcrust, 3 cups sliced rhubarb, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons corn-flour, 1oz. gelatine.

Make shortcrust, line greased flan ring placed on greased tin with it. Ornament edges with thumb and forefinger. Prick the centre with a fork. Bake in hot oven till pale brown. Cook rhubarb in very small quantity of water till tender. Pour off any syrup. Add sugar and blended cornflour to the rhubarb puree. Stir over heat for a few minutes to cook cornflour. Cool, pour into cooked case. Dissolve gelatine in the syrup and when beginning to set pour over the fruit to form a glaze. Serve cold.



RHUBARB cream served in sundae glasses is delightful. Do try it. The recipe is given on this page.

RHUBARB MERINGUE

One pound rhubarb, 1½ lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 1 lemon.

Steam rhubarb with half the sugar till tender. Strain off the juice and rub rhubarb through a strainer. Put juice into saucepan and reduce to 1 gill. Add to the rhubarb all puree. Stir in the yolks of eggs and grated lemon rind. Pour into a greased fireproof dish. Bake for 15 minutes. Beat whites, add the sugar. Spread over the rhubarb. Bake in slow oven till meringue is set. Serve hot or cold.

RHUBARB JELLY

One and a half tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup boiling water, lemon juice, 1½ cups stewed rhubarb, sugar to taste, cream.

Soak gelatine in cold water, add boiling water, mix well; add rhubarb, sugar, and lemon juice. Pour into wetted mould. Chill. Turn out to serving-dish. Decorate with whipped cream.

RHUBARB RELISH

Mix 2 cups chopped rhubarb with 2 cups sliced onion, 1 cup vinegar, 2 cups brown sugar, 1 tablespoon salt, and cinnamon, ginger, cayenne to taste.

Put into enamel saucepan and boil 20 to 30 minutes, or until the consistency of jam. Bottle and seal down.

RHUBARB PIE

Bunch rhubarb, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 6oz. shortcrust.

Remove root and leaves from rhubarb, wash well. Cut into pieces about 1 inch long. Place in a pie-dish, piling high in the centre. Sprinkle in sugar and ginger, add 2 tablespoons water. Make the shortcrust. Roll out 1½ inch larger than the pie-dish. Cut a strip off all round, wet the edge of the pie-dish and lay the strips on, wet the strip and lay the pastry on. Trim round the edge cutting from you. Ornament edges with a spoon, fork or scissors. Glaze with water and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderate oven till a pale brown, then lessen the heat and cook slowly to cook the centre mixture. Serve hot or cold with pie collar round the dish. Sprinkle with icing sugar.



Famous Old English Inns

HOST HOLBROOK says:

"The 'White Swan' at Stratford-on-Avon is one of the loveliest inns in England. Its beautiful oak timbering, and recently discovered 16th century fresco, which had been hidden behind oak panels for three centuries, is of enormous interest to lovers of antique craftsmanship."

My Worcestershire Sauce too is of particular interest to connoisseurs, for it has always been brewed in the same good old fashioned way, and matured in vats of English oak until mellowed by age, like good wine."

The World's Appetiser!

HOLBROOK'S

WORCESTERSHIRE

SAUCE



RECIPES for DELICIOUS SAVORY FRITTERS

If you like fritters, try the recipes given below, which have been awarded the first prize of £1 as the week's best entry in our recipe competition.

A novel party savory also wins a prize, and you will find a recipe for a health bread worth trying.

Now let us have your favorite recipe. Write it out, send it in to us, and you may win a cash prize.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded, with 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published. It's worth trying for, isn't it?

FRITTERS

Oyster Fritters: 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 large tablespoon oyster liquor or plain water, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 eggs, 1 doz. oysters, salt to taste.

Dissolve butter in oyster liquor over fire, stir into the flour, take it off fire and add unbeaten eggs, beaten and beat well. Beat oysters and wash them, dip each one in the batter, and fry lightly. Serve with lemon.

Net and Potato Fritters: Prepare a cup of finely-grated mixed nuts, add a cup of cold mashed potatoes, season with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley, and add 2 beaten eggs. Blend thoroughly, stirring in a little milk if necessary, but keeping the mixture like a thick batter. Put some butter in a frying-pan, and when boiling drop spoonfuls of batter into the pan. Cook fritters to light brown.

Cheese Fritters: Two tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon made mustard, 1/2 cup of 2 eggs, 1 oz. grated cheese, 1/2 cup milk, salt.

Beat up the flour, mustard, milk, and a little salt. Add the grated cheese with the whites of eggs beaten stiff. Drop from a teaspoon into boiling fat and fry golden brown. Drain and serve hot.

Corn Fritters: Grate corn from cob and mix in the proportion of 1 cup grated corn to 3 beaten eggs. Add 3 teaspoons rice flour, and fry in boiling fat. Serve piping hot.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Rene Gomers, Glen Erin, Goomeri, Kinross Line, Qld.

Entry wins first prize in our weekly best recipe competition



"OYSTERS" (a novel savory)

Roll out puff pastry very thin and cut with oyster shell shaped cutter (a 2-inch diameter round tin. Pinch one side with fingers to make shell-shaped; punch few nail holes in bottom so pastry won't stick).

Brush shapes over with milk, put small piece of sausage mince, or any desired filling, on one shell, press another on top, press fork round edges, to flute like shell edge. Brush over top with egg and milk glaze. Cook in hot oven 10 minutes or until cooked.

Other Fillings: Raw tomato seasoned, lobster or crab, oysters, salmon mashed, chopped parsley and grated onion, sardines, mashed, hard-boiled eggs, curried mixtures, minced rabbit, or chicken and ham. The "oysters" can be cooked earlier in the day and reheated just prior to serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Lyle Smith, 654 Pacific Highway, Chatswood, N.S.W.

BAKED STUFFED BACON OR HAM

Wash 3lb. ham or bacon, cut off bones and score the skin as if it were the rind of pork. Now take a sharp

FRITTERS are quickly made and always popular, so try the prize-winning recipes given on this page. Serve piping hot with pieces of lemon, as shown on the left.

knife and cut across and through the thin end just above the lean, so as to make a pocket between the lean and the fat. Spread some prepared sausage meat stuffing on the thin lean; press the fat down on it, skewer the meat and bind together. Bake for 1 1/2 to 2 hours in a good hot oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Welch, 33 Merriwa Street, Nedlands, W.A.

HONEY CRUST SPONGE

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon honey, 2 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, salt and cinnamon together. Combine butter, honey and milk, beat to boiling point. Beat eggs until thick and light colored. Add sugar gradually. Beat sugar until dissolved. Fold in flour mixture. Add hot liquid, stirring quickly and lightly until well blended.

THIS WEEK

Chocolate Recipes

CHOCOLATE BANANA MERINGUE
Line a tart tin with pastry and bake in a quick oven for about 15 minutes. Put 1 teaspoon of breadcrumbs into a bowl with a tablespoon of sugar, pinch of salt and a few drops of essence of vanilla. Shred two tablespoons of chocolate and dissolve in a small pan with a pint of milk. When smooth, pour over the breadcrumbs and allow the mixture to soak for ten minutes. Then stir in two yolks of egg.

Pour the mixture into the lined tin and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour. Take out of oven and cover the top with sliced bananas, then spread with meringue made from the whites of the two eggs and 2 tablespoons of sugar. Brown in a slow oven. Any other kind of fruit may be used if liked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Russell, 36 Kemp St., West Kempsey, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE SUNDAY

Make a chocolate custard by mixing a level dessertspoonful of custard powder and 1 dessertspoonful of cocoa together with a little milk to make a smooth paste. Put the remainder of half a pint milk into a pan with 2 dessertspoons sugar, bring to the boil and pour on the cocoa and custard powder. Return to the pan and boil for 1 minute stirring all the time.

For individual sundays crumble some sponge fingers to two-thirds fill the glasses. Dissolve 1/2 pint vanilla jelly and soak the fingers in it, then stir in a spoonful of ground nuts, pour over the chocolate custard to fill the glasses. Decorate with whipped cream and glaze cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Paton, 25 Salisbury Street, Caulfield, Vic.

CHOCOLATE ORANGE SPONGE

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, a pinch salt, 9 tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 unbeaten eggs, 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour once, measure, add rising and salt, and sift three times. Cream butter, add sugar, then add eggs and beat thoroughly. Add flour alternately with milk, beating till smooth, add essence of chocolate (optional), and a pinch of salt. Mix well, add gradually another cup of sugar alternately with about 3 tablespoons orange juice. May be finally

Without loss of time pour batter into greased and floured 7-inch layer tins. Bake in a hot oven 20 minutes, cool; spread plain icing between layers, and cover top and sides of cake with honey crust.

Honey Crust: Bring 1 cup of honey and 1 tablespoon of butter to boil. Then cook slowly 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool. Pour half over top of cake, allow to set a while. Decorate with chopped walnuts, then glaze with the remaining honey mixture.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Murfet, Merseyale, Tas.

HEALTH BREAD

This bread is a splendid corrective for indigestion and constipation.

Three large cups plain flour, sifted with 2 teaspoons baking soda and 4 teaspoons cream of tartar and 1 teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup bran. Put 1 large tablespoon treacle into a cup of boiling water and mix with 1 cup fresh milk. Mix the dry ingredients with this to form a fairly thick batter. Bake in a greased tin in a moderate oven for 1 1/2 hours. Cut into thin slices when cold and butter liberally. A handful of seeded raisins, chopped dates or a few chopped nuts can be added if liked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. John Hook, Box 82, Port Augusta, S.A.

sprinkled with coconut or left chocolate color.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Judith Henderson, 155 Cooper Street, Waverley, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS

Half pound icing sugar, 2oz. chocolate powder, 2oz. ground almonds, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence, white of egg.

Sieve sugar and chocolate powder and put into a bowl with the ground almonds. Mix well, then add vanilla essence and enough white of egg to bind all together. Work with the hand into a smooth paste, turn it into a saucerpan and stir over the fire until lukewarm. Then put the paste into a forcing bag with a rose pipe and squeeze out small, fancy-shaped mounds on a greased and floured tin. Let these stand for three or four hours, and when dry bake in cool oven till crisp.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. O'Brien, 41 Parsons Street, Newmarket, Vic.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW PUFFS

Four ounces butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, marshmallow, 1 large cup sugar, 1 small cup water, 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine, 2oz. sifted icing sugar, 2oz. grated chocolate or cocoa, hot water, 18 walnut halves.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg, stir in sifted flour and baking powder. Roll mixture into small balls the size of a walnut, flatten a little, bake in a moderate oven till lightly browned. When cold, pour a little marshmallow over each cake.

Marshmallow: Boil sugar and water 20 minutes, add gelatine, beat with an eggbeater till it thickens. Mix icing sugar with chocolate and hot water when marshmallow is set, spread top with icing and put walnut on top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Dickinson, 4 Edmond St., Balwyn, Vic.

CREAMY CHOCOLATE RICE FEEDING

Two ounces grated chocolate, 3 cups cold milk, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup rice, 2 1/2 teaspoons gelatine, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1/2 cup cream, 1/2 cup of a cup of broken walnuts.

Wash rice and put in a double boiler with salt, chocolate, and 1/2 cup milk. Cook 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cover and cook 1 1/2 hours longer. Moisten the gelatine with 1/2 cup of milk and allow to stand five minutes. Add sugar and gelatine to the hot rice, and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Chill. When cold, but not set, add the vanilla and nuts; fold in the whipped cream. Chill until the mixture is set. Serve in individual glasses with or without whipped cream. Sufficient for six persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Fraser, 16 Vilaray Street, Kirribilli, N.S.W.

BABY SON and DAUGHTER—Healthy as can be



Such Beautifully Happy Children

Mrs. E. C. NAGEL writes:—"My two children are as healthy as can be. I have given them Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders from their birth. When I first heard of the Infants' Powders I immediately tried them on my little girl, and she has regained health and is a very happy and pleasant child since I started giving her the powders. Both my little son and daughter are such beautifully happy children, because they get their Infants' Powders regularly."

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

are intended to ease pain and soothe the child, check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers ensure the best Protection and Comfort for their Children by using

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

which are safe, reliable, unflinching and guaranteed perfectly harmless.

Box of 20 Powders for 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to: Pharmacia (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., Box 34 P.O., North Sydney.

NURSE WHO BEGAN TO GET FAT

Worried Because it Spoiled Her "Figure"

This nurse was proud of her figure, and when she began to put on weight she was naturally worried about it. She started taking Kruschen, and in a few months she got rid of 18 lbs. of unwanted fat. Delighted with the results, Nurse writes:—

"I am a hospital nurse, 38 years of age. I am 5 feet 8 inches tall and always had a good figure. But about two years ago, I began to get very fat, especially round the abdomen. This worried me very much, not only because it spoiled my figure, but because it made me look much older. A few months ago I started taking Kruschen Salts and soon found I was getting slimmer. I did not weigh myself until last week, and found to my delight that I had lost 18 lbs. of excess fat, and I feel so well."—(Nurse) M.E.C.

Before the first bottle of Kruschen is finished, the fat starts to go. Then, month after month, the scales tell the same story—a few pounds less of superfluous fat to burden the body and endanger the health.

Heals Eczema in 7 Days or Money Back

Here is a surgeon's wonderful prescription now dispensed by chemists at trifling cost, that will do more towards helping you get rid of unsightly spots from skin disease than anything you've ever used.

Not only is this great oil antiseptic, but it promotes rapid and healthy healing in eczemic spots and sores. The itching of eczema is instantly stopped; the eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of barber's itch, salt rheum, and other irritating and unsightly skin troubles.

You can obtain Moone's Emerald Oil in the original bottle at any modern chemist. It is safe to use, and failure in any of the ailments noted above is rare indeed.



Sausages are much more tasty served with thick, rich Bisto gravy

BISTO

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Nurse says—

"If there's anything better than HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE I have yet to find it. I have never found anything so amazingly effective for Coughs, Colds on the Chest, Croup, Bronchitis, etc. No morphia in it either." 2/6 and 4/6.

Always insist on . . .

**HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE**

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Women's and Men's Made-to-Measure, or Ready-to-Wear Garments—Cash or Credit Terms

No MORE DRUDGERY ON . . . WASHING DAY

IT was not very long ago that washing day meant long hours of absolute drudgery for the housewife who did her own washing.

But, just as in many other domestic fields, science has come to the aid of the woman who does her own washing with special washing preparations that practically eliminate all the arduous work of washing clothes.

Most of the preparations make it necessary to boil only, or soak and boil, if clothes are very soiled, followed by generous rinsing.

This, combined with a knowledge of proper washing methods for various fabrics and a practical system of doing the work, means an easy wash day and a more economical one.

Experts who have scientifically studied the problem of the weekly wash advise tackling the work in routine order. First, sort all clothes of similar color, material, and degree of dirtiness into groups.

For instance, table linen, sheets, and slightly soiled garments should be done in the first boil, followed by the badly soiled clothes, towels, and body linen.

Handkerchiefs you are advised to soak overnight. Soaking in water to which a washing preparation has been added is often necessary for

Science comes to the aid of the woman who does her own washing with new preparations and advice

badly soiled garments. Greasy overalls would require overnight soaking; others may need thirty minutes only.

Colored clothes should not be washed with whites unless you have tested them for fast color. Wash separately if you have any doubts at all.

Woolens, silks and other very fine fabrics should also be washed separately in lukewarm water made sudsy with a suitable washing preparation.

For the general weekly wash, remember to use a reliable washing preparation and follow directions on the packet closely.

Although boiling with an efficient washing preparation is usually sufficient to thoroughly clean all clothes, badly soiled parts of garments, such as shirt cuffs and neckbands, should

have a little soap preparation rubbed on them first, before soaking or putting in the copper to boil.

For the usual white wash first fill the copper with cold water to which washing preparation has been added. Now put the least soiled articles dry into the copper.

This is important—always put dry clothes into cold water. If the water is hot, then the clothes must be wet, otherwise any stains will become set.

Now bring the water to the boil and boil for the required time, stirring to allow suds to penetrate the clothes.

Next transfer the clean white things to the rinsing water and fill up your copper again with cold water to make up for that lost when transferring clothes to the rinsing water.

For every extra gallon of water add sufficient washing preparation.

Now you are ready for the second batch of dirtier clothes. But this time, as the water will be hot, see that the clothes are thoroughly wet before they are put in, to avoid stains setting.

For rinsing use cold water and continue until the cold water stays clear. Three rinses should be sufficient to free garments from suds.

If you use blue, stir it round until the water is an azure shade and keep the clothes moving in the water so they won't become streaked.

If you want to wash without boiling, and clothes are very soiled, soak overnight in cold water to which you have added some washing preparation.

Next day wring out the soaking water and plunge the clothes into scalding water which has also been prepared with washing mixture. Leave soaking for about 30 minutes, then rinse thoroughly in cold water until the water remains clear.

Starching

STARCHING is essential for many clothes.

For shirts, collars and cuffs, tablecloths, table mats, etc., use a heavy starch. For children's frocks, aprons, blouses, and table-napkins use a medium starch. For pillowcases, colored clothes, and curtains use a light starch.

And if you want a starch that will not stick to the iron, boil it. Make this by mixing two tablespoons of dry starch with a little cold water until perfectly smooth. Now pour on a quart of boiling water and stir vigorously until the starch is translucent.

Use system, also. In hanging out clothes to dry. Have the clothes-line about six feet from the ground, and use wooden pegs. Have your clothes-basket on a chair to avoid constant stooping.

Shake out as many folds and wrinkles as possible; this will make ironing easier later.

Double sheets in half hem to hem, and place on the line so the hemmed edges hang over the line about a foot. This saves one step in the folding process. Shirts should hang by their tails, and blouses and dresses by their hems. If dresses are very dainty use a clothes-hanger.

Organdies, muslins or voiles should not be hung out at all, but rolled up in an old towel, otherwise they will get too dry for ironing.

To prepare for ironing, sprinkle each garment evenly with warm water, using a little extra on collars and cuffs. As you sprinkle each garment smooth it out and roll it firmly.

Some fabrics like seersuckers and other fancy materials should, of course, be ironed dry.

A word of advice about stockings. Careful washing is essential, using lukewarm water to which specially-prepared soap has been added. Squeeze the suds through the stockings, rubbing the feet and heels lightly.

Then rinse until the water remains clear, squeeze out as much water as possible, roll in a clean, dry towel, and hang to extract remaining moisture.



MODERN scientific washing preparations make washing day an easy one for the woman who does her own washing.

Finally pull stockings into shape, fold from back seam and dry flat or hang half and half over a dry towel. And not in strong sunlight.

A new type of stocking now on the market, by the way, doesn't absorb the water at all in washing. Having been specially treated to make the silk much stronger and wear-resisting, the dirt is washed off the silk as it would be off glass. This, combined with careful washing and drying, results, so the makers claim, in extraordinarily long life for this new type of stocking—good news for those who love sheer silk hose.

You be the JUDGE IN THE CASE OF OLD DUTCH



USE Old Dutch for cleaning porcelain, pots and pans, wooden floors, benches and tables, crockery and metalware. Notice how quickly and easily it cleans and how smooth it leaves each surface. A little Old Dutch does a great deal of cleaning; it is kind to tender hands; won't clog drains and removes odours. You will decide, after this trial, that Old Dutch is indeed "The Modern Cleanser." Compare Old Dutch with ordinary harsh cleansers, sandpapers or pottes. Make these interesting little tests, evolved by scientists, then judge for yourself.

CONSIDER THE EVIDENCE!



Old Dutch, made with Seismolite, doesn't scratch. Sprinkle some on the back of a plate, then rub with a coin. You'll hear no harsh, grinding sound because Old Dutch contains no grit. Test any ordinary cleanser and note the difference.



Take two pieces of glass free from scratches. Place a little Old Dutch between them and rub together. Examine the glass carefully. There won't be a mark on the smooth surfaces. Make the test with an ordinary cleanser and see what it does to the glass—the same as it will do to windows, bath tubs and everything you use it on.



Now prove Old Dutch's economy. Pencil the date on the tin when you start to use it. Look at the calendar when it's empty. You will see how much longer Old Dutch lasts and how much more cleaning it does per penny of cost.

WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?

What can it be, but that Old Dutch is the only cleanser you need? Take this tip—buy TWO tins of Old Dutch, one for the kitchen and one for the bathroom. It will save you time and needless steps each day.

SPECIAL OFFER! "Utility" Spoon Set for only 5/6 and 5 Old Dutch labels

Send now, while stocks last, for this lovely matching set of one large and six small "Utility" Spoons, in Al Silverplate, made by Viner & Hall, Ltd., Sheffield, England. Ideal for fruit salad, ice-cream, soup or porridge. Choice of 10 other units—see below.

HOW TO GET THIS SILVERWARE

Send 2 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and 3/- Postal Note for EACH unit listed. You may order one unit or as many as you wish. They are all guaranteed A.I. Silverplate or Stainless Steel. Offer does not apply in S.A. or Queensland.

1. 4 TEASPOONS (value 15/- per dozen).
2. 2 DESSERT SPOONS (value 13/- per dozen).
3. 2 DESSERT KNIFE and FORK (value 5/- per pair).
4. 2 SOUP SPOONS (value 11/- per dozen).
5. 2 TABLE KNIFE and FORK (value 4/- per pair).
6. 2 TABLE SPOONS (value 17/- per dozen).
7. 1 pair FISH EATERS (value 5/- per pair).
8. 1 FRUIT SPOONS, Gold-lined bowls (value 22/- per dozen).
9. 1 FRUIT FORKS to match Fruit Spoons (value 22/- per dozen).
10. 1 SERVING SPOON, Gold-lined bowl (value 8/-).

ORDER FORM

CUDAHY & CO. LTD., Elgar St., Globe, N.S.W.

I enclose _____ windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and Postal Note for _____ for which please send me (post paid) Units number _____

Name _____

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BRUNETTES use Amami No. 1



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— and always remember —

FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT

If you have any difficulty in obtaining AMAMI Shampoo please write to Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonald Hse., Pitt St., Sydney.

FOR SEWING MACHINES

Sweepers and all household appliances

LUBRICATES
CLEANS
PREVENTS RUST

3-IN-ONE OIL



Magic with a Paint Brush

By OUR HOME
DECORATOR



DECORATING glassware with painted designs is a fascinating hobby and not difficult to learn. This water set is decorated with large coin spots of paint in gay colors.



WHEN painting chairs do the legs first, then the back, and finally the arms and seat. Put papers underneath the article to catch any paint drippings.

SPREAD a little color round the house—on walls, furniture, even blinds and metal-work—and you'll be thrilled with the transformation.

IT'S a simple matter, these days, for any woman to be her own home decorator and freshen up the house with paint and brush in quite a professional style.

Suppose you're planning to cheer up the kitchen by painting over the dark stained chairs with a coat of bright enamel. Painted furniture is very smart now, for any room, and practical, because it's easy to keep clean, and you can change it as often as you like. Here's how to set about the job:

Since most furniture has been given a rub with furniture polish at one time or another, the wax will have to be removed first.

Benzine can be used for this, or soap powder in warm water. Then remove all hinges and handles and sandpaper the whole surface thoroughly and brush it over.

Now you're ready to start. If you're painting any piece of furniture like a chair or a stool, set it up on a table so that it's more convenient for working. Do the legs first, then the back, finally the arms and seat. Do inside of the legs of tables first, then outside, next all the framework, and lastly the top.

When painting wardrobes or cupboards, remove all slides and drawers, and paint these separately. Do the panels first, the horizontal pieces next, and lastly the side pieces.

For Metal Work

CANISTERS, stoves, pipes, or any metal surfaces are easy to prepare for painting. Remove all loose particles of rust with emery cloth or steel wool. If previously painted smooth all chipped spots with sandpaper, and make sure the surface is clean and free from grease by washing down with benzine.

Venetian Blinds

THERE'S a great vogue nowadays for venetian blinds . . . but not dingy, dark green or brown ones. Modern venetian blinds are painted white, off-white, or cream for preference, and very lovely they look, too.

For painting, the blind should first be taken to pieces and each slat cleaned and smoothed. Rest one end on a bench while painting, and hang by the slots on nails, or lean against a wall to dry.

Paint the walls and woodwork in a room and you completely rejuvenate it. To do walls, you should start painting at the right hand top corner and work in strips from top to bottom. This way you keep your left hand away from the finished work, not to mention yourself.

Before doing the woodwork, make sure if you are using a different color that the walls are perfectly dry first.



ARE YOU SURE You're Not Offending?

There is only one way to be sure of your freshness. Prevent underarm perspiration before it starts . . . Keep the underarm dry! A deodorant that merely takes the odour out of perspiration without checking it—doesn't protect your clothing from ugly stains and that stale, lingering odour. Odorono gently checks underarm perspiration—a habit practiced and recommended by doctors.

ODO-RO-NO



2 KINDS:
Odorono Regular
Instant Odorono
Prices:
1/-, 2/-
and 3/6

WHY not try painting small articles such as glassware? Plain jugs and glasses can be turned into things of astonishing beauty with a little clever decoration. It's a fascinating hobby to take up, and the necessary materials—special paints and brushes—and instruction literature are usually obtainable from leading city stationers.

END YOUR DREAD OF KIDNEY TROUBLE NO DELAY—RELIEF BEGINS AT ONCE

Here's a message of hope to every man and woman living in dread of Kidney Trouble

Kidney trouble can be ended. There is no need to stay in danger. There is no need for you to endure painful, distressing symptoms, bad back, aching muscles, rheumatism, stiff joints, dizziness, baggy eyes, too-old, worn-out feeling. We tell you that if you start to-day taking De Witt's Pills, in 24 hours you will have proof positive that they are moving the cause of your pain and weakness from the system.

ENDS PAIN—GIVES NEW VITALITY

The wonderful thing about De Witt's Pills is the fact that they bring quick relief and lasting benefit. Gone the "Oh! my poor back!" Stiff, swollen knees loosen up. No more agonising, rheumatic pains. Hands with joints enlarged, encrusted with deposits of uric acid, can once again be moved easily. Gone are those dizzy spells, that haggard, baggy-eyed, too-old look that kidney trouble always gives. Once again you want to be up and doing, for De Witt's Pills not only make you pain-free, but make you feel and look years younger.

De Witt's Pills just dispel completely the excess uric acid and impurities, the root of your trouble. No purging. Nothing violent or likely to upset man or woman at any age or at any time. Every dose you take fortifies you against further attacks of pain. Give De Witt's Pills a trial and prove these facts for yourself.

FAMOUS FOR 50 YEARS

Only you can avoid the terrible consequences of neglecting kidney and bladder troubles. Don't wait to become bed-ridden. De Witt's Pills can, will and must benefit you. Their 50 years' reputation proves this. Get your supply to-day and prove this fact, as so many thousands of others have done.



Weak Kidneys cause that Pain in the Back

DE WITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/3, 3/- and 5/6. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 188-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



BEFORE PAINTING, all surfaces should be thoroughly brushed and cleaned to get rid of surface dust and grease.

NO MORE DULL SURFACES—



DO IT
WITH

QUICK ENAMEL

There's neither mess nor bother with "QUICK" Enamel—and it dries perfectly in four hours! Sold by all paint and hardware stores.

Made by
LEWIS BERGER & SONS (Australia) PTY., LTD.
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**A 1/2 WAY
TOOTH PASTE
CAN'T FIGHT THE
TWO-WAY BATTLE
.. against tooth decay
.. against gum infection**

Decay isn't the only enemy which threatens your teeth. You must combat also the ever-present menace of insidious, unsightly, health destroying PYORRHEA. Take the advice of dentists everywhere, who recommend FORHAN'S to both clean the teeth and prevent Pyorrhea. Forhan's — and Forhan's alone — contains the special ingredient which gives this real protection to your gums. Only FORHAN'S can give you this double protection. Don't let Pyorrhea start in your mouth — start with FORHAN'S (to-day), use it regularly and keep your teeth sparkling white and your gums firm and healthy.

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Forhan's
for the gums

**DOES BOTH
JOBS** Cleans Teeth
Prevents
Pyorrhea
Price 2/-
Extra large tube 3/-

HEADACHES—DESTROYERS of BEAUTY



PATIENT: As a sufferer from frequent headaches, my condition has been diagnosed as "migraine." Is this a serious complaint?

TO suffer from periodical headache is always an annoying and decidedly unpleasant experience. But to be the victim of "migraine," commonly called "sick headache," is indeed a serious matter.

The number of sufferers from this condition is very great and the "cures" offered to overcome it are almost as numerous.

Migraine is one of the severe forms of headache. Some persons are particularly liable to it, very much more so than others.

It occurs among women about three times as often as men.

Change of life or "menopause," as the doctors call it, is often a contributing factor. In such cases it is probably the result of some glandular disturbance.

Persons who are easily upset and subjected to excessive work, emotional or psychic strain, as well as other upsets, are those most apt to suffer from migraine.

Of course, not all cases are the same, and for this reason it is difficult to explain the mechanism of these headaches.

What My Patients Ask Me
By . . . A DOCTOR

Migraine, like other headaches may be the result of some disturbance of the stomach or other digestive or internal organs. It should really be regarded as a symptom or sign of a disease, and not as a disease in itself.

It is a danger signal that must not be ignored.

During recent years a great deal of publicity has been given to what is called "allergy." This is the peculiar sensitivity of some persons to certain substances. It may be some food, or something breathed into the lungs, or Hives or another form of skin disturbance is at times a symptom of allergy.

Some authorities believe there is a definite relationship between migraine and allergy. They point out that in both afflictions there are certain periods when the victim is free from attacks.

They also show that some sufferers from migraine headache have attacks after eating certain foods. The specialists now recommend careful investigation of the so-called "allergic" reactions of the patient.

FOR YOUNG Wives and MOTHERS

By MARY TRUBY KING

THE following suggestions for planning the day may help the busy mother:

6 a.m.—Feed baby. Hold him out. Put back in cot to sleep. If baby is artificially fed, after your own breakfast make up the milk-mixture for the 24 hours. Also get everything ready for baby's bath.

9 a.m.—Give baby a drink of water if thirsty. If it is summer, this is the time for his sunbath.

9.30 a.m.—Wash and dress baby.

10 a.m.—Feed baby. Then put him to sleep out of doors, or, if this is not possible, in his cot near an open window.

1 p.m.—Offer baby a drink of warm boiled water. If it is winter, this is the time for his daily sunbath. About 15 minutes before the 2 p.m. feed, baby, if over two months of age, can have its kicking time on mother's lap, or in the kicking-pen.

(The kicking-pen comes into use when baby is three months old.)

Afternoon Routine

2 p.m.—Feed baby. Hold out. Put him back into his cot in the garden. If baby is over six months, he may be taken for a short walk in his pram when he wakes up after the 2 p.m. feed. Should there be no level pavements or paths, baby is better left in the garden or on a verandah than tossed about over a bumpy road.

Some time during the afternoon the mother should endeavor to have at least half an hour's rest, with her feet up.

4 p.m.—Give baby his orange juice and water.

5-6 p.m.—"Mothering time." Bath. Change of clothes.

6 p.m.—Feed baby. Put in cot to

sleep till the final feed of the day, at 9.30 or 10 p.m.—If possible, the mother should be ready for bed before giving this feed, so that she shall have about eight hours of sleep herself.

This feed should be given in a darkened room so as not to wake baby too much. Change the nappin. Baby should sleep right through the night now until 6 a.m. without any attention.

Open the windows wide in baby's nursery. Night air does good.

If there is any draught, protect the head end of baby's cot with a low screen.

After the tenth month, the 10 p.m. feed is gradually lessened in amount, and omitted by the time baby is one year.

After each feed, handle baby as little as possible. Make sure that baby "brings up his wind" half-way through, and again at the end of each meal.

To get rid of the wind, baby should be held upright against the mother's left shoulder, while she gently pats him on the back with her right hand, until he makes the requisite sound.

In making out a daily timetable, the mother must take into account whether baby is fed three-hourly or four-hourly, and plan her day accordingly.

Sir Truby King said: "The mother who 'can't be so cruel' as to wake her sleeping baby at the appointed feeding-times fails to realize that one or two such wakings would be all she would ever have to resort to."

"Babies fed regularly, by the clock, tend to sleep like dormice and digest their food well. They are infinitely more contented and happy than those fed in a slipshod manner."

SAID MRS. SMITH-JONES TO THE CHILDREN'S NEW NURSE
"TAKE CARE OF DEAR HORACE AND JANE."



"YOUR HANDS!" SOBBED POOR ANNIE "YOUR KNEES! I'LL BE SACKED!"
SAID JANE "WHEN THERE'S SOLVOL? WHAT ROT!"

BUT ONCE OUT OF SIGHT ANNIE'S CHARGES TOOK CHARGE
AND STARTED TO PLAY IN A DRAIN.



SO ANNIE USED SOLVOL—WHICH GOT THEM SO CLEAN
HER WAGES WERE RAISED ON THE SPOT!



SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS IN 30 SECONDS!

KIDDIES' GRUBBY LITTLE HANDS NEED SOLVOL!

THE PENETRATING LATHER CHASES OUT EVEN WORN-IN-DIRT—GETS HANDS AND KNEES AS CLEAN AS A WHISTLE WITHOUT PAINFUL SCRUBBING! AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP—SOLVOL! REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!

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**White
not YELLOW**

For a really white
wash you must use
blue in the last rinse.

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

RECKITT'S BLUE

BEAUTY at HOME . . .

TAKE time off from your household duties to care for your looks. Be proud of the shine of your silverplate, but don't forget that a shine on your hair and a glow in your skin are important too.

By JANETTE

Of course you are proud of your home. You have carefully thought out its furnishings and color schemes and you have every



BE WISE, like Della Lind, the Viennese film actress, and have a light lunch during the day. Manage a glass of milk if you can for your health's sake.



WITH a light make-up and a dainty frock you can look just as charming at home as Florence Rice. Metro - Goldwyn-Mayer, does here.



MAKE THOROUGH face cleansing, especially after dusty housework—a daily ritual. Toby Wing, Paramount player, shows you how to wipe the face with a soft tissue after you have used cleansing cream.

reason to believe the results are most attractive.

What of yourself? How do you fit into your pretty home?

Has it occurred to you that the charm of your home will be all the greater if you, too, are attractive to look at?

If you manage to keep yourself well groomed looking and neatly frocked . . . If your hair and skin are healthy and alive looking . . .

But you may complain that your home takes up so much of your time that there's no time left for yourself.

Sorry to say it, but you are making a big mistake. Better to let something go in the house, to miss an even important routine cleaning job and give some regular time to yourself.

Time Now

IT'S time you did something now about being that luxurious and glamorous lady that you've always wanted to be.

The easiest and most inexpensive way to accomplish this is to make a ritual of your daily bath.

A good warm bath relaxes your muscles, especially after a strenuous morning round the house. It is also a wonderful curative for worry, excitement and any nervous exhaustion.

And it does more than that. It bucks you up, makes you feel you've got a new lease of life. It also helps to tone up the skin for the

short sleeves and swim suits that you'll be donning any moment now.

A tip that will make the bath a combination cleanser and massage is to use a brush or a rough sponge.

The old-fashioned soft wash-cloth is definitely out.

There's nothing which cleans so thoroughly and leaves your skin so clear and satiny-smooth as a brisk going over with a good bath-brush. This is especially good if you've been doing dusty housework. And if you rub it briskly up and down the spine it will have quite an exhilarating effect.

The rough going-over is not only a toner, but it gets rid of any unattractive rough spots and goose-pimples.

If you are one who likes to top your bath off with a shower and still not lose the glamor of your scented water, here's the way to do it:

Put a few of your bath crystals into a piece of cheese-cloth and tie it right over the head of your shower. If you are using bath oil, douse some on the cheese-cloth.

Rough Towel

ALWAYS dry with a big, rough towel. This gives you a final gentle massage, and all you have to do is dust off the torso with a dusting powder and you are ready for anything—fine feathers and new adventures if you are going out.

Important, too, is a night and morning cleansing of your face. You can surely manage a few minutes before you pop into bed at night, and you can make the morning cleansing a daily routine when you take your tub.

And don't, as so many of you do, skimp your lunch. I know some of you don't bother about it at all. You wait until the man of the house and the children come home at night before you have a good meal.

Take time to sit down and have a light lunch—preferably one consisting of a salad, wholemeal bread, and honey, fruit and milk. If you are afraid of putting on weight, omit the bread and honey.

The break from household duties is worth it alone apart from the health value of a light meal during the day.

You owe it to yourself to care for your looks. Give yourself some of your time every day, and don't make the foolish mistake of spending every minute on your house and your family.

Now— Try Pond's Two Creams with the active "Skin— Vitamin"

• "Now I've been using Pond's Creams containing the 'skin-vitamin,'" says the Viscountess Dunwich, "my skin has a much better color, is finer, smoother, younger. How glad I am that Pond's have discovered such a marvellous way to make these creams help us even more."

Helps skin in more ways than ever

FOUR years ago, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better. They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supplies of this vitamin in diet. This was the "skin-vitamin". This vitamin aids in keeping your skin beautiful.

Pond's requested biologists of long standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams. For over three years they worked. To-day—you can have its benefits for your skin, in Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream and Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream.

POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths. Put it in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin".

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughness, smooths skin instantly, powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing.



Now with
the active
"SKIN-VITAMIN"



**THE VISCOUNTESS
DUNWICH**
"Pond's creams
now help me
even more."



• Here you see microscopic section of skin treated with Pond's "skin-vitamin" creams. Without the "skin-vitamin" this section of skin was harsh, dry and old looking. Now, with the "skin-vitamin," the dried-up, flattened cells are rounded out, the oil glands healthy.

Now contains the active "skin-vitamin." And remember, Pond's Creams cost no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, as well as large and small jars for your dressing table.

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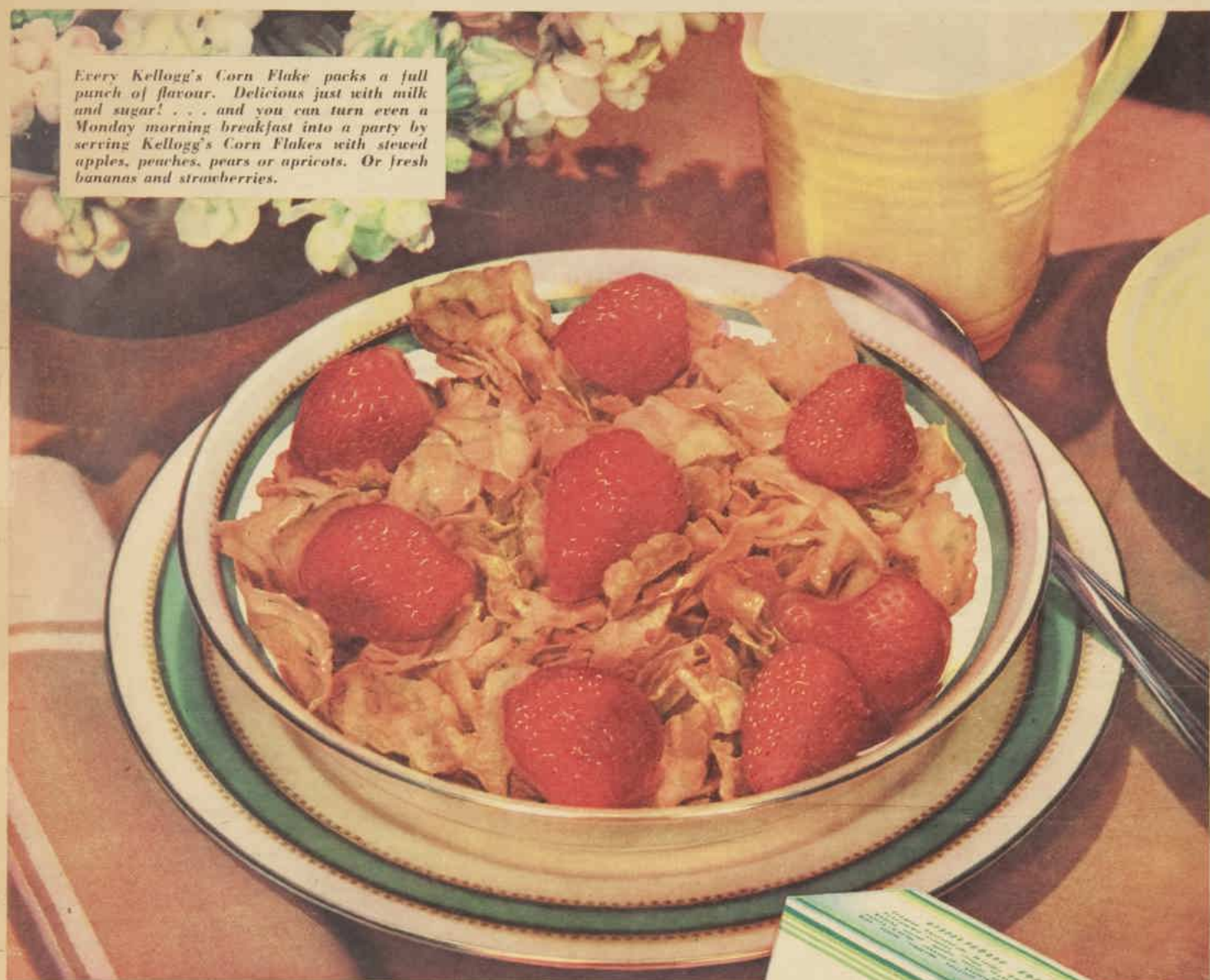
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CALL BACK LOVE

By Margaret Grant



THE rain slashed across the street in heavy diagonal sheets, like a rain storm in a Japanese print. Cornelia huddled back under the awning of the market, but the splatter of the water still wet her ankles and a sneaky chill bit maliciously into her bones. "So this is Southern California," she thought ironically.

She checked over in her mind the things she had come out to get—butter, silver polish, vegetables, also oilcloth for the kitchen table and a jigsaw puzzle for Jennifer, who was getting over the measles. The misgiving entered her mind that it was probably too old for her, but Andy, who had the patience of a saint, could work it out with her when he had time.

The rain whipped her to the necessity of getting out of it. The car was a hundred yards away in a parking space, but she made a dash for it.

She entered the parking lot like a full-laden camel doing a schottische over puddles, with the jigsaw puzzle, an inadequate umbrella, and the parking check between her teeth. She pushed her face out to the man who came out of the garage, walking obvious and jaunty in his white ducks. "Great weather we're having," he greeted her blithely, pulling the check out of her mouth.

"Lovely!" she threw at him.

As it grew time for Andy to get home from the hospital, she had ready, in addition to a good dinner, a full and complete bill of complaint against life in the sunny southland, public school for Jennifer, the hours that clinical duties enforced on a young doctor, and what a young doctor's life did to a young doctor's wife.

When he finally came, late as usual, he just stood there on the threshold dripping water from all over him like a shower curtain. She had forgotten how good it always was to see him. She rushed to him, oblivious to his streaming coat, and as he leaned down to kiss her, his hat tilted, and a half pint of water cascaded down her back and over her dress. "Oh!" she spluttered. "This is adding injury to insult! Were you saving that up for me, or what?"

He laughed. "Sure. Walked all the way home just for that reason."

"You walked?"

"Did I? The only thing I ever miss out here is bad weather. How's Jennifer?"

"Fine. I let her up for an hour."

It was not until after dinner that she finally got down to cases. The thing that had cramped her style was the way in which he had squinted up his eyes and

looked at her while they were eating. He hadn't said a word, but had merely helped just enough with the dishes afterwards to get in her way, and then had settled himself on the sofa with his filled but unlit pipe. She squared her shoulders behind the kitchen door, and tried to phrase the thought that had been growing in her for days. "Andy, let's go back east." It would be best to come right out with it. She walked resolutely into the living-room, but before she could say anything, Andy smiled at her.

"Well, spill it, Neal. You won't be able to hold it much longer without bursting." She was suddenly aware that she was standing there with her mouth open like a guppy fish in the bird store. She couldn't say it. Andy loved California. There were some people like that, she supposed, and Andy happened to be one of them. "There's nothing to spill," she said, and managed to laugh. But the way his arms went around her made her suddenly cry. She cried against his shoulder until she felt empty and weak, but washed clean of all her bitterness and confusion.

Later that night as they lay side by side she remembered that she had forgotten, as always, her list of clipped and clever retorts. The long and short of it was that she was satisfied with being anywhere as long as she and Andy were together. But there were some matters, she reminded herself firmly, that had to be cleared up between them. Jennifer, for one thing—the public school.

He was mildly obdurate, as she had known he would be. "Jen is the kind of child no school can hurt."

"It isn't the school hurting her," Cornelia attempted to clarify.

"Well, then I don't think she can hurt any school."

Cornelia stiffened beside him, and he hastened on with, "Look here, Neal, if you've got your heart set on it, all right."

He got out of bed and went to his dresser in the dark and rustled through his drawer. When he came back he slipped a piece of paper into her hands. He turned on the light and she saw it was a cheque for two hundred and fifty dollars.

She gasped. "Oh, Andy! Where did it come from?"

"I present you," he announced elaborately, "with Mrs Jacobs' busted appendix."

"She must have been satisfied."

"She didn't die," replied Andy complacently. "Doctor Lane's first important surgical case outside the charity wards. We're going places, my lass."

"But what about the things you've needed for your office?"

"There'll be other private work, and in the meantime this will see Jen to Miss Florabel Lee's Select Seminary for Young

Ladies, or whatever it's called, and you won't have to touch your precious house savings."

"It's called the New-way School—I certainly will touch my house savings. I'm going to buy you the best microscope I can find."

She was soon asleep, curled in the crescent of childhood, her dark head burrowed almost to her knees. How difficult it was for her to relax, even in sleep, reflected Andy. He wished desperately, as he lay wakefully beside her, for wisdom to help her bridge these difficult months. Her irritability, so swiftly superseded by contrition, her intense preoccupation with Jenny's well-being, her grudge against California (she grinned into the dark), were all symptoms to be expected after a shock such as she had so recently suffered. Never a very expert driver, she had backed into a truck less than two months ago, and their small light car had overturned. Their little boy was prematurely born that same night, and lived only three hours.

Cornelia's superficial recovery was swift and uneventful. She was up and about within a few weeks' time, her energies inexhaustible and her lips smiling. But Andy knew that behind her wooden gaiety, and her feverish desire for occupation lay the subtle, nagging void of the baby who had never rested within her arms. He spoke to his chief about it. Dr. Grayson said, "You have to expect a slight psychological trauma and it'll take time for her to get over it. A change of scene—a boat trip perhaps, would help her." It hadn't been easy, however, to manage a vacation. Her illness had cut deep into their meagre savings and besides, he could not get leave from the hospital for more than a few days. "I don't want to go away," Cornelia had abruptly decided. "I feel perfectly well. The only thing wrong is that I'm not busy enough. I need a job."

He had an open mind about it. "What kind of a job?" he queried.

"I suppose you think I couldn't act?"

"I think you're a grand actress," he assured her gravely. "Too good an actress I wish you'd just be natural, darling, and lie in bed all morning, and play bridge all afternoon and bawl your head off, and be a silly female."

Her eyes grew vigilant. "You didn't marry a silly female. And I'd rather die than lie in bed, and I don't know any women here that I can talk two words to, much less play bridge with, which I hate anyway. No, Andy, I need work. This tiny house and Jennifer at school aren't half enough to keep me busy."

He realised that both she and Jenny would be the better for some outlet to her pent-up emotions, so he had encouraged her to find a job.

But she wasn't a very patient person, and several weeks of fruitless search left her more than ever dissatisfied with herself. She placed her name on every casting list and waited interminably for the telephone to ring.

Andy drove Cornelia and Jennifer to the school the following Monday—much too early because he was due at the hospital at eight-thirty. Wednesdays and Fridays were his days at the clinic, and Cornelia's days for the car. It was too bad that Jennifer wasn't beginning on a Wednesday or a Friday, Cornelia thought. The rest of the days she wouldn't mind taking the trolley or the bus, but on the first day it would have been nice to have had a car at her disposal.

The nearer they came to the school, the greater grew her apprehensions about Andy's reactions, and the redder grew her memory of the particular henna wash that Miss Lee affected.

"She's a movie actress, Miss Lee," Cornelia suddenly informed him as they turned into the elaborate grounds of their destination. "Or, rather, she used to be. Lots of picture people send their children to her."

Andy put two and two together. "You don't say so," he noncommittally replied. "Is this a school?" asked Jennifer reservedly.

"Yes, darling," answered Cornelia tremulously. "Isn't it simply lovely? Look at all those gorgeous cacti, Andy—cacti, I guess, isn't it?"

Cornelia was nervous, that was evident. Her hand, reaching for Andy's, was quite cold although the day was hot.

"It doesn't look like a school," Jennifer went on firmly. "There aren't any children or anything."

"We're the first here," explained Andy. "See those nice goldfish," he added in kind co-operation.

Cornelia looked at him gratefully. "I'm sure she'll be happy here," she appealed. "They have milk and crackers at ten-thirty—or did I tell you?"

"You told me," said Andy. "That's fine." Miss Lee came out to meet them. In the ruthless morning sun Cornelia saw that she had had her face lifted. It was like false teeth which never quite belonged, no matter how good they were. Miss Lee's gay, youthful countenance and slim figure clad in sailor slacks did not seem to be really a part of her. The soul which looked out of her full-lidded hazel eyes was too old and too tired.

"My husband, Doctor Lane," said Cornelia. "So glad!" cried Miss Lee joyously. She fell to her knees before Jennifer. "And this is my very newest pupil!" she cried with an effusiveness which was also an admission that she didn't know anything about children. "What is your name, darling?"

"Jennifer," Cornelia quickly answered. "My father calls me Jenny, though." "Jennifer's a charming name!" enthused Miss Lee.

"Simply charming. We're going to have the nicest time together, Jennifer . . ." she paused invitingly.

"Say something, Jennifer," prompted Cornelia a little sharply as Jennifer stared with her mouth unbecomingly agape.

"She's shy," Miss Lee made generous excuse. "Oh," she broke off, "the children are beginning to come now—"

Three long black limousines rolled soundlessly up the driveway. "Looks like a funeral," said Andy under his breath.

Miss Lee laid hold of the new arrivals and introduced them to Jennifer. They all bided at the introduction and sized up

one another with the reserve and wariness of strange dogs. They were just normal children in spite of the limousines, Andy decided with relief.

"Let's leave them alone," cried Miss Lee with a sly, broad wink. "That's the best way, I've always found. Come, let me show you the school, Doctor Lane—"

Andy said courteously that he was sorry, but he was already late for the hospital. He knew exactly what it would look like on the inside. There wouldn't be any blackboards, but there would be a great many birdcages and a lot of crayon drawings on the wall.

Cornelia carefully changed her clothes before calling for Jennifer that afternoon. It was going to be a great deal more interesting than joining the hundred or so mothers who swarmed about the public school every day at three.

When she arrived there was already a line of big cars halfway down the block, and a scrambling of youngsters being herded by chauffeurs towards their separate equipages.

Miss Lee brought Jennifer to her and said that they had had a very happy time, hadn't they, dear? Jennifer didn't look very happy, but she nodded politely. "I learned how to tap dance," she offered, with her face lighting briefly.

"Isn't that nice?" cried Cornelia, wondering what Andy would think of the day's academic achievement.

"We have play supervision for a few of the younger children, perhaps Jennifer would like to stay on and get better acquainted," suggested Miss Lee.

Cornelia said she wouldn't mind waiting if Jennifer wanted to remain. "Would you, dear?"

Jennifer continued to be polite and nodded again.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Miss Lee approvingly. "You run over to Miss Letty and I'll kidnap mother for a cup of tea—"

Cornelia flushed with pleasure. "I'd adore to," she accepted happily.

As the tea was brewing Cornelia glanced about the cheerful cluttered sitting-room, separated from the school proper by a short connecting passageway. In it was a little bit of everything that had gone into the making of Florabel Lee. Photographs on the wall showed her in every costume of her cinematic career, from Cleopatra to the Rancher's Daughter with a six-gun at her belt, while many of the group pictures bore the signatures of the famous and the once-famous of the movie world.

"I envy a woman with a life as full as yours," Cornelia said wistfully as Miss Lee brought cups and plates from a corner cupboard.

Florabel paused, her eyes suddenly luminous and brooding in the manner of a great actress. "You envy me," she repeated with a cryptic little smile.

"Your career, I mean, the excitement of living that you've had, the work you've done, this interesting school—"

Miss Lee looked out the window to where Jennifer was playing in a sedate, supervised way. Then she looked at Cornelia and slowly shook her head. "All that I have had is so little beside what you have had," she said. "And yet you, too, have loved and lost," she continued tetchily. "Don't try to tell me you haven't."

Cornelia clasped her hands. "I want to act. Ever since I was a little girl I've always dreamed of being a great actress." Miss Lee sighed. "And when that urge

is in us we can never be happy, truly happy, until in some way or other it is expressed."

"I'd do anything!" cried Cornelia impulsively. "I'd be willing just to be a stand-in to begin with."

"But it's so terribly hard, especially in pictures," Miss Lee went on, frowning. "The screen isn't the theatre, you know. It isn't what you can do. It's what the camera can see you do."

"I realise that, but as long as I have to live out here the movies are my last and only hope of ever amounting to anything. I gave up all idea of the stage when I married Andy, but lots of movie actresses have husbands and households, haven't they?" A quiver of entreaty crept into Cornelia's voice.

Miss Lee nodded. "They have lots of husbands," she acknowledged largely. "That's the least of it. It's the getting started. Tell me, do you know David Morris?" Cornelia shook her head. The only people she knew were the casting directors' secretaries. "Do you know him?"

Miss Lee's face seemed to light up from within and her voice took on a strange huskiness when she answered. "He's my best friend, the dearest friend I've ever had."

Cornelia gazed with awe at her. "It must be wonderful—"

"In fact," Miss Lee went on, preening a little. "I'm having dinner with him tonight. He wants to talk to me about a sequence in the Von Loben picture."

"A part?" breathed Cornelia.

"A part for the school."

"For the school?"

Miss Lee nodded. "Trust David to pioneer. They need some classroom scenes, and he wants to use normal regular school children in the normal regular routine of a school day instead of the spoiled children off the extra lists."

"But won't that mean that you'll be in it, too?"

Miss Lee smiled happily. "Yes, I will. There'll be a scene or two written for me. I almost have a feeling that David's doing this to give me a chance to stage a comeback. You see, it will be my first appearance since sound."

"How thrilling!" exclaimed Cornelia.

"It's a great secret," Miss Lee hastened to warn her. "I shouldn't have told you. The Industry (she used the word with weight) doesn't like to have its thunder stolen."

"I won't say a word," promised Cornelia earnestly.

She felt rich with importance. As she rode home in the crowded evening trolley with Jennifer perched on her knees, her thoughts were in the clouds.

About two weeks later Andy came home one evening and found Cornelia in the midst of a voluminous correspondence, with Jennifer glued to her side and breathing down her neck while she watched. Stacks of small square envelopes already addressed and sealed lay neatly to one side of the desk, and Andy had only to glance at the gaily-colored invitation which Cornelia was filling out to know what was afoot. He leaned down and kissed both his daughter and his wife, muzzling his cold nose into their necks and making them squeal.

"I'm having a party," said Jennifer.

"How nice of you, for my birthday?" queried Andy, who was going to be thirty-one the following day.

This struck Jennifer as being very funny. She doubled up. Her capacity for mirth was always a surprise and an enchantment. Laughter would roll over her in gusts and

CALL BACK LOVE

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

shake her little body and chase across her small, serious face, transforming it completely into crinkling hilarity. Andy alone, and occasionally Cornelia, knew the secret of evoking merriment in her. It never failed to fill them with delight. They smiled at each other now as Jenny wiped the tears out of her eyes and hiccupped helplessly, saying: "Oh, excuse me."

"I'll consider it," said Andy.
"Don't start her off again," warned Cornelia. "No, but, seriously, Andy, we're celebrating Jennifer's birthday a little ahead of time."

Andy nodded gravely. He had expected something of the sort. Cornelia was lonely and she wanted friends, the right kind of friends. It was going to be her party in some subtle way, even more than it was going to be Jennifer's party.

"It always helps to break the ice in a new school," she continued earnestly.

For days following, the house was littered with ribbons and crepe papers and paints, and both Jennifer and Cornelia were in a pleasant dither of excitement. On the morning of the party they were up at sunrise, looking out of the window.

"It's going to be a lovely day, Mummy!" called Jennifer in a loud whisper from her room.

"Isn't it, though! Shh—don't wake Daddy—"

"I'm awake, what do you think?" mumbled Andy. "Go back to bed, you goopa."

He ate his breakfast off a tray and was invited not to return for lunch. "If you do, you'll get sandwich crusts with bits of lettuce and paste stuck to them. But be sure to come home before the party's over, not later than five," Cornelia begged him.

"Oh," said Andy, "so you want to show me off."

"How did you guess? You are handsome, darling, didn't you know it?"

"Certainly I know it."

"She threw her arms around him and hugged him tightly. "You're such a satisfactory idiot."

"Love me?"

"Crazy about you."

"Happy?"

"Busting."

He curtailed his clinic hours that afternoon and, as he had promised her, arrived home shortly after five o'clock. As he turned the corner he was a little surprised to see no evidences of festivity on the block. There was a bakery wagon with bells on, and the ordinary number of ordinary cars parked as usual. Funny, he thought, not a limousine in a carload.

He drew up before the house. It was quiet and empty as a tomb. He had expected to find the lawn covered with children and baskets and waxed paper and bottles and straws, with Cornelia in her element presiding over all. Had there been an accident of some sort? He leaped out of the car and hurried up the walk. Still not a sound. Swiftly he let himself in with his latchkey. From the doorway, he could see into the living-room. It was empty except for Jenny, who sat sitting in the middle of the floor in her party dress playing absently with an elaborate musical toy, the tinkling tune sounding a note of macabre gaiety in the sombre room. She heard his step and scrambled to her feet. She ran to him, flinging herself into his arms.

"Hey, where's the party, what happened?"

"Nobody came," said Jenny. "I mean only three came, and they went home right after they had some ice-cream."

"Millicent came, though," continued Jenny. "And she brought me this carou-

"That was very nice of Millicent," said Andy quietly. "Millicent must be a nice little girl. She's the little girl with the cross-eyes, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Jenny. "But that isn't anything."

"Of course it isn't." He sat down on the edge of the sofa and drew her between his knees. "Where's Mother?"

"Upstairs."

"Who were the other children who came?"

"I don't remember their names. Kenneth was one, I think."

"Why didn't they stay longer?"

"They didn't like it. They wanted to go swimming in the swimming pool."

Andy lips twitched. "I see. What did you say?"

Jenny kept twisting the button on his coat. He let her do it, although he did not like to have his buttons twisted. "What did you say?" he repeated gently.

"I told them we used the bathtub," she said.

"Good for you!"

"Then Kenneth wanted to know if Mummy was my governess, he was a funny boy," she added reflectively.

"A very funny boy," agreed Andy. "I think I'll run upstairs and say hello to Mummy."

"All right," said Jenny.

She sat down on the floor again and the tune began once more. Andy turned at the door.

"Jenny—"

She looked up at him.

He cleared his throat. "I wouldn't say much about the party to Mummy, tell her you liked it—"

Jenny said simply, "I did."

"Good for you!" said Andy again.

He found Cornelia lying across her bed with her head buried in the pillow. He sat down beside her and drew her in his arms. There was no need of saying anything. Cornelia's swollen eyes and hot flushed face told him everything.

"They didn't even bother to phone or let me know," she said chokingly.

"Just a lot of ill-bred moneybags," Andy comforted her. He waved his hand, dismissing the entire episode. "Forget about them, they're not worth another thought—"

She made a brave attempt to swallow her humiliation and disappointment. "We'll be eating out of baskets for a month," she told him in a shaky voice. "And I've got two gallons of ice cream not even touched."

Jennifer hovered on the threshold, stealing an apprehensive look at her mother's strained unhappy face.

"I tell you what," suggested Andy brightly, "to-morrow's Sunday. Give another party and ask all the children that Jenny knew in public school—how's that?" He waited triumphantly for their approval.

"At least," agreed Cornelia. "It'll get rid of the stuff. How about it, Jennifer, would you like it?"

"I'd like it, but—" Jennifer paused.

"But what?"

"I don't think they'll come."

"Why not?" demanded Andy.

She hesitated. "They don't want to go with me any more," she brought out with difficulty, "because I go to private school."

Cornelia's eyes filled with pity and comprehension. "Oh, Andy," she gulped, "I've made such a mess of things!"

The awareness of her own frailties, however, did not excuse the rudeness of twenty-seven mothers who had either forgotten about the invitation, or did not deem it

important enough to accept. She took Jennifer to school Monday morning prepared to speak her mind to Florabel, although Andy had advised her that the most dignified thing was to ignore the entire incident as if it had never happened. "You have to be fair," he had argued with her. "These youngsters are blasé, they're probably invited to a dozen parties every month."

"Well, they'll never be invited to one of mine again," Cornelia had replied with blazing eyes.

Nevertheless, she forgot all about her grievance the minute she came within sight of the school. "What are those big wagons for?" asked Jennifer curiously as Cornelia stopped short with a little gasp.

"They're sound trucks!" Cornelia cried. "For goodness sake, they must be going to shoot those scenes to-day!" She started to run so fast that Jennifer could scarcely keep up with her. "I only hope they're not, though," she threw out, "you've got your oldest dress on!"

At the gate they had to climb over a maze of wires and a clutter of reflectors. The whole school was in an uproar. There was no one to ask what it was all about. Florabel was dashing about in a frenzy of excitement, looking, thought Cornelia, like an overbaked Filipino with a deep tan grease paint on her face.

Someone pushed against her as she stood there gaping. "Please! Out from my way."

It was Fritz von Loben, the director, Cornelia recognised him because he was just like the photographs she had seen of him in the magazines. Only from a picture it was hard to realise how really different he looked from other human beings.

His shiny close-cropped bullet head was thrust forward like a mongoose's, and he wore a monocle. From his chin down he was a riot of contradictory self-expression—a brown polo shirt with a red checked scarf tucked in at the neck, riding breeches of green tweed and highly polished laced boots. Cornelia wanted to smile and at the same moment gasp with joy for her nearness to this remote genius whose direction she so profoundly admired.

He waved his arm to clear a camera angle, and she and Jennifer stumbled back obediently over a tangle of equipment. He screwed his black monocle into one eye and squinted the other shut. "Impossible. Is all impossible. A crazy man's idea. Lights all wrong, children all wrong, setting all wrong. And why shouldn't? Is not a von Loben picture? Always nothing easy. Was ever an artist with good materials? No!"

An assistant director yawned and seated himself in a nearby camp chair, waiting for von Loben to deliver himself of these meditations. Jennifer, soon losing interest, picked up two pebbles and began ineptly to juggle them while Cornelia stood, an eager, wishful spectator to everything that went on.

One of the pebbles skittered across the cement walk and hit von Loben in the leg. He wheeled sharply. He didn't like interruptions. He saw Jennifer and grunted. Suddenly his head went out in its mongoose fashion and he came over and squatted before her, and again there was the ritual of screwing the black monocle into his eye. He studied her for a long moment, and she gazed at him frankly and gravely in return.

Cornelia was mortified. This was one of Jennifer's off days. She would change like the weather, and to-day she not only looked particularly wan, but she had spilled milk on her dress at breakfast, causing the cotton material to dry in an unsightly bluish-

Von Loben's face, however, showed no expression, either of criticism or approbation. He rose, and said blandly, "A type. Will do. She is poor child. Not much chance in life. Comes from nowhere. But is coming." He jerked his head and exploded into a sudden bark, "Make-up!"

A man with a tray in his hands rushed to von Loben's side and stood silently at attention. Cornelia wanted desperately to explain about Jennifer, she wasn't a poor child at all, she was the daughter of Dr. Andrew Lane, but how could anyone know that this was to be the day for taking pictures? Lucky that she herself had worn her good suit and fur piece and had had a finger wave on Saturday for the party. She pulled her hair a little forward on the left side and powdered her nose. But von Loben didn't notice. He was busy smearing Jennifer's face with grease paint. He plastered some of the stuff on her hands and then let her own imagination go to work. She did a good job of messing herself up. The final indignity was when he carelessly wiped his hands on her skirt, and, as an afterthought, ran his still greasy fingers down her cheek.

"Out. Out," he muttered to the assistant director, who had approached. "Always in the background she is. Remember that. Never up front to the camera. Always walking away from things."

Cornelia wanted to go somewhere and cry, but Jennifer did not know that she had been insulted. She was walking off by herself as von Loben had dictated. But it was her way, thought Cornelia proudly, and not because she was poor.

As though to add to her discomfiture a long foreign car rolled up and a child who looked like a French fashion plate was assisted to the ground by the chauffeur. Von Loben observed her from afar, and then his gaze caught Cornelia. He darted up to her, head thrust forward. "You would like to be in pictures?" He did not wait for her to answer, but seemed to know the way her heart turned over in her breast. "Excellent. What I am looking for. You are mother of this rich child. Perfect. An aspiration. Assistant director! Make-up!"

From that moment on it was all a dream. Vaguely, she remembered Florabel's sibilant whisper cutting into space. "He noticed you! It's your chance!"

Cornelia's knees were weak beneath her. She forgot Jennifer, she forgot everything. The blunt short fingers of the make-up man were angel's wings that bore her up to heaven. She looked at herself in the mirror. She was a different person—mysterious, glamorous, provocative.

"Everybody this way!"

It was a gruelling, tiring ordeal for the school, but Cornelia found it completely thrilling and breath-taking. True, everything had to be done time and again, and there were momentary fireworks when one of the children sneezed in the middle of a perfect scene. Von Loben paced back and forth and mouthed German enormities about his trials, while everyone stood still and waited until he called "Camera." Then they went on with the shooting.

Cornelia put her heart and soul into every moment. From time to time she wanted to reassure Jennifer and tell her that it wasn't because people didn't like her that she was put off in a corner. But Jenny didn't seem unhappy about it. She was just being herself as usual, and for the most part playing contentedly alone.

Directly after luncheon Baby Kitty, the famous child star, and her attendants, arrived in two limousines for a few group shots with the other children. Florabel

explained in an aside that most of her scenes would be done in the studio.

Mrs. Edwards, Baby Kitty's mother, was also in the entourage, which consisted of a dresser, a maid, a special make-up artist and a private guard. She was a gimlet-eyed, overfed looking woman, suspicious and dominating. She wanted this and she wanted that for her daughter. She eyed the group of children calculatingly, and insisted that the pretty child, who was supposed to be Cornelia's daughter in the story, either be left out of the scene entirely or stand in the background. Baby Kitty took the color of her mother's attitude. She was an arrogant little thing, thoroughly spoiled and demanding. "I'd like to spank her," thought Cornelia, "and I'd adore to push Mamma right in the face."

When it was time to go home, the make-up man offered to assist Cornelia to remove her make-up. But she wanted Andy to see her in her professional guise. She cleaned up Jennifer, however, and promised faithfully to bring her to school in the same dress the following day.

Of all nights, Andy had to be late. Cornelia almost froze, waiting out on the porch for him. At last he came. She pulled him into the living-room, pushed him into a chair and then walked about him like a mannequin.

"What's it all about?" he commented. Jennifer made a flying leap into her father's lap.

"Oooh, you young rascal!"

"Don't you see it, Mummy's a moving picture actress. Daddy!"

"They could talk of nothing else during dinner. 'It must have been fun,' Andy joined in sympathetically.

"It was fascinating!"

He felt an undercurrent which told him that it was more than just a casual experience for Cornelia.

CORNELIA'S bright moment was short lived. At the end of the second day Fritz von Loben and his crew vanished as abruptly as they had appeared. The school returned to such routine as was compatible with its modern theories, and Cornelia sank back into the humdrum monotony of everyday living.

There wasn't a word of the picture until one afternoon, a few weeks before the end of school. Florabel called Cornelia to tell her that there would be a sneak preview that same evening in one of the suburbs. It was all a great secret, and even Florabel wouldn't know where it was until David's car called for her. She asked Cornelia and Andy to be her guests and promised to stop for them at eight o'clock. "Oh!" cried Cornelia, with her heart breaking in her throat. "I can't believe it's actually going to be shown!"

"Neither can I," quavered Florabel. "I'm so nervous you'd think it was my first picture!"

"It's mine, don't forget," returned Cornelia. "And for all I know it'll be my last." But she really didn't believe it. She had a feeling that to-night would be the beginning of much to come.

Andy was almost as excited as she was. Neither of them ate any supper. It seemed an eternity before Florabel drove up for them.

The picture, a Baby Kitty vehicle, was a leisurely succession of songs and dances. Cornelia's agony of suspense grew to a point where she was picking at the arms of her seat. Maybe they hadn't even used the scenes they had made at the school. Maybe they had cut it all out or, worse still, had

cut her out. It was the chance of a lifetime and maybe it just wouldn't happen. Then it suddenly did happen. They were in the school. And there she was. She felt sick and trembling inside, the way she had felt the first time she had had a part in the theatre in Scranton. She had never seen herself before. She couldn't have stood like that! She couldn't have walked like that! Andy's hand clutched hers, his fingers were cold.

All of a sudden Jennifer was standing before them. She looked so lost and forlorn and pitiful. Cornelia had a sudden wave of homesickness to be with her and take her into her arms, and then she, Cornelia, was getting into the limousine with the pretty rich child. She tapped on the window to tell the chauffeur something, and the car started out of the picture. There was a brief moment when Jennifer stood looking after them, just wistfully looking, and holding a little doll by one leg as she sometimes did when she was tired of playing.

The rest of the picture was a meaningless blur. Andy kept a tight hold of her hand even after the lights went up. There was a lot of milling about in the lobby when they went out. Valets distributed stamped postcards for audience comment. Andy took one while Florabel dashed across the lobby to speak to David Morris. Some autograph seekers gathered automatically, and rosy with pleasure she stopped to write in their books. Cornelia watched them trying to read her signature, obviously wondering who she was. She had been out of pictures for so long they didn't remember her.

"This is her big chance," she whispered to Andy. "She wants so much to stage a comeback. How did you think she was?"

"Rotten, poor wretch," Andy replied succinctly, but with affection.

"I don't think she was so bad." She hesitated a moment. "How did you think I was Andy?"

He smiled. "I'll tell you later."

Florabel dropped them at their house. Cornelia dashed upstairs to Jennifer's room. Seeing her in the picture, seeing her in some strange way in which she had never visualised her before, had suddenly created a great longing within her for the child. Andy dawdled about downstairs before coming up. She was glad to have this moment alone with Jennifer.

As he was blubbing in the basin later she called in to him: "But really and very honestly, Andy, what did you think of me?"

Unintelligible gurgles were his only answer. She began to turn down her bed and came on a card on her pillow. It was one of the cards they had passed around in the lobby after the picture. She started to put it aside before she realised that Andy had filled it out.

DAVID MORRIS PRODUCTIONS

LAUGH BABY LAUGH

A BABY KITTY SPECIAL

Did you enjoy this picture?—So-so.

Would you recommend it to your friends?

That would depend.

Who did the best work in the picture?—Cornelia Lane.

Who was the best supporting actor or actress?—Cornelia Lane.

What suggestions occur to your mind after seeing this picture which might help David Morris Productions?—I would suggest that Cornelia Lane be put under immediate contract at five thousand dollars a week and recognised as America's finest actress. She's tops with me.

(Signed) ANDREW LANE.

P.S.—I love you, darling.

There were tears in her eyes when she

kissed him, and she thought that she would always remember this moment as the happiest of her life.

"You're kidding, though, aren't you?" she asked him unsteadily.

"Not on your life I'm not. But I'll admit that when you're in love with a woman your point of view may be a little biased."

The next morning the telephone rang while they were at the breakfast table. He reached for it.

"Hello? . . . Who? . . . Who?" His expression changed. "Oh, yes. Just a moment, please. Hold the wire . . ."

He held the instrument toward her, his voice absurdly unsteady. "Here. Quick. For you. It's Mr. Morris!"

He didn't fool her for an instant. Her lips tightened and her heart rebelled against his heartlessness. How could he be so blind, so cruel? She sat there without moving.

"Cornelia!" His tone sharpened. He thrust the telephone into her resisting fingers. She pulled away. "Andy, don't!" She choked. "It's unfair of you, you have no right to tease me."

He held his hand over the mouthpiece while his words tumbled out in an urgent undertone. "I'm not teasing you, it really is. For heaven's sake, Cornelia, don't sit there like a dummy, talk to him!"

She stared at him. She could tell by the way his eyes compelled her and by the way he was shaking her that he was telling her the truth. She thought for an instant that she was going to faint. Her head felt light and there was thunder in her ears. She knew an agony of joy. It had happened! It really was David Morris, her prayers had been answered!

She was talking, her voice as quavery as a little girl's, and her eyes as bright as stars. "Hello! Yes, this is Mrs. Lane . . . Yes, Mr. Morris . . . Why, yes . . . What? But I don't understand . . . Oh, yes . . . Of course . . . Yes, I will. Thank you . . . Good-bye . . ."

Her voice trailed off and she put the telephone down on the table, and just stood there with the color draining out of her cheeks and her lips trembling a little.

He touched her arm. "What's wrong, dear, what is it?" he asked gently.

She turned slowly to look at him. Her eyes were blank and stunned. She said, "It's Jennifer they want, not me."

It was Andy's turn to stare. "Jennifer!" he repeated. "I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"I don't understand either," said Cornelia dully.

"They just want her, that's all. Mr. Morris asked me to bring her over to his office at ten o'clock."

"Tell Mr. Morris to go fly a kite," Andy offered pleasantly. "Come on and finish your breakfast."

"You're not supposed to tell the biggest movie producer in the whole world to go fly a kite," Cornelia informed him slowly.

"Why not? The biggest movie producer in the whole world is nothing in our young lives, my sweet potato. That is," Andy added, "when he's dumb enough to want Jennifer instead of you." Andy rose and gave a short whistle as he looked at his watch. "Good gosh! I'm due in the operating room at nine o'clock. I've got to beat it. Good-bye, darling."

As soon as the door closed upon him, Cornelia told Jennifer to put on her silk socks and white sandals, and best frock.

The "David Morris Studios" was a miniature city which lay on the outskirts of Los

Angeles. It boasted its own post office, hospital, and police department—a world within a world. Cornelia's heart thumped as the taxi, a necessary extravagance since it was Andy's day for the car, approached the elaborate Moorish gates which barred the entrance. The taxi came to a halt. An elderly man in a uniform approached them. Cornelia opened the window. "I'm Mrs. Lane. I have an appointment to see Mr. Morris. Can you tell me how to get to him?"

He rummaged through the pocket of his coat and brought forth a slip of paper. He scanned it. "Mrs. Lane and daughter," he read aloud in a strangely deep and arresting voice. He looked at Jennifer and smiled. He was a very handsome man, Cornelia discovered, although his eyes were a little watery and his speech very faintly blurred. "So you're the little girl in the picture?" he said. "Well, well, well." He rummaged about in his pocket again and pulled out something which he surreptitiously slipped into her hand. "You can give it back to me when you get out," he whispered.

"Thank you," said Jennifer politely. "It's the Administration Hall on the right," he addressed Cornelia, and passed them through the gate with a courtly bow.

"What was it he gave you?" Cornelia asked as the taxi rolled on down a wide, parklike thoroughfare edged on either side with imposing buildings.

Jennifer unrolled her tight little fingers and disclosed a rabbit's foot.

"Throw it away," Cornelia ordered. "It looks full of germs."

"But the man wanted it back," Jennifer demurred. Then they both forgot about the rabbit's foot, for a Mexican regiment filed past, and a few yards further on a chorus of toe-dancers poured from some dressing-rooms and disappeared, chattering, around a corner. In another moment the taxi drew up before the Administration Hall.

They were on time, but Mr. Morris was engaged. Cornelia looked about the reception-room. It was spacious and opulent, like the living-room of a palatial home. It awed her. Tense and nervous, her hand strayed to one of an array of bronze elephants. It didn't budge beneath her touch—it was screwed to the table.

The secretary noticed her surprise. "We have an awful time with Mr. Morris' elephants," she explained apologetically. She was a pleasant person, chewing gum. She rose and turned the largest bronze elephant around. Across its other side was engraved in deep letters: "This elephant was stolen from the office of David Morris."

"It's his favorite," she said. "We got it back, and we're not taking any more chances."

The door opened and Fritz von Loben burst forth from David Morris' private sanctum. When the door was quite closed he exploded in wrath to the audience of elephants.

"Always the impossible, and they call von Loben! It can't be done, so von Loben should do it! This time he will not do it! I'm a director, not a magician!"

"Mr. Morris can see you now, Mrs. Lane," interjected the secretary calmly.

Cornelia loitered as long as she dared, in the hope that von Loben might recognise Jennifer and herself, but he pushed blindly through a far door and vanished with his arms waving wildly in rage.

She thought she would never forget the walk across David Morris' office. It was endless. The room seemed as large as a theatre and as unreal as a stage set.

"Mrs. Lane, please be seated," David Morris waved vaguely about him. Cornelia hesitated in confusion. If she sat too far

away she would find herself yelling, and seem nervous, which she was. If she sat too close she would seem eager, which she also was. She compromised. He squared himself behind his desk—a squat, plumpish man, with shrewd eyes and a large mole on his swarthy cheek. Cornelia waited for him to speak. He said nothing, but merely stared at her with steady directness. Finally he nodded and his gaze wandered over to Jennifer.

Oblivious to both of them, she was devouring the room with her eyes. There was another big bronze elephant on an ebony stand. Fascinated, she crossed to it and touched it in a tender, tentative way. Then she edged around in back of it and scanned its other side.

"This one wasn't stolen," she announced. Mr. Morris laughed and said, "Not yet."

"Could I play with it?"

"By all means," he assented. "And how about a piece of candy in that box over there?"

Jennifer looked inquiringly at Cornelia. Cornelia gave ready permission—anything to terminate this excruciating suspense.

Eventually David Morris came to the point. "I guess you're wondering, Mrs. Lane, what this is all about," he said.

"Frankly, I am."

"It's different from what usually happens," he went on. "Usually it's the other way round. Usually we can't get through the crowds that want something. But to find it, just to stumble over it while we're not looking. Well, it's not only different, but it makes the cards hard to deal. You got to play your hunches in this game, Mrs. Lane. And I got a hunch."

"I'm going to put all the cards on the table. You saw the picture last night and I guess you were surprised. So were we. Maybe not entirely surprised," he corrected himself. "We knew we had found something by the daily rushes, but we didn't know whether the audience would get it. Audiences are funny that way. They take a lot that's phoney, but they don't pass up much that's good."

Cornelia's head was swimming. What did he mean? Was he talking about Jennifer? Or about her? Or about both of them? Mother and child. It might be exactly that angle of it which was so different.

"Mrs. Lane, tell me something, have you got an agent? I don't like to talk business with a woman."

Cornelia shook her head.

"Then we got to make the best of it and get down to facts," he said. "What's the real name?"

"Cornelia. Mrs. Andrew Lane."

"No, I mean the little girl's."

"Jennifer."

"My daddy calls me Jenny," Jennifer promptly interposed.

"Jennifer or Jenny," Morris stated, "I want to make a picture with her. That's my hunch. Maybe we got something, maybe we got nothing. There's only one way to find out. How about it?"

His eyes were keen where they had been speculative; his hands were suddenly abrupt and certain. Before the dynamic sweep of his assertion Cornelia's own chagrin and disappointment dimmed to unimportance.

"I don't know," she stammered. "I'd never thought about it. We'd never thought—"

"Well, let's think about it now. This is the whole story in a nutshell. I have a picture, a Baby Kitty picture, but all of a sudden I haven't got any Baby Kitty. And why? She's got measles. With complications. That's the headache in the picture business, making pictures with kids. With pictures costing twenty thousand dollars a

day to make, they have to go and get the measles."

"I've had the measles three times," put in Jennifer with some pride.

David Morris looked pleased. "That's a good girl," he approved. "So we start tomorrow, and if it goes all right we know where we are and sign a contract for two hundred and fifty dollars a week—eight weeks the picture ought to take if everything works out nice and smooth—does that seem fair, Mrs. Lane?"

Cornelia wanted to laugh. Fair? It was more than fair, but it was also ludicrous. "You don't seem to understand," she elucidated patiently. "Jennifer isn't an actress, Mr. Morris. You can't put her in Baby Kitty's picture, measles or no measles. She doesn't know the first thing about it. It's all a mistake, it really is, and I'm sorry." She rose.

He put out his hand. "Not so quick. Look, Mrs. Lane. I know she never acted before, but that's not saying she isn't an actress. I have been in this business twenty years. My enemies, and I got a lot of them, will tell you I am modest enough to say that I might not always be right, but I am never wrong. That's the way I feel about it now. I'm not sorry Kitty's got measles. She was no good for the part, she's no good anyway, a little clothes-horse with dimples. What I want is a real child, like in the French pictures. I know what I want and I will pay for it. We make it four hundred a week, ten weeks' guarantee. Does that suit you?"

"Oh!" cried Cornelia, thinking how many ten weeks had passed with the entire Lane income falling short of four hundred dollars. "It's a fortune! But I couldn't decide anything without talking it over with my husband."

"Certainly. Could Doctor Lane come to see me this afternoon? We've got to make up our minds, Mrs. Lane, the picture's shooting already."

"I think he could," said Cornelia breathlessly. "But I don't know whether he'll be willing."

"That part I will take care of," replied David Morris with simple assurance.

Jennifer shifted something from one hand to the other and picked up Mr. Morris' ivory elephant.

"What have you got?" he asked.

She held the rabbit's foot out for him to look at. "I've got to give it back to the man at the gate," she said.

Morris chuckled. "Blake's been picking them again." He turned to Cornelia. "He's the gatekeeper, and a superstitious old fool—every so often he lends his rabbit's foot to someone who comes in to see me. It means he's staid 'em up and likes 'em and thinks it'll bring them luck. Foolish business."

He handed the rabbit's foot back to Jennifer and lit a cigar. "It's settled, then, Mrs. Lane. I'll be expecting to see your husband this afternoon, and you, too. You got your car? No? I'll send you back in mine."

He led them to the door, but before he let them out he went to a cabinet and brought back a polished wooden elephant which he gave to Jennifer. "It may bring you luck," he told her. "Bring both of us luck."

Cornelia burst out laughing, and David acknowledged her amusement with a sheepish smile. "Elephants are different," he defended himself.

Cornelia dropped Jennifer off at the school, resisting the temptation to call Florabel out of the nature class she was conducting, and hurried home to phone Andy at the hospital. She could hear the parrot-like announcer spreading the call through the corridors with a feverish and garbled insistence. It was a wonder how the

doctors recognised their names through the thing.

He was a long time coming to the phone. He sounded hurried and preoccupied. "I haven't a minute, dear; anything important?"

"I should say it is!" She started to tell him what had transpired. He listened to her for a moment and then cut in on her with a brief negation. "Nothing doing," he said firmly.

She could have wept for his unreasonable stand.

"Oh, Andy!" she whimpered. "You can be so irritating!"

"You know how I felt about it before you went," he reminded her.

Towards noon David Morris telephoned to find out when Dr. Lane would arrive at the studio. Confused and uncertain, she compromised with the truth by merely saying that she had not yet been able to reach him, but had left a message for him at the hospital.

It was a nightmare of an afternoon. Cornelia tried frantically to reach Andy again, but without success—he was having one of his most hectic days. In the meantime, Morris' office phoned three times and she could only offer lame excuses for her husband's failure to communicate with the studio.

At half-past six the bell rang. "At last!" she exclaimed aloud, and dashed to the door, flinging it open. She started back with a little cry of shock and panic, for it wasn't Andy, it was David Morris. "I'm sorry," he said apologetically. "I was on my way home and I thought I would step in."

"My husband hasn't come in yet," faltered Cornelia. "He really hasn't, and I haven't been able to get hold of him the livelong day. Would you care to wait?"

While she was taking his coat Gladia came belatedly to answer the bell. She looked a sight, with her cap askew and her apron soiled.

The living-room was a sight, too. She hadn't put her sewing things away and Jennifer had been playing with her jigsaw puzzle on the floor. She could feel David Morris' eyes taking in every detail—the disorderly litter and the heavy mahogany furniture which they had shipped on from their New York apartment and which was all out of keeping in a tiny California cottage.

She asked Mr. Morris to sit down, and then sat down herself, crossing her ankles carefully to hide a new run in her stocking. Conversation died.

Cornelia hadn't heard Andy's key in the latch. The door slammed and he was in. She wanted to hit him. A moment later she wanted to murder him. He was tired and strained after a difficult day, but that was no excuse for acting as he did. When Cornelia introduced Mr. Morris he just stood there staring at him up.

Mr. Morris was cordial, none the less. "I'm glad to meet you, Doctor Lane," he said. "Had a busy day, eh?" he added genially.

"Very," replied Andy succinctly, leaving Mr. Morris up in the air. He reached firm ground again by offering Andy a cigar.

"I don't smoke them," said Andy.

David Morris cleared his throat and came directly to the point. "Doctor Lane, you know why I'm here. You saw the picture last night. I hope you liked it."

Another clipped affirmative from Andy which bore, however, no color of enthusiasm.

"You saw your daughter in it. You liked her work?"

"I saw my wife in it," Andy returned.

It was unusual for David Morris to

flounder. "Oh, of course." He glanced at Cornelia and she realised that he hadn't even known that she was in the picture.

"Yes, of course, naturally. She was very good. But the little one—"

Gladia put her head into the room once more, like a Greek chorus. "Misus Cornelia," she ground out hoarsely.

Cornelia sniffed. Gladia was a bad cook, you could always tell what she was having for dinner because she never remembered to shut the kitchen door. Tonight it was spare-ribs and sauerkraut, and the penetrating odor of it flooded out into the hall in gusts. It was one of Andy's favorite dishes and cheap, but why, oh why, had she planned it for this evening? Here was one of the biggest moments in her life, one of the most important decisions that Andy and she might ever have to make, and it was to be interrupted by a halfwit and the steamy haze of sauerkraut. She bolted for the kitchen, pulling Gladia after her.

"Will you stop coming in every minute, and will you please keep the door shut!" she hissed.

Gladia looked righteously affronted. "An' only wanted to fin' out ef de gen'man stay for suppan an' ef Ah should lay an extra place," she replied, much put upon.

"Good Heavens, no!" cried Cornelia, horrified at the mere idea.

Cornelia fled back to the living-room. David Morris was lighting a cigar and Andy was filling his pipe.

"I understand that it isn't the money," he was saying. "Although four thousand dollars is a tidy little sum."

"We don't need it," Andy returned. "We have everything we want." Cornelia noticed with thankfulness that his truculence had disappeared.

"I understand that, too," David acknowledged placably. "But Jenny could use it later for her education, maybe—a fund against her going to college—or vacations, or travel, all sorts of expenses come up when you have children."

"I can afford and will be able to afford those things for her." It was Andy's pride speaking. David recognised it.

He said, "Life isn't certain, Doctor Lane. You are dependent on your two hands for your living. Suppose something happened to them and you couldn't operate any more!"

"I'd go into general practice," Andy glibly answered. But it was evident that the argument had weight with him, and David was quick to follow up.

"After all, school is almost over. It will be fun for the child, and an experience to boot. She's got something. Maybe it's great. Maybe it's only mediocre. All right, we will find out, and if it's only so-so we can all forget about it with no harm done and a little nest-egg stored up against a rainy day. I believe, I guess it's the only thing I really do believe, that no one has a right to stand in the way of anyone else's life, no sir, not even when it's our own children. Least of all, then, maybe," David puffed on his cigar and looked, eyes squinted above the smoke, across at Andy.

"Think it over," said David as he saw his shaft strike home. "Call me in the morning." He glanced at his watch and Andy looked at his own.

"Half-past seven. Neal, maybe Mr. Morris would stay and have a bite with us."

Cornelia felt embarrassment rise in a deep blush along her neck and cheeks. "Oh, Andy!" She included Mr. Morris in her beseeching gaze. "If I'd only known! We're only having spare-ribs and sauerkraut."

David Morris' face lit up. "I thought I smelled it!" He exclaimed exultantly. "Is there enough for me?"

CALL BACK LOVE

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"Sure there's enough," said Andy largely.

"Of course," echoed Cornelia, with her heart sinking. She hurried into the kitchen. "Lay an extra plate," she threw out feverishly to Gladiola, who was coaxing Jennifer to eat her prunes.

Gladiola's jaw dropped. Cornelia ignored her bewilderment and dashed to the supply closet. She took down a can of peas and some onion soup and began to open them. Her hand was trembling so that she made a great mess of it. The tin curled up around a meagre opening and refused to budge in spite of her frenzied onslaughts. Andy appeared. "Morris went upstairs to wash—need any help?"

"Oh, heavens, why did you let him? There are no clean towels and my underthings hanging out. I just washed them."

"He's seen undies and what did you want me to say, no, you mustn't go?" demanded Andy. "Here, give me that—" he took the can from Cornelia, and an expression of profound disgust crossed his face as he saw its distorted condition. "Gee whiz!" he exclaimed. "I never saw it fall—why don't you learn how to do it right—"

"Now don't begin that cry," Cornelia hysterically cut in. "Just open it!"

David Morris stood on the threshold. Jennifer recognised him with a little squawk of delight and threw herself at him. He caught her up in a warm embrace. "Hello there," he boomed, oblivious to her ragged attire. "I been looking all over the house for you—"

"Thank you again for my elephant." She seemed to take it quite as a matter of course that he should be here. He took it as a matter of course, too, and with Jennifer still in his arms approached the stove and peered into the sizzling pot of sauerkraut. "You put an apple and onion in?" he inquired with interest.

"Onion yes, but apple, no," answered Cornelia, blowing back a loose strand of hair from her damp hot forehead. "I never heard of it."

"My mother always cooked it that way. Have you got an apple?"

The doorbell rang. "I'll go. I'll see who it is," shrieked Jennifer importantly. "Mr. Morris wants an apple. Any beer, Neal?"

Good Lord, Cornelia thought, what a night! I'm going crazy. "In the furst bowl, Jennifer, keep the chain on the door. There's some on ice."

Jennifer screamed back from the hall. "It's my teacher, it's Miss Lee. Can I take the chain off, can I?"

Flora burst in, a red-headed whirlwind adding to the tumult. "David!" she shrieked in amazed delight. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"Cooking sauerkraut," said David, poking the quartered apple into the pot.

Andy was pulling beer bottles out of the refrigerator. "Had your supper, Miss Lee?" He seemed to be enjoying himself as host.

"Just a cup of tea, I was too excited about Jennifer to eat much."

"Gladiola," Cornelia called into the dining-room. "Set another place."

She never knew how it all happened. It might have been any one of a half-dozen things—the sparrows, the beer, the mad-house folly—or even the elephant which Jennifer still clutched to her breast. At any rate, before supper was half over they were all talking as if it were decided that she would report at the studio the following morning.

They were stopped at the studio entrance the next morning as the old gateman peered

into their taxi. He smiled and drew the rabbit's foot out of his pocket and held it up for Jennifer to see. "It brought you luck, didn't it?"

"Yes, it did," acknowledged Cornelia, bubbling over with gratitude and goodwill. The secretary ushered them into David Morris' office at once without announcing them, and from that moment on it was Alice in Wonderland over again. Mr. Morris pushed buttons and talked into a telephone-box on his desk, summoning von Loben, dress designers, make-up artists, a pair of authors working on the story, still photographers, and a camera man. "Don't tell me they're not around, find them!" he ordered furiously. "Have them on Stage 6 in three minutes!" He interrupted himself to offer Jennifer the ivory elephant from his desk to play with.

"I brought my own," she told him, and pulled it out of her coat pocket with some difficulty.

"That's right," he approved. "Never be without your elephant. You never know when you may need luck."

He rose. "Come along."

They walked across the lot with David Morris holding Jennifer's hand in his. It was a fairyland and a trip around the world in one. Jennifer alone accepted it matter-of-factly.

"Trafalgar Square," David designated with a gesture.

It was all there, London's busiest corner with the Nelson Monument and the four lions at its base.

"Oh!" cried Cornelia.

David led them a roundabout way, showing them a French street, Limehouse, a New York street with surface cars and elevated trains, and the port of Singapore with full-rigged ships floating in a pool. Behind the port there was a Tibetan settlement, and behind that, a log cabin in a Rocky Mountain wilderness adjoining a Louisiana plantation rolling up to a great colonial mansion. Cornelia's jaw muscles were stiff with astonishment.

He led them finally into a vast, cavernous building like a railroad station. A man at the door blew a whistle. There was an instant scurry of activity. "Lights!" someone yelled, and suddenly the whole scene was flooded brighter than sunlight.

There was a sudden hush as the milling people realised that David Morris had appeared upon the scene. Cornelia, too, felt the power of this genius of the movie universe, and again she marvelled at his presence in their home the night before.

Von Loben, the director, emerged from a tenement doorway and greeted them. He squatted on his heels and studied Jennifer intently. Then he made her walk backward and forward and in a circle. He asked her to climb up a stairway, and then walk down again. He asked her to shake hands with an actor who was standing nearby. He asked her to go to a closed door, open it, and stop and turn around and look at him. Jennifer was obedient and responsive. She seemed to be enjoying herself, knowing none of Cornelia's choking apprehension. It was a kind of glorified "Follow the Leader," and she was merely being "it."

When von Loben had finished, the camera man squinted at her through a dark glass, and then the costumer measured her, and the hairdresser combed her hair and the still photographer set up his lights and took different angles of her face. The make-up man interrupted them from time to time as he smeared some new mixture of great paint on her cheek and gave a reference number to the camera man.

David Morris and the two authors of the story paced up and down at some distance. Occasionally they would come over to stare at Jennifer.

"You got to get some of that little-girl-of-all-the-world into the story!" David impressed them vehemently. "Pull out all the stops and give her the works! I don't want lines, so much as business. Give her things to do. Make the audience cry. Make 'em laugh."

As von Loben claimed Morris' attention for a moment, Cornelia overheard one of the writers grumble. "Been shooting three days, and now he wants a whole new script written before to-morrow morning."

"That's the moon picher business," retorted the other good-naturedly. "Come on, let's beat it and go down to the beach."

If there were any scripts to be entirely rewritten they were going to take their time about it, decided Cornelia. She couldn't help feeling a proprietary indignation as they tiptoed off the scene.

It was suddenly all too much for her and she wanted to sit down for a few minutes. At the far end of the sound stage there was at line of trailerlike compartments through which she glimpsed the invitation of couches and easy chairs. As she went toward them she saw a man lettering on the side of one the name of Jenny Lane. Curious, she climbed in the open door.

A colored maid in a grey silk uniform and a smart apron and cap accosted her as she entered Jennifer's dressing-room. She had often dreamed of Gladiola looking this way, but a uniform merely accentuated her worst points and made her look like a hot water bag tied in the middle.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but no one is allowed in here; this is Miss Lane's dressing-room."

"I'm Miss Lane's mother." It was only after she said it that she really heard the words Miss Lane. Miss Lane, indeed. Where was her baby? She glanced about the room, so different from the little makeshift nursery at home. There was rich carpeting on the floor, soft-colored hangings and a dressing table such as she, Cornelia, had often dreamed of possessing.

The costumer came in and began to hang up dresses. Cornelia felt that there was no place for her here. She decided ironically to go out and look for this amazing child of hers. It was almost funny to think that all her dreams, everything that she had so coveted, belonged to Jennifer. Yet there was a strange healing in the thought as well.

When she got back on the set she couldn't get anywhere near Jennifer. It seemed as if the whole studio was there watching as von Loben rehearsed her. She pressed into the group.

"What do you know about her?" she heard a woman's voice ask.

She turned, eager for someone with whom to share her feelings. But the woman wasn't addressing Cornelia, she was talking to a man at her side. Her face seemed sharply familiar. Then she saw it was Julia Farrel.

The man said in a voice as suave and deep as velvet, "Amazing story, simply amazing. Morris' car was stopped one day somewhere in the slums. He looked out and saw this youngster playing in the gutters. Saw she had what he wanted and grabbed her for a small bit in the last picture. Then he kept her in the background until after she went over. Smart, I call it."

Cornelia flared. Gutter, indeed. Her head lifted proudly and her eyes blazed. "You are both," she announced in a clear, cold voice, "grossly misinformed. Jennifer

Lane is no child picked from the slums by David Morris. She is the daughter of Doctor Andrew Lane.

They wheeled toward her. Cornelia suddenly recognised the man, too. When she was seventeen Robert Gilman had been the hero of her life. Even to-day she never missed one of his pictures if she could help it. Andy often poked fun at her, but the fact remained that when she thought of the polished man of the world, when she thought of the beau ideal, she thought of Robert Gilman.

"I'm Mrs. Lane," she said. He flashed his familiar smile. "I fancied so. Please don't mind. Silly stories are always being handed about—inventable, you know." He introduced Miss Farrel. She extended a graceful hand. "Please don't think us rude," she begged.

Cornelia melted. "Of course not." They might have kept on talking indefinitely if the assistant-director hadn't summoned them to the set. "Miss Farrel! Mr. Gilman! Scene! Say, where is that guy signing autographs?"

"We'll be seeing a lot of each other," Gilman threw back to Cornelia over his shoulder. "We must be having luncheon together one of these days."

Cornelia could scarcely believe her ears. Of course, he was only trying to be nice to atone for his stupidity, but luncheon with Robert Gilman on any terms was an event in one's life.

The next morning Cornelia hesitated between her suit and her wool dress. She had worn the suit the day before, but it was still the smartest-looking thing she owned. She decided to wear it again with a new navy-blue shirt and a scarf tucked in at the throat.

At noon Gilman crossed to her side and announced that von Loben would be shooting with Jenny and Julia Farrel all afternoon, leaving him quite free. Could this, then, be their day for luncheon? His man had reserved a stall at the Vendome.

Cornelia had never been in the Vendome before. Everyone recognised Robert Gilman and looked at her curiously and enviously. It was a glorious and perfect moment stretched to two full hours. When they came out of the restaurant the usual crowd of autograph hunters descended upon Gilman.

"These people! They're the bane of one's existence. Let's go out to Malibu for a drive before we go back to the studio," he suggested.

She didn't have to call for Jennifer before five-thirty. "Let's," she agreed.

Gilman's long low roadster sped along the Boulevard, headed for the ocean. "We can stop at the Hopkins. They've always got a crowd about. Would you like to? They're renting my house out there. We'll be welcome."

She said, "Oh, nice."

Andy and Cornelia had, one Sunday, thought the road through the Malibu gate was public. They'd been stopped by a rather rude policeman who had intercepted them. Now the same policeman saluted them as they rolled through the gate and sped over the gravel, down a long row of houses, painted white, and trimmed with flamboyant colors.

Gilman's house was deceiving from the outside. The inside was like an elaborate stage set, filled with actors. A Chinese boy in a silk uniform brought a tray of drinks and sandwiches. Cornelia drifted

away from the intimate noisy group and went out to the beach.

The broad Pacific stretched away into nothingness, broken dimly to the south by the misty rearing heights of Catalina Island. Behind her the raw desert hills marched abruptly to the sea. She thought she had never seen anything so beautiful.

Robert Gilman came up to her as she was walking down the sand. "What's the matter? Not having a good time?"

"Too good a time. It's all so wonderful that I just wanted to get away from it a little to taste it more fully."

He looked at her closely and took her hand as they got into the loose sand above the tide-packed area, and even when the going was easier again he still continued to hold it. She was awkwardly conscious of his touch.

"You're a strange person," he told her. "You could say that even if you didn't like me."

"But I don't say it that way."

"Then just why do you say it, Mr. Gilman?"

GILMAN stopped her and turned her sharply around. "I say it because you're so different from all this." His vague gesture included Malibu Beach and the whole movie colony. "They're all so spoiled and jaded and fed-up with life, and you're so fresh and eager."

He had both her hands in his now, and was looking deep into her eyes. He was going to kiss her. She knew that he was going to kiss her. She felt a tremendous surge of power within herself. It made her know that he was what she knew herself to be. But half of herself was braced against his embrace, the half that belonged to Andy and to Jennifer.

He drew back. "You're one of the most disturbing women I've ever met," he told her. He shot his wrist watch out from under his cuff. "Time we were starting back."

They skirted the house to Gilman's car. "Don't need to say good-bye to people out here," Gilman commented. "Just come and go."

She was glad that he was going to drop her at the studio and not take her home to the little jerry-built cottage that was her home.

When he left her at the studio she rushed into Jennifer's dressing-room. The dresser was hanging up clothes and straightening the litter of the day.

"Miss Jenny's just finished and dressed to go home. Mr. Lane called for her, he's out on the set with her now."

"Oh, good."

She sat down in front of Jennifer's dressing-table and repaired the wind-blown damage to her hair from her ride in the open car, and studied her eyes to see if distracted excitement still shone from them. Then she went out to find her husband and her daughter.

She found them looking in the shop windows of the tenement street set. But they were not alone. Julia Farrel, exquisitely dressed for her part in the picture, was their guide. A captivating, exciting, alluring Julia Farrel. Cornelia had a sudden let-down. The limitations of her old suit flooded back on her. It was strange, she thought, as she hesitated in the shadows, that she never saw how attractive Andy was except in relation to other women.

At breakfast next morning Cornelia slipped the motion picture section out of the newspaper before handing the rest of it

to Andy. Her eyes scanned the gossip column. After yesterday's glamorous contacts she hoped to find the name of someone whom she had actually met. It would seem more real to her now. And then her eye caught it—

"Robert Gilman lunching at the Vendome with a girl we never saw before. Who is she?"

"Well, for goodness' sake!" Her voice rose in a little squeal of astonished delight. "Just look at this, Andy, isn't it exciting?"

Andy didn't seem to think there was anything particularly exciting about the item, but he was glad, nevertheless, that Jenny's brief association with the movie world had brought diversion into Cornelia's life. She seemed much happier than she had been at any time since the loss of the baby. He hoped devoutly that when the novelty wore off she would not find it all very boring and fatiguing.

She didn't. Each day proved more engrossing and thrilling than the last. "After the picture's over it's going to be worse than ever," she told Andy.

"What is?"

"California. This little box of a house, Gladina's sloppy slippers. The cash-and-carry markets."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that. How about going back to New York?"

She stared at him. "Andy, you're joking. Why, you loved it out here. You adore the sunshine and the rest of it."

"You've hated it, though, Neal. Maybe I have, too. Anyway, we've got to build for a long future in medicine, and we both might as well be happy while we're doing it."

A chill settled around her heart. "There isn't anything definite, is there?"

Andy grinned. "Sure. I wrote the chief-of-staff a few weeks ago and got a letter from him to-day saying there was a chance of a hospital post in a couple of months' time. How's that for a surprise?"

"Wonderful," she replied slowly. "But we can't decide anything until the preview."

"Nonsense; we can see the picture in New York."

"Don't be silly, it isn't that. You seem to forget that David Morris has an option."

Andy got to his feet. "Dave Morris, or anybody else, has got no option on Jenny. This was a one-picture deal to help him out of a jam. Jenny's no actress. She just happens to be a natural for this particular part, and it's saved us from buying a camera to take pictures of her ourselves."

Secretly she felt that Andy was wrong about the child. She gleaned that Morris and von Loben were pleased. Suppose Jennifer really were a find?

When Cornelia called for Jennifer at the studio a little later, she was scarcely surprised to learn that the day had gone splendidly and that Jennifer had acquitted herself with exceptional competence in a particularly difficult scene.

When they arrived home she sent Jennifer upstairs to prepare for bed.

Andy came home while Cornelia was in the kitchen preparing Jennifer's tray. He kissed her, helped himself to a slice of raw carrot and said, "Here, I'll take it up, come along."

They were just emerging into the hall together when the bell rang. Cornelia opened the door. Her brows lifted at the sight of a short, stout man who burst at once into a convivial greeting and then brushed past her towards Andy.

"Doctor Lane? Glad to see you!" he boomed in a hearty voice.

His ebullience belied the possibility of

his being a patient, and Andy's inability to return his handshake because of the tray failed utterly to dampen his spirits.

"I'm Dooley!" he announced without further ado. "Dooley of Morris Productions. And now, folks, I want to know everything about everything. Where, when, and how. A few pictures and a few questions, and you good people can return to the peace and quiet of your personal lives."

"Just what are you getting at?" Andy inquired.

Mr. Dooley gave him a shrewd look and edged in the direction of the living-room with the unmistakable aim of one who feels that the farther away from the front door he is the less likely he is to be thrown out of it.

"Publicity, Doctor, publicity and more publicity. Jenny Lane, her life and history, her parents and the little cottage where she was born and raised!"

"Nothing doing," Andy's tone was flat, final, and final.

"Wait a minute," Cornelia quickly interjected. She was beginning to understand it. Mr. Morris had mentioned something about the necessity of getting together facts about Jennifer to tell to the newspapers with the release of the picture. Mr. Dooley, therefore, mustn't be sent away in a huff. "Couldn't you," she addressed him courteously, "come back another day? Jennifer's in bed and just about to get her supper."

Mr. Dooley's eyes did all but make a popping noise as they bulged out of his head. "Great!" he bellowed. "Great! Couldn't be better. Bedside, scene with mother and kiddie. Catch on! Feeding her cereal. Telling her stories. Hearing her prayers. Tucking her in." He leaped back to the door with an agility and lightness surprising in one so plump, and flung it wide to two young men who stood there with a great litter of photographic paraphernalia piled about them.

"Set it up, boys," he invited largely. "We got a great human story. Get ready!"

"Hold on," Andy's voice rose in a roar calculated to drown out Mr. Dooley's exuberant ideas. "We don't want publicity and we're not going to have any."

"But, Andy," Cornelia tried to smooth him down, "perhaps some other time—you see, Mr. Morris wants it."

"I don't give a continental what Mr. Morris wants. There are some things in life he can't have, and this family's privacy is one of them."

"Better let me take the tray," suggested Mr. Dooley gently as Gladys emerged from the kitchen with Jennifer's glass of milk. It was such a suave and masterful bit of manipulation that neither Cornelia nor Andy realised what had happened until Mr. Dooley was half-way up the stairs in possession of Jennifer's supper, with the two young men in whirlwind pursuit. "That's the biggest nerve I ever heard of," sputtered Cornelia as she took the stairs three at a time.

It was too late. Mr. Dooley had already found his way to Jennifer's room, and when Cornelia entered he was standing by the bed with a comical look of dismay on his round, fat face. His irrepressible self-confidence seemed at last to have met its Waterloo, and his two assistants hovered in the background with the uncertainty of troops who had mislaid their commander. Cornelia noticed that he had delivered Jennifer her supper and that, though the circumstances were unusual, she was beginning obediently to eat it with that impeccable politeness that she always assumed before strangers or when she ate out. Suddenly the tragedy of Mr. Dooley's arrival was

translated to Cornelia into high comedy, and the deflated gentleman was not the least funny thing about it. She moved to Jennifer's side and flicked away the ribbon that held her hair into the absurd topknot. "I'll fix her up a bit and get her into a fresh nightie. If that'll help any," she offered kindly.

Mr. Dooley looked grateful but not encouraged. "It might," he vouchsafed moodily. "And if she's got any toys—" he glanced significantly at the array of modest trinkets scattered over the counterpane.

The next half-hour was somewhat of an ordeal, for Jennifer's hair had to be coaxed and fluffed between each pose, and there was very little material in the so-called nursery to use as dramatic background. Moreover, Andy stood in the doorway and made terrible faces when the men weren't looking, then whenever Mr. Dooley glanced up sharply he changed like lightning into a frozen image of decorum.

He continued to be a frozen image during the interview that followed downstairs. "I can't tell you much about Jennifer," he informed Mr. Dooley with a straight face, "on account of the fact that she's Mrs. Lane's daughter by her first marriage. Yes," he continued with a small sigh, "by her first husband. Of course, you knew he was part Indian? That's where Jenny gets her straight hair."

Cornelia cried out, "Don't believe a word he says, Mr. Dooley."

Andy worked up to great form. Jenny, it appeared, was not only part Indian, but there was a Malay princess mixed up somewhere in the family tree and a great English actress. It was only at the very end that Mr. Dooley began to get a vague impression that his leg was being pulled.

Cornelia, from the kitchen, heard Mr. Dooley take an abrupt and not reluctant departure.

"Andy, how's the exchequer?" she demanded suddenly.

"Weak in the knees," said Andy promptly. "Why?"

"Nothing. It was just that if we did have a little extra cash, I'd have liked a new dress. You see, I can't wear the same suit to the studio day after day."

"I know," agreed Andy readily. "How much'll fix you?"

"Forget it, darling," Cornelia managed a smile. "I need a lot more than we can afford, because it's so long since I've bought anything that once I began I'd have to replenish my whole wardrobe."

Andy was thoughtful for a moment. Then he said, "I deposited Jennifer's first salary cheques yesterday."

"Oh, Andy, no! We just mustn't let ourselves use any of that money. It's here—for the future."

Andy nodded. "But Neal, it's the right thing to do. And we won't ever touch her account again."

The next day Cornelia embarked upon the most glorious shopping spree she had ever permitted herself. Never before had she had so much money to spend on clothes, and never before had she set forth with the sober intention of purchasing more than a single garment; and that to be selected with a prudent eye to practicality and price.

She shopped all day, and finally found exactly what she wanted on a sale rack. It was a blue printed silk which had been reduced to half price because it was just a little shopworn. Cornelia felt as if a special providence were guiding her steps, for she also happened on a hat which looked much more expensive than it really

was, and picked up a pair of sample shoes for less than cost. She tried on the whole outfit for Andy that same night, and he told her she looked wonderful in it. "The thing that overjoys me," she exulted, "is that instead of paying over a hundred for one dress, I can get three separate costumes for the same money and always have a change—"

She didn't realise until Robert Gilman asked her out to lunch again (as she had somehow known he would), that it was the wrong kind of economy. The Hollywood chatter-column put it this way: "Robert Gilman with same girl at Vendome. Country Cousin, say wa. No need to worry, Julia dear."

As the days progressed, however, she found that she didn't have much time to brood upon the ways and means of conquering Hollywood. Jennifer's temporary career occupied the centre of the stage and it needed all her resources and tact to keep things running smoothly. To begin with, the assistant director told her one afternoon shortly afterwards that von Loben thought it would save considerable time at the studio if the hairdresser came to the house each morning to arrange Jenny's hair.

The next morning as Andy sauntered out of the bathroom whistling affably and draped like a Greek athlete in a loin-cloth of towelling, his whistling stopped abruptly and Cornelia heard him say in the hallway, "Sorry, I had no idea anyone was here."

She smiled and waited. He had probably stubbed his toe, and after this brief interlude of mimicry a genial flow of mild profanity would doubtless issue forth. But there was only silence. He entered the bedroom with a grim expression on his face and reached for his bathrobe.

"May I ask, with pardonable curiosity," he accosted her coldly, "what has come over this house? I emerge innocently from my bath at seven-thirty to be greeted by a strange woman who recoils from my presence and makes me feel as if I were an intruder."

Cornelia frowned. Then she remembered. "Oh," she said, "it's only Miss Irene, the woman to do Jenny's hair."

As he drew his socks on he inquired sourly if they were going to move the studio into the house every morning. He would have continued his line of complaint at breakfast, only for the fact that Miss Irene confided to Cornelia that coming to the house was an early chore and she had not had time to have her coffee without which she was absolutely good for nothing.

"Then do have a cup with us," returned Cornelia politely.

They sat and ate in the strained silence of people who do not know each other. "It's like a one-arm lunch-room," Andy whispered as he kissed Cornelia good-bye in the privacy of the foyer. "With a few more customers we'll be doing a nice business."

He said it in jest, but he came very near hitting upon the truth. Two nights later Jenny, working until six, developed a slight sniffle which Cornelia attributed without concern to a sudden bleak change in the weather. Von Loben, however, regarded the child in tragic apprehension and blancketed her temples with his clumsy gentle palms. "Feverish!" he declared, and rushed them to the heated studio car and bundled Ivarene in with them. "The girl can take Jenny's make-up off and help you get her into bed," he ordered.

Ivarene was a nuisance to have around. She used up three-quarters of a jar of expensive cold cream getting off the grease paint and expansively ran through the household supply of face towels in the operation.

Jennifer seemed perfectly well the next morning and Andy departed for the hospital with the hope that his household had once more reverted to normal. But when he came home that evening, the sight of an imposing looking car before his door awakened in him the fear that Jenny might have been taken ill during the day. "I'm developing nerves," he thought disgustedly as he quickly swung his coupe into the one-car garage, narrowly missing the door post, and raced into the house.

Everything was as usual. Gladola was a vague shadow skirting out of the darkened dining-room into the kitchen, and from upstairs he could hear the reassuring chatter of Jenny and Cornelia.

Believed, he put his bag down and lit a cigarette. The bell rang. He answered it. A Filipino chauffeur in livery stood at the door.

"Mrs. Lane, he want car now, or can eat?" he inquired with a novel variation of pronouns.

Andy blinked. "Wait a minute," he replied tersely.

He found Cornelia in the bedroom trying on a new blouse. "Darling," she exclaimed, "I didn't hear you come in! Kiss." She extended her cheek.

"Never mind the kissing. There's a monkey outside wants to know whether he can eat now. Where did it come from?"

"Don't get excited, he's a present to Jennifer."

"I'd rather have a dog," Andy interrupted her. "Now, Cornelia, in words of one syllable, tell papa everything before papa loses his temper completely." His voice slowed down ominously.

Before Cornelia could explain Jenny ran in, trailed by Ivarene, and flung herself into his arms. "The man at the gate gave me a rabbit's foot for my own," she told him in high glee. "Isn't that wonderful, Daddy?"

Cornelia said: "Is that the only present you got to-day, Jennifer? Try to think."

Jennifer was so impressed with the gate-man's gift, however, that all else faded into insignificance. After she had been lured away by Ivarene, Cornelia told Andy how von Loben and Morris had felt that the child should have a car of her own. "With a heater," she carefully added, "and then they didn't feel that she would be safe with me driving, so the monkey appeared. Come on, don't you want to see the car?"

"No!" shouted Andy, "it's a lot of nonsense!"

Nevertheless, he permitted himself to be led out to it and was like a small boy in his examination of it.

"It's a honey," he admitted. "Do you know," he confessed rather sheepishly, "I've never owned a new car?"

"Well, you do now."

His expression hardened. "I thought you understood," Cornelia hastened on, "that it's a gift, free and simple and all that. Not the monkey, though. He only lasts for the picture."

Andy's lips tightened. "The car only lasts for the picture, too," he supplemented firmly.

Supper finished and Jenny asleep they went out for a drive. The chauffeur took them along the Boulevard to the ocean. They opened the windows wide and Cornelia drew the soft warm robe closer about them. Andy glanced at her profile. How pretty she was. How perfectly framed by luxury and beauty. She was like a flower suddenly blooming. He put his hand on her, but she was oblivious to it.

When they got back to their little house he stood on the porch for a moment after Cornelia went in and watched the chauffeur drive out the old coupe and park it on the street and then put the new car in the garage. He gave a short laugh when he saw that it stuck out so far that the doors couldn't be closed. "It's a case of the head getting too big for the hat," he muttered.

Those were his words to David Morris the following afternoon, incidentally, briefly bitten off. David sat behind the desk looking out into the late afternoon and then turned his gaze on Andy and silently stared at him.

David wondered what Andy was thinking. With most people it was money, anyway with most people that he had to deal with. But he felt that Andy was different and it would be a mistake to be wrong with his young man. He toyed with the ivory elephant on his desk and finally spoke. "Is it such a crime to have a nice car?" he mildly queried.

"You don't completely understand my position," Andy returned. "It's not the car, it's the symbol of the whole business. It's just that one thing leads to another. I'm putting my cards squarely on the table."

"Go ahead, sure, and then we can understand each other," Morris agreed with alacrity.

Andy got out his pipe and began to fill it. "I'm as successful as a young doctor usually is," he continued. "I have the beginning of a good practice and I can support my wife and child and we have everything we need, or want. We live in a simple house with a one-car garage, Mr. Morris. Last night I saw the coupe that I brought with my own money parked out in the street and an expensive car that wouldn't even fit put in its place. That's what I mean by a symbol. I can't afford that car any more than I can afford a special nursemaid for Jenny. She doesn't need it. My practice is the same, our budget is the same, but the racket is getting too much."

"Aren't some of those Jenny's expenses?" David reasonably asked. "She has an income of her own now."

"Yes, and it's hers and not her family's."

David puffed slowly on his cigar. This was a new kind of problem. With Baby Kitty, David had put her mother on the payroll just for being a mother, and a job had been found in the publicity department for Baby Kitty's father. But he couldn't offer this man a job even in the studio hospital, and if he gave Mrs. Lane a screen test and a contract (which was what she was asking for) it would mean that Dr. Andrew Lane would be living not only on his daughter, but on his wife as well. Still, there must be some way out of it. "Would you accept the car as a loan?" he asked diffidently. "Until the end of the picture?"

"Yes," said Andy, "provided that there are no further gifts or innovations that are not in keeping with our way of living. This fool's paradise isn't going to last forever, and

I don't want the real values that my family will have to go on living with undermined by a temporary experience."

"I understand, and admire you for it," said David. He rose and clapped Andy on the back. But despite his cheerful acquiescence he knew that the matter was far from settled.

Andy came upon Julia Farrell and Jenny in David's outer office. They were in costumes for some new scene, and had come for David's approval. Jenny rushed into her father's arms, and Julia smiled in greeting. "We'll only be a moment," she told him. "Wait for us, why don't you, and we'll all go back to the stage together."

Andy shook his head. "I'm sorry," he declined. "I'm on my way to the clinic."

"It's a good costume," said David when he'd seen Andy off and was making a tour of inspection around Julia's billowing skirts. "Does a lot of nice things for you."

He watched her go to the door and then called her back.

"I want to talk to you about something else. Do you know this Doctor Lane?"

"I've met him. He seems like a very nice person."

"He is," David's voice wheedled. "You haven't got anything wrong with you, have you, Julia?"

She smiled and looked at him out of the corner of her eye. "I don't know. Have I?" she drawled.

David grinned. "I'm not a doctor."

"Come on, what's it all about, Dave?"

"It's this way." He was playing with his ivory elephant again, and Julia knew that levity and the elephant were not related to each other. "This fellow isn't like most people who crash into this business. He doesn't want anything we've got, and he isn't going to want anything we've got. He's a doctor, and he only wants to be a doctor. I don't even guess he wants to be a successful doctor, he just wants to be a good doctor."

Julia nodded slowly, several times. "I see."

"Fine. And if any of your friends feel sick—" David winked. "You get me, Julia?"

"I get you," said Julia.

At dinner that night the telephone rang with the dessert. Andy's end of the conversation was a monosyllabic blank to Cornelia, but she applauded him when she heard him say: "But your regular physician—have you tried to reach him?"

"It's your Miss Farrell," he told Cornelia in an accusing voice as he turned from the instrument.

"My Miss—you mean Julia Farrell? Why didn't you say so? Julia Farrell calling you? My goodness!"

"Say, don't you think I'm good enough? As far as I'm concerned she's just another neurotic."

He found Julia on a chaise longue heaped up with tiny pillows of lace and satin. "It's more than a pain-in-the-arm. It's the kind of torture that I can't even begin to describe," she greeted him, with her big eyes dark pools of tragedy.

"Is that so?"

"There was a modicum of sympathy and commiseration in his voice."

"What do you think it can be?"

"Maybe a little cold. Maybe a little sprain. Maybe nothing." He was getting out a packet of pills from his bag.

"You don't make it sound the least bit important."

"It isn't."

"You're a horrid man. What are the pills?"

"Aspirin."

"But I've been taking aspirin."

"Then you really didn't need a doctor. It was a shame," said Andy, "for you to have wasted your five dollars."

Next day in the middle of Robert Gilman's scene with Jennifer a tragedy occurred which threw the entire studio into an uproar of consternation and excitement. Jennifer lost her front tooth. It had been coming on for days, actually, because von Loben had reprimanded her several times for pursing up her mouth in a most peculiar fashion. "Gott im Himmel, at ten thousand dollars a day she is developing bad habits," he had expostulated to Morris. Now, all at once, Jennifer stood in the middle of the stage and did it again. Something went skittering across the stage, and she opened her mouth triumphantly. There was a great gaping hole which the tip of her tongue began busily to explore.

A horrible silence fell upon everyone. Then von Loben crashed his megaphone to the floor. "We are ruined!" he shouted, waving his hands wildly around. "First measles, now this! Everybody is fired. There will be no picture. Von Loben will direct no picture!"

The message was garbled and insufficient when it reached Andy at the clinic. It merely told him that Jenny was being rushed to a Doctor Rawlings at the Professional Building, and that Mrs. Lane wanted him to meet her there at once. Andy's rocketing progress across the city was the longest drive he had ever taken. What had happened? How serious was it? Why to some doctor he had never heard of?

His fears were somewhat allayed and his questions practically answered when he discovered the name of the doctor he had been given on the information board in the lobby had Dental Surgeon after it. They were completely dispelled when he looked down into Jenny's beaming face and her proudly displayed dental vacancy. He nodded briefly to Morris and to von Loben, and then crossed to Cornelia, whose pitifully strained face begged his reassurance.

"Don't be silly, it's nothing," he told her. "Baby teeth will out when they want out, and that's all there is to it. What's all the fuss?"

"The picture!" Cornelia uttered the word piteously.

Light dawned in Andy's mind. The tooth, or rather the absence of the tooth, did do a lot to change Jenny's face. It made him want to laugh. And there would be a lip. He led Cornelia away to a corner. "I'm sorry, Neal," he said. "I hadn't thought about the picture. I guess this sort of knocks things into a cocked hat. No tooth, no movies—and we're back to normalcy again."

Doctor Rawlings interrupted them, "Doctor Lane, please step over to the chair a moment."

Jenny opened her mouth to the dentist's ministrations. He waved his hands like a magician before an entranced audience. He drew his hands back and Jenny was mysteriously returned to her former full-toothed self.

"We make bridges for grown-ups, why not for children? Just a little tightening and no one could ever tell the difference," he announced with pride.

"No," agreed Andy slowly, "no one could ever tell the difference." He was thinking that the black magic of the picture business was inexorable and inevitable. He was thinking that if he were very wise he would grab Jenny and Cornelia and take the next train to New York—just leave his old coupe parked at the door, and Gladiola to wonder what had become of them all.

And then after weeks of feverish activity the picture was finished.

Andy managed to get home early the night of the preview and crept into the house with a big flat box under his arm.

"Put it on!" Cornelia cried when she saw the contents of the box.

Andy slipped on the waistcoat and coat over his tweed trousers. Cornelia squinted her eyes and appraised him.

"You're stunning, darling! The handsomest man I've ever seen! You look like an actor."

"I feel like an ass."

They competed for the mirror as they dressed, and acted like children. He powdered her back and she straightened his tie after which he grabbed her in his arms. "You're very lovely, Neal—"

"It's my gown. A hundred and fifty dollars! Imagine!"

They stood looking down at her. Gladiola appeared on the threshold.

"The car am waiting," she announced with dignity.

As they neared the boulevard it seemed to be bathed in sunlight. Great sky-cutting columns of calcium whiteness threw their brilliance across the city and pierced into the light fog which blew in from the sea. Crowds milled about the theatre, slowing traffic for blocks on end.

"Has this sort of madness been going on all the time, or did they arrange it just for us?" Andy asked with interest.

"They arranged it especially for us, darling," Cornelia's hand met his. "No, silly, it's always like this on an important opening. Don't you ever read the newspapers?"

"I read the news," replied Andy pleasantly. "Does it mean that it's a good picture, or what?"

"It means it's supposed to be a good picture, but no one can tell yet." Her heart was thumping so heavily that she could hardly talk. She wished that she could be more certain of its success. What if Morris had made a mistake in Jennifer? What if the audience didn't like her and snickered in the wrong places? "Oh, Andy," she whispered, "I'm so nervous."

"So am I," he acknowledged sheepishly.

When Sylvestre finally managed to bring the car up before the theatre, one of the searchlights was suddenly turned full on them, and the crowd surged forward, brushing the police aside.

Inside the theatre Dave Morris was standing among a group of studio executives. A dry cigar was ragged between his nervous fingers and a sprinkling of frayed tobacco leaf littered the carpet at his feet. Cornelia pulled Andy over towards him, but one of his assistants rushed up to him, jostling them aside.

"I just had New York on the phone, boss!"

New York. She had forgotten about the picture opening in New York. Somehow, to those who lived here, the world seemed to begin and end with Hollywood. Yet New York had already seen Jennifer. People were going home on the subways, catching an after-theatre snack at cafes, preparing

to go to bed, knowing whether they liked her or not, whether she was a failure or a success. They had lived three hours longer.

Cornelia edged closer to hear the verdict. Morris' rasping query was the echo of her own screaming nerves. "Well, go on," he shouted, "what did they say? Don't stand there gaping at me; what did they say?"

"They didn't say anything, boss."

"What do you mean, they didn't say anything? An hour and a half already the audience has left the Music Hall and you say they didn't say anything? Give it to me, whatever it is!"

"I did give it to you, Morris." They didn't say anything. The audience saw the picture and they left the theatre, that's all. They said the people just left and you could of heard a pin drop. It'll be forty minutes before the New York reviews are on the street, so we just got to sit tight and wait."

"It can't be too bad or they'd have yelled," Morris was talking to himself, but he scanned the group about him for confirmation. There was none. They evaded his glance.

A buzzer rang somewhere. The great theatre was dark as Cornelia and Andy found their seats in the reserved section at the back of the orchestra. Hollywood was being generous to its own. As each name crediting a contribution to the picture was flashed on the screen there was a burst of clapping. Even the camera-man and the technicians came in for their share of applause. But when the name of Jenny Lane appeared there was an awkward, audible silence, broken here and there by a perfunctory recognition and acknowledgment. Cornelia hadn't known that Hollywood could be so antagonistic to an outsider. Besides, it was evident from their attitude that they were sated with child stars. Cornelia in all justice felt the same way about it. She and Andy had always avoided a Baby Kitty picture—and then all at once Jennifer was there before them, playing hop-scotch by herself in a sordid city street. People jostled past her, a boy pushed her rudely and taunted her with having match-stick legs. She kept on hopping, hopping on the crudely chalked-out pavement. The camera closed on her. She was crying in silent little gulps. A tradesman came to the door behind her, and her voice did things as she asked him what time it was. What urgency could time have in this child's mind and heart? She went back to her playing and then gave it up and turned into a tenement, her steps lagging, and entered a room where a casket lay with burning candles.

The tears were streaming down Cornelia's face. Someone in the darkness behind her coughed through a tight throat. In the Press row in front of them a man's voice whispered huskily, "Morris is pulling out all the stops—"

She was aware of Andy's hand about her own, his clutch cutting her wedding-ring deep into her flesh. "Neal, it isn't Jenny. It's all of childhood and all the grief that childhood can know. But she's never known it. Where does she get it from?"

She couldn't answer him, for she did not know the answer. She did not even know the answer to the laughter which so swiftly came upon the heels of pain and was like a balm to tears. The audience rocked in delight as Jenny in a later sequence doubled up with merriment and swallowed water to hold her hiccoughs back—then once more they were quiet, and here and there people coughed and sniffed.

When the lights finally went up there was a deep stillness in the theatre. No one moved. It was as if a huge clock were in

Cornelia's mind inexorably counting out the seconds. It counted to a great number, and then the audience started to rise and silently leave their seats.

Andy made no motion. She glanced at him. His face was set and strained. She touched him gently on the shoulder. "Come, dear, we have to go—"

They were wedged in the aisle beside Dave Morris. He grabbed their hands and held them wordlessly. He seemed awed and a little frightened, and a vast loneliness stared out of his eyes. "I didn't know it was going to be this way," he mumbled. "I didn't know."

His young assistant pressed through to his side. His hair was wild and his tie pulled loose from his collar. He had a moment's difficulty with his chewing-gum before he found his voice.

"Ain't it great, boss!" he cried hoarsely. "Listen to how they ain't talking here, either; you can hear a pin drop!"

IN the theatre lobby the strange lull broke into the buzzing refrain of Jenny's name. It was a refrain that seemed to knit the crowd into an eager intimacy. As they pushed and hustled toward the chill night air of the boulevard, Jenny was the only thing they talked about.

"Oh, Andy—!" Cornelia felt too choked up to go on. Their fingers interlocked and they pressed on with the crowd until they finally gained the sidewalk.

"Let's go home," suggested Andy.

"We can't. Julia is giving a party and she's expecting us. I'd love to go home too, and be alone together, but we can't."

She was glad afterwards that she had resisted the impulse, for no sooner did she enter the cabaret, where Julia's gay party was already in progress, than she realised what it was going to mean to be the young and not unattractive mother of a new motion picture star. The hysteria of Hollywood success persisted here, no less than at the theatre.

Celebrities she had known for months or years, depending on the tenure of their pictures in the fan magazines, clustered about her and Andy, congratulating them, and after a shrewd glance of appraisal, accepting them into their world.

A small, gnarled figure with a strident voice spotted them triumphantly and bore a camera in their direction. "Jenny Lane's mamma and poppa! Izzy Strauss always gets 'em first!"

Andy's mellowness vanished immediately in a kind of angry panic. He couldn't bear cameras and publicity. Cornelia hoped he wasn't going to be unreasonable. They were cornered, so he might as well be gracious about it.

"Andy, do be civilised," Cornelia implored him. "Your child is a celebrity!"

"Don't you think I know it!" he returned wrathfully. "When I left the house this evening I was Dr. Lane, and now what am I? Just Jenny Lane's father."

Cornelia had to laugh at the mixture of pride and outrage in his voice. Then Robert Gilman appeared and whisked her off to dance.

"I know exactly how you feel," Andy wheeled at the sound of Julia's voice at his elbow, and saw her leaning against the wall. She looked white and tired.

"I didn't know you were standing there. What's the matter, don't you feel well?"

"Fine. Only just imagine how my nose is out of joint. Two hours ago Julia Farrel was a star in her own right. Now she's merely a member of the supporting cast to Jenny Lane, Hollywood's latest sensation."

She smiled, but Andy noticed that it was an effort for her to be light about it. Her

lips moved woodenly and her blue eyes had gone a little grey. For all her nonchalance, Jenny's success must have been a cruel blow to her. "I'm rusty in my dancing, but if you'd care to—" he offered a little lamely.

"Cornelia and I don't get much chance to dance," he explained as they moved out on to the crowded floor.

"That's a shame. She's so lovely. Lovely women ought to dance—"

"I wish I knew what to do about it," Andy soberly conceded.

"There ought to be a way"—she dragged suddenly to a halt, with her weight sagging against him. "Let's stop a minute—"

"Hey, am I as bad as all that?"

"No, it's me—" her breath came shortly.

"I've got a stupid cramp in my side."

She found him suddenly competent and sure. His arm was strong about her and he was piloting her through the foisting couples toward a cleared space beyond the tables. She pulled away from him. "It's all right. I'm all right now. Let's go back—"

He released his hold on her, but he still kept her hand, his fingers circling her wrist. He said firmly, "There'll be no more dancing for you to-night, young lady."

"Oh, is that so? Stop holding hands with me," she laughed shakily.

"I'm not holding hands with you, I'm taking your pulse." He nodded briefly to Cornelia as she danced past with Gilman. "Come along," he said to Julia. "Let's get out of this jam."

The maid came forward as Andy boldly entered the cloak-room with Julia. He anticipated her objections with a terse command. "Stand outside the door, please, and keep everybody out for ten minutes." He turned to Julia. "Lie down on that couch."

Andy's hands as he examined her were gentle and cognisant. "This is where it hurts?"

"Yes. Not quite so badly to-day as yesterday, though."

"You little fool." His voice tried to be angry. "You take a pain in the shoulder, but when you've got something real the matter with you, you keep it to yourself."

"I thought it was just the shrimp I ate in the studio lunch room. Besides, I couldn't give in before the preview." She tried to sit up and reach for her dress. "Be a dear and give me some medicine to stop the pain, so I can go back and see this party through."

"It's impossible. Here's the story, Julia. If we don't work fast we're going to run into trouble with a ruptured appendix. Now be a good girl and take orders. Who's your doctor?"

"My doctor?" She smiled in a pained grimace. "Why, you are, of course. Does this mean an operation?"

"I'll know more about it when I get you to the hospital and take a blood count," he returned evasively. "Here's your cape. Never mind your dress." He summoned the maid. "Call Miss Farrel's car at once."

He helped her through the foyer, past avid prying eyes. She had to lean against him, for it was as if having once admitted the pain it was the easier to give into and the harder to bear.

Julia's sleek grey limousine slid down towards the hospital.

CORNELIA had looked up from her table, and had seen Andy and Julia in the distant doorway. She had waved, but evidently they hadn't seen her, and before she knew it they had disappeared. A little later, she realised that Julia was wearing her cloak, and that they had gone out together. Where? she

wondered. It wasn't like Andy to do a thing like that. She had begged him to be pleasant but, she reflected with wry humor, he didn't have to carry his affability to extremes. Gilman leaned across the table. "You mustn't mind a little thing like that," he said.

Her eyes searched the other tables. If only Andy had come back! Then they could go home together as he had wanted to earlier in the evening, and all the doubt and confusion in her mind would know peace and safety in his arms. Then all at once it occurred to her that that was exactly where she would find him. Home. Her heart lifted. Why hadn't she thought of it before? He had probably stood it as long as he could, and bolted. She couldn't wait to join him, in a new full desire to be close.

She had so built up the surety of his being there that it was like a physical blow to find his empty bed when she arrived home. She slipped her cape off her shoulders and sank down into a chair, the tenderness and eagerness draining out of her and leaving her bereft and numb. She felt somehow widowed to have come home alone like this into a dark and silent house.

She pulled down the spreads and folded them neatly. Then she undressed slowly and then stood for a few moments by Jennifer's cot. How deeply she was sleeping! To-morrow her picture would probably be in the newspaper. It would be fun to show it to her. She laid her cheek for an instant against Jennifer's cool forehead. "I wish your Daddy were here," she whispered.

Although she was tired she couldn't go to sleep. She tried to read a magazine, but her eyes strained off the page every time a car rolled down the block, or footsteps echoed past the house.

David Morris saw Cornelia leave the dance floor and go out on the veranda with Gilman. He watched her speculatively. She had fine shoulders and he liked the way she held her head. The sort of woman who could wear sables and feel at home in them. She'd have no objection to his proposition, he was sure of that.

"A penny for your thoughts," Florabel, seated beside him, asked.

David guarded his champagne glass. "Look, Flora," he demanded abruptly, "how'd you like to move your whole school over on the lot?"

"But why?"

"On account of Jenny, of course. It's this way," he explained, "I've been doing a lot of thinking here to-night. We've got in Jenny Lane a great actress all right, but that's not everything we've got."

"You've got a reincarnation of the immortal Duse," Florabel breathed ecstatically.

"Never mind Duse. The point is we got box-offices. And we've got her father. He thinks that education is so important, so we'll have to give him education. A special school for his youngster right on the lot, so at the same time she gets plenty of companionship from other children. I don't like it, but we got to do it."

"I see what you mean!" cried Florabel with shining eyes. "You can count on me, Dave. It's a brilliant idea."

He shook his head gloomily. "It'll be just another headache. I should be a schoolmaster as well as a picture producer, but there's no way out." He shrugged philosophically and reached for his glass.

The head-waiter stopped beside his table,

"There's a phone message for you, Mr. Morris."

David rose. The manager met him in the foyer. "They've rung off, Mr. Morris. They just said to give you the message. It was from the General Hospital. They weren't very clear. It was something about Miss Farrel and a Doctor Lane. I gathered that you were wanted over there at once, sir."

David's mouth went dry. It wasn't a new story, it was easy enough to piece together. A lot of champagne and a joy-ride in the middle of the night. An accident and the hospital. Julia should have known better. Four hundred million movie fans with their eyes on Hollywood, and she had to get herself mixed up in a two-way scandal. It certainly wasn't going to do Jenny any good to have her father's name plastered all over the front page.

At the entrance desk at the hospital Dave approached the first nurse he met. "I want to see Miss Farrel. I'm David Morris. Take me to Miss Farrel right away."

The nurse finally left him waiting outside the operating room. She didn't know anything about the case, but she said that she would send him someone who did.

It seemed hours later before the double doors swung open and two internes and a nurse wheeled a stretcher table into the hall towards a waiting elevator. David stepped closer. He saw Julia, swathed in sheeting, her still white face as remote and empty as a mask.

"Hello, Morris."

He looked up and saw Andy in the doorway. "Julia, how is she? Will she get over it?"

"It was a narrow call, but she has a fifty-fifty chance."

"And you? Was it a bad accident?"

Andy eyed him quizzically. "An appendix isn't an accident, it's an act of God, especially to a poor surgeon."

"An appendix!" David exclaimed. "Say, I thought—" he gulped in embarrassment. "Did they have a good man do it?"

Andy grinned. "Pretty good. We grabbed the only one that was handy. I did it. The girl was almost out, Morris."

Morris looked both shocked and awed. "You don't say. Tell me what happened. No, wait a minute, let's go for a sandwich and then we can talk. You're all in, Doc."

Andy began to unbuckle his gown. "I have to be back here in a couple of hours, but I could do with a little food," he admitted.

Dawn was breaking when David dropped Andy off at his home.

"Here!" David leaped from the car and thrust a bundle of morning papers at him. "My chauffeur got them while he was waiting for us. I guess your wife'll want to read about Jenny."

"Read about Jenny." Andy hesitated on the porch and watched David's car drive off into the mist. He had known, in that deep silence that had followed the picture this evening, that Jenny's gift surpassed the ordinary talent of the child performer, it was something that lay beyond his comprehension and his reason. He had told Julia that Jenny's success wasn't important, but he knew that he hadn't been honest in saying it.

David had brought home to him his evasion of the truth. "Because you are her father," he had argued vehemently, "you think you have the right to say no, she must turn her back on this great genius, she must stifle it in herself so she can grow up like other children? Bah! Is it so wonderful to grow up like other children?"

Mechanically then, Andy had run through his list of objections, but David had met them all, even to Jenny's health, which had never been better, and her spirit, which had never been happier. "So all you got to fall back on," Morris had summed up scornfully, "is a lot of foolishness about high living and expensive cars. Say, what is it you're afraid of in yourself?"

"I'm not afraid for myself," Andy had persisted. "And I'm not afraid that Jenny will be spoiled. It's simply a way of life I don't like, and don't want to like. Call me stubborn and bull-headed, but that's how I feel about it."

David hadn't pressed the subject after that, but had said something instead about Andy's not developing a bad habit of running around cutting up his best actresses in the middle of the night. It had been his clumsy way of paying homage to Andy's skill, and Andy had recognised it with genuine satisfaction.

They hadn't talked of Jenny again until they were in the car on the way home. "Think it over," David had briefly reverted. "My proposition stands, any time you want to take me up on it."

"Your proposition," Andy had answered, "is nothing short of insanity."

David shrugged. "Maybe. But I couldn't sign her up for less, and sleep nights." Then he had thrust the bundle of papers into Andy's arms.

Cornelia leapt from bed as a car drew up before the door. She hadn't closed her eyes all night. She reached the window in time to see the long limousine roll down the block. Andy hadn't even bothered to let her know his whereabouts. She hurried back to bed and pretended to be asleep. If she were to confront him now, she knew that she would not be able to hold herself in leash.

The following morning he left for the hospital before she was awake. Afterwards, as she dressed for an appointment with Robert Gilman for lunch, she forgot the whole episode in her excitement of meeting him. As they flew along the boulevard Cornelia heard the newshogs shouting, and she asked Robert to pull up the car and find out what it was all about.

Gilman drew the car up at the kerb, and Cornelia, against his shoulder, read the glaring headlines:

"Noon Special: Father of Jenny Lane Saves Julia Farrel's Life!"

And there was Andy's picture outside the door of her hospital room, and Julia's picture stamped the night before at the cabaret.

"It can't be; it's nothing but another publicity gag!" cried Cornelia, indignantly. "I never heard of such atrocious taste. What could Andy be thinking of to let himself in for that sort of thing?"

"Hold on a minute," said Gilman, "nobody, not even Julia, is going on the operating-table just to make the front page. It is odd, though, didn't Andy tell you anything about it when he came home?"

Cornelia flushed hotly. "I was asleep," she said.

"Oh! Well, let's push on to the Vendome and you can call him out from there and find out what's what."

She was trembling when she entered the gay, noisy restaurant, and walked the long length of the room to the table that Gilman always reserved. A waiter brought a portable telephone. She called Andy's office and then the hospital. She could not reach him. "There's Dave," exclaimed Gilman suddenly. "He ought to be able to tell us something."

"Where?"

"Opposite. Three stalls down. Here, waiter, take this note to Mr. Morris."

David joined them in a few moments. There were circles under his eyes and his swarthy skin looked flaccid and lifeless from lack of sleep, but he was beaming broadly. "Just the person I been looking for, Mrs. Lane. My secretary called your house, but you were gone. Well, everybody turns up at the Vendome sooner or later." He seated himself beside her. "How does it feel to have a famous daughter and a famous husband?"

Cornelia smiled woodenly. "Very nice."

"Is it really true about Julia and Lane?" put in Gilman eagerly.

"Absolutely it's true. If it wasn't for him Julia wouldn't be here to-day to tell the tale. Listen, Mrs. Lane, he told you, didn't he, what we talked about last night—I mean this morning?"

Cornelia bit her lips. "No, he had to rush back to the hospital," she evaded.

"That's right, he did. Well, there's no time like the present. Look, Gilman, be a good feller and eat your lunch with somebody else. Plenty of pretty girls here will be happy to have you. Come back later."

Gilman rose good-naturedly. "All right. Don't forget our date for this afternoon, Cornelia."

David Morris came straight to the point, as was his custom. He ordered Cornelia luncheon and then, in lieu of an ivory elephant, picked up a spoon and turned it in his hands. "Look, Mrs. Lane, I don't have to tell you Jenny is the biggest thing that has happened to the movie business in the past ten, in the past twenty, years."

Cornelia nodded.

"I want to put her under contract. You know that without my saying so."

"Yes, but Andy wants to go back to New York, and he's awfully set once he makes up his mind to a thing."

"The point is, maybe he's changing his mind a little. I met him at the hospital on his way out this morning. He didn't jump down my throat as he always does. He was like a civilised human being. He said he would talk it over with you to-night. It will mean a big difference in your way of living, but Jenny won't suffer by it, I promise you."

"Why would it mean such a big difference?" asked Cornelia. "Andy won't want that, I'm sure. And I wouldn't, either."

"Well, all right, maybe not such a big difference: that's up to you and him. But one thing, for example, a movie star that gets four thousand dollars a week can't live in a cheap little cottage—that makes sense, doesn't it?"

"No, it doesn't make sense. What do you mean, a four thousand dollar a week star?"

"It's what Jenny's salary's going to be."

Cornelia gasped. "You're joking. Why, it's—it's idiotic!"

"We wouldn't know what to do with four thousand dollars a week, honestly—"

"All right, then; so you put it in the bank and Jenny is a rich girl when she grows up, or maybe you give it back to me for a present."

Cornelia laughed. Everything that was happening, everything that had happened, was like a fantastic dream.

She said aloud to Dave: "We'll talk it over this evening, and let you know."

Three days later Jenny's new contract was signed. Morris had agreed at Andy's suggestion that she might be withdrawn from all picture work on the completion of any single production. "I'm not worried about it, though," said Morris. "You won't want to take her out. She's going to be happier and healthier than she's ever been in her life. I guarantee it."

"She'd better be," returned Andy grimly. "Because I'm telling you, Dave, the money doesn't enter into it. We can be happy with or without it. It doesn't mean a thing to us."

"I believe you," said Morris.

Meanwhile it was becoming impossible to remain in the Sycamore Street cottage. Even Andy had to admit it, for the small, naked house, with its shallow plot of ground in front, was an easy target for unruly sight-seers and clicking cameras. "Move over to Crest Haven until the excitement blows over," suggested Gilman generously. "It's set far back in street, and there's a high iron fence all around it, to boot."

"Oh, no! I wouldn't dream of imposing on you," Cornelia said, for the idea of renting Gilman's estate had not yet entered her mind. But it wasn't very long before she realised that it was the most feasible thing to do. In the first place, as Gilman pointed out, it was in perfect running order, fully equipped with servants, and in the second place, it adequately met their needs.

"Adequately," she had to laugh at that.

"You wait; it won't be any too large for you," he predicted. "Let's see what Morris has to say about it."

Morris called Gilman a smart boy, and said it was just the thing.

Cornelia kept her feet on the ground. "I'll talk to Andy about it," she temporised.

The Lanes moved the following week. Andy left for the hospital as usual. He paused for an instant on the porch before he left the cottage, and looked about him. The little white dog next door barked. Andy detested small white dogs, but he found suddenly that he had become attached to Bury. The pink rosebud was blooming, too, two buds and a full-blown flower. He could feel sentimentality invading his good sense and forced himself to realise the inadequacies of the little frame house, lukewarm baths from a never-to-be-depend-upon hot water system, insufficient closets, neighbors too close for privacy. Yet there was a pull of regret at leaving the old patterns for new.

Two months had passed, and Gilman's Danes still barked at Andy. Their handsome stupidity, combined with the loud-mouthed ostentation with which they performed their watchdog duties, never failed to enrage him. "Big heads with nothing in them," he'd grumble to Cornelia. The truth was that he wanted to be friends with them, but the fact that they had been brought up on a chain precluded intimacy.

He stopped his car one evening and shouted his impatience above their deafening clamor. "Hey, you, keep quiet! It's me, you fools!" He opened the door and started towards them, but their bared teeth and vicious snarls drove him back. He'd better not take any chances with his hands, what with three major operations scheduled for the following day.

It was the first time he had been home before dark for weeks. He noticed with appreciation the punctilious riot of color in the gardens, and drew keen breaths of the scent-laden air. It was a beautiful twilight, with the hills falling away in purple grandeur towards the sea and the sky on fire with flame-lined clouds. The thing to do was to gather up Cornelia and Jenny and they'd all climb to the crest to see the sun set over the ocean.

As he entered the great hall the rattle of a typewriter reached his ears from the office off the library, where Jenny's increas-

ing fan mail was keeping the secretary overtime. Cornelia's maid passed with a box of orchids. "Is Mrs. Lane home yet?" he inquired.

"Madame left word that she might be a little late, sir, and asked you to wait."

"Say, I live in this house," he expostulated silently. "I don't wait. I just stay here." He called after her, "Is Miss Jenny back from the studio?"

"No, sir. Her governess said she would be late, too, sir."

He tried to count up the servants who cluttered up the house. Seven that he could tick off on his fingers, not counting Gladiola, who had been kept on as Jenny's personal jaundress.

He mixed himself a lonely highball in the bar and then wandered upstairs to his room. The thought lurked him. His room. Through the bath and private sitting-room he caught a glimpse of Cornelia's bed, immaculate and remote in its white velvet trap-pings. Where was she? The place was silent as a tomb.

His Filipino valet entered, noiseless as a cat, with Andy's dinner clothes across his arm. "Mister Doctor, like bath now?"

"I might as well," conceded Andy gloomily.

He was just getting out of the tub when he heard sounds of occupancy in Cornelia's end of the wing, and the closing of the sitting-room door. He made a toga of a mammoth bathtowel and hurried to the telephone. He started pushing the inter-communication buttons and got the garage, the pantry, and the outside operator twice before he found the right connection.

Cornelia's voice came to him faintly but clearly without the aid of the instrument. "Oh, Andy, for goodness' sake, what's held you up? We're giving a dinner."

"Sorry, Neal, I know you asked me to be on time, but I can't possibly make it before eight."

Cornelia put down the instrument, struggling against her irritation. It was getting to the point where she was less hurt than angry at his insensitiveness to her wishes. He wouldn't dream of putting himself out for her. Last night, for example, he had refused to go to the opening of the ballet, because he said he couldn't stand openings and he couldn't stand ballets. Robert had taken her instead.

Andy seemed very happy three days despite the ministrations of a valet, chauffeur and two office nurses. True, his pride was assuaged by the knowledge that he was able to pay for most of these super-amenities of life by his own efforts, for his practice was growing by leaps and bounds. The spectacular appendectomy he had performed upon Julia had won him not only popular acclaim, but the professional recognition of his colleagues.

It was strange how money had suddenly ceased to be a point of conflict; it had ceased to matter. It came rolling in from every source. In addition to Jenny's salary there were royalties from Jenny Lane dolls, Jenny Lane toothbrushes, Jenny Lane pencils, Jenny Lane story-books, Jenny Lane radio programmes. It was like one of the old fairy-tales where you made a wish and then you got so much of the thing you wished for that you had to wish that it would stop. Sometimes Cornelia dreamed at night that they were back in the little cottage, and she would waken with her heart thumping and reach for Andy's hand.

Her maid appeared. "The blue velvet this evening, Madame?"

"Yes. No. The new one, Vera."

The door pushed open. She gave a little cry of surprise as Andy stood on the threshold in his dressing-gown.

"Andy! You were in the other room the

whole time!" She felt silly for the thoughts that had been going through her mind.

"Sorry, I should have knocked," he apologized as the maid discreetly left them alone, "but I sort of got out of the habit during the years. You look pretty beautiful, do you know it?"

"Do I? Robert's down stairs. I wish you'd hurry and keep him company."

Andy looked pleased. "Then he isn't dressing, and I don't have to!"

"Yes, of course he's dressed. He dressed at the studio and we went from there to see the tag end of the tennis matches."

"Tennis matches in a dinner jacket? I'll look in on Jenny. This is a crazy town."

"I don't think she's in yet."

Andy frowned. "Since when does she stay at the studio this late?"

"She isn't at the studio. She's laying the cornerstone of the new orphanage."

Andy gave a snort. "Well, I'll be hanged!"

Andy made short work of dressing, and encountered Mademoiselle at the door of the nursery. "Mees Scheeny has not come and eet es so late that when she does arrive I weel put her straight to bed," she forestalled him.

Andy's jaw set. He did not care for this bird-faced competent Frenchwoman who guarded his daughter's well-being with such passionate and unimaginative attention to duty. "When Miss Jenny returns, please ask her if she will be good enough to see her father for a few moments," he requested ironically.

Irritation rising, he made his way down the winding marble stairway. The butler met him with a portable telephone which he plugged into the nearest socket. "Miss Farrel calling Doctor Lane."

Andy took the instrument. "More and more like a bad movie," he remarked.

"What, hitting the hand that feeds you?" Julia's laughter bubbled over the wire.

Andy laughed, too, reluctantly. "Every once in a while it just hits me all over again," he acknowledged.

"It's because you fight against it instead of just accepting it."

He chuckled as she handed back to him his own words. But Julia had needed that doctrine to combat an incapacity which was not the result of a single illness, but payment for years of injudicious living. "That doesn't go in my case, though," he denied. "If I stop fighting, I'm finished, done with—lost."

"Perhaps you're not fighting the right thing."

"What do you mean, not fighting the right thing?"

"Too much pride. Too much fear. Not enough confidence in the person that's really you," she answered seriously.

"Do you know why I called you? I'd like to come to your party-to-night. Cornelia asked me last week, but I didn't feel up to seeing a lot of people. Will it upset her table too much, do you think?"

"Not a bit. She'll be delighted. I think I'll come over and get you."

"Oh, you're sweet, Andy, that would be a big help. I'll be ready in two minutes."

"I'll be there in a minute and a half."

He put down the instrument and paused in the archway of the spacious living-room. Gilman was alone unperturbedly thumbing over a pile of magazines, his profile cutting a perfect silhouette against the shaded light of a lamp. "It's his house and he ought to be at home in it," Andy saved his conscience, and went for his hat and coat.

Jenny returned a few minutes later. Mademoiselle met her at the door, but

Jenny evaded her outstretched hand. "I want to see Daddy first."

"That is impossible for I just saw him go out," Mademoiselle brusquely explained. "Come, it is time you were in bed."

Jenny hung back. "Then I want to see Mummy."

"Your mother is busy dressing. Please, Schenmy, toute suite—be good—" Mademoiselle's voice took on a hurried urgency.

Jenny pulled away from her as she passed the hallway leading into Cornelia's and Andy's wing. "But if she's there, why can't I see her?" she protested.

"Your mother will come in to see you before you go to sleep," Mademoiselle ushered her into the nursery—an enormous room jutting out onto the grounds like a porch, and lined on three sides with latticed windows.

Mademoiselle was holding forth on the value of fresh lima beans and pressing a spoonful of them to Jenny's unwilling lips when Cornelia entered. Jenny put out her hand with a small cry of pleasure. "Your dress looks like real silver, Mother!"

Cornelia dodged the buttery fingers. "It is, darling, cloth of silver, do you like it?"

Jenny nodded. "It makes you look different."

"It's the earrings, sweet, and I'm wearing my hair a new way. Look, honey, I'm frightfully late. I've got to dash." She leaned over and dropped a light kiss on Jenny's forehead. "I'll see you in the morning, dear, and you must tell me all about this afternoon. Sweet dreams, darling. Good-night—"

Cornelia hurried downstairs. David Morris and Florabel had just arrived. Florabel wore too much rouge and looked older for it. "Florabel, dear," murmured Cornelia, searching the room swiftly for Andy, "how divine your figure is!"

"Divine nothing," David scowled. "Flora should be a fat woman. Where's that husband of yours?"

She made her voice casual. "He's a little late. He'll be here presently."

Where had he gone? She glanced questioningly at Gillman. His answering gesture disclaimed any knowledge of Andy's whereabouts. "That man works as hard as if he were in the motion picture business," he remarked, to cover an awkward pause.

All the guests had come by the time Andy put in his appearance with Julia, a vision of loveliness in her simple gown. It was as if her nearness to death had chastened the brittle mask of her features into a delicate brooding kind of beauty which she had not hitherto possessed. It went through Cornelia's mind that it took a kind of perverse genius to be able to remain attractive when one was ill. She herself always looked a sight when she came down with anything, what looks she had just went stringy on her.

"Well," demanded Andy proudly, of the room in general, "what do you think of my prize patient?"

It was perfectly obvious what Andy thought of her. He might at least have the decency to hide his feelings in public, thought Cornelia, as she welcomed her guest with outstretched hands.

"Darling," she cried, "to think that your first party should be mine!"

Andy looked at his wife. Something lay beneath her glib artificiality, her too-shrill voice, her too-flushed cheeks. He drew her aside, his warm hand imprisoning her cold fingers. "Does it upset things for you, Julia coming at the last minute?"

She gave a brittle little laugh. "Not a bit, Andy, so long as it makes you happy!"

"Don't be absurd. I'll dash up and say good-night to Jenny before dinner."

"Please don't do anything of the kind. The time to have said good-night to Jenny was an hour ago. She's asleep by now."

"Think so?" Andy glanced at his watch with regret. Cornelia was right. It was almost half-past eight.

Jenny was not asleep. She lay watching the patterns of moonlight cut across the dark ceiling of her room. From time to time faint noises of the party penetrated to her and helped to ward off sleepiness. She didn't want to be asleep when her father came in to see her. She wanted to be awake to tell him all the news of her day.

But her eyes were so heavy that she could hardly keep them open.

When she woke up, the house was quiet with emptiness. The party must be over. She listened. That was her father's voice. He was talking quite loudly, she could hear him all the way down the hall. His voice made him seem nearer than he was and gave her the courage to contemplate the vast stretch of space which lay between the nursery and her parents' rooms. It was like being in a separate house. She remembered how in her old room she had only to call out to them in a loud whisper and one or other of them, and often both of them together, would come running in to her. She tried calling out to them now, but no one heard her, not even Mademoiselle, whose snores billowed faintly from the adjoining room.

Jenny waited. Her father had stopped talking and her mother was answering him. She sounded as if she was crying. Jenny forgot to be afraid of the dark and slipped out of bed and ran down the long black hall. A block of light at the far end showed her the way. The door to the sitting-room was partly open. Jenny paused, uncertain. Her mother was standing before the fireplace. One shoulder of her evening gown was loosened, and she was holding it up with her hand. Her father was pacing back and forth, each time passing before Jenny's line of vision. His voice, when he spoke, had the grating sound she had heard on the rare occasions that he was angry. It occurred to her that he was angry a great deal oftener in the big house than he had ever been in the little house. It made her feel sick when he was angry. It made her feel sick to hear the way he said, "We'll not wait until morning, we'll discuss it here and now. I'm tired of evasions."

"You're tired of evasions! That's a good one." Her mother laughed, but there didn't seem to be anything funny she was laughing at.

"I don't know what you mean by that," he replied.

"Merely this. You're bored with the life we're living—and I like it. You're even bored with me. You're tired of me!"

"Don't be a fool," he broke in. He gave that strange laugh that had no laughter in it. He caught her mother by the arm. "For heaven's sake, Neal, come back to your senses; Jenny's success has gone to your head."

Jenny was frightened. She started to cry. She didn't want them to hear her, so she ran back to bed and pulled the covers over her head. She was cold and hot at the same time. Her teeth chattered, but her face burned like fire. She wished she could fall asleep and wake up in the little house on Sycamore Street, where everything was always happy.

Her father greeted her at the breakfast table next morning. He didn't seem to know she was there until she had been standing next to him for quite a long while. Then he gave a little jump and put his arm

around her. "Hello, there. Did you lay the corner-stone all right yesterday?"

She nodded mutely and swallowed her orange juice over a lump in her throat. Her mother came down in a lace negligee. The lump got bigger. If her mother wasn't dressed, it meant that she wasn't going to the studio. "Please, can't you take me?" she begged.

"Not this morning, darling. I didn't sleep very well."

There was a deep silence, while everybody pretended to be eating. Then her mother suddenly announced in a firm, tight voice, "I've decided to go to the Gilman party at Arrowhead this week-end, Andy. It will probably do us both worlds of good to get away."

"From each other," supplemented Andy shortly.

Jenny saw her mother glance warningly in her direction.

The drive to the studio was always a delight to Jenny, the long gliding run of the car down off the hill into the palm-bordered drives of Beverly, and then the boulevard stretch to the studio gates. The chauffeur would take the dips in the road at full speed, knowing how she loved the sharp rising in the air and the exciting jounce at the end. But to-day the rapid succession of bumps failed to arouse so much as a squeal.

"Good morning, Miss Jenny," Ivarene, immaculate and competent, stood waiting on the porch of the new bungalow, with its aviary and its fish pond built especially for Jenny's pleasure.

"Good morning," said Jenny.

She walked up the stairs instead of taking them in jumps, and Ivarene looked at her and said, "Don't you feel good, Miss Jenny?"

Half an hour later von Loben saw, too, that something was wrong. His head went out like a mongoose's, and his protruding brown eyes searched her face. He sent for the doctor. The doctor gave her a thorough examination. "She's sound as a nut," he said.

Von Loben grunted, only partially convinced. "Just the same, we don't make any comedy scenes to-day. We got some tear jerkers to shoot and we shoot them. Assistant-director! We go on the other set."

The hours dragged toward twelve o'clock. At that hour her mother would come and they would have luncheon together in the bungalow as usual. Then Jenny could unburden all her fears and doubts. Maybe she had dreamed what had happened last night. Maybe she had just imagined that her mother and father had been angry at each other this morning.

But when Cornelia came, Jenny knew she hadn't been imagining things. Her mother wasn't happy, even though she appeared to be; and the way she kept her gloves on made Jenny know without being told that she was not going to stay to lunch.

"I can't, darling. I'm leaving for Arrowhead in half an hour. I've got to rush. Be a good girl and I'll buy you a lovely present."

"I don't want a present. I just want you to stay home."

Cornelia raised her brows. "Jennifer, you're sulking. You're the luckiest child in the whole world, and you stand there sulking just because I'm not having lunch with you." It would make me feel very much disappointed in you if all this—her eyes swept the luxurious quarters of the bungalow—"were to change you from

a sweet simple little girl into a spoiled, demanding child."

Jenny said nothing. There wasn't anything to say. She was full of a pain that really wasn't a pain, but just a feeling that hurt. Her mother thought she was selfish and fresh. It wasn't true. She was just afraid, and very lonesome for something that she couldn't explain.

David Morris stepped in to see her on his way back from the studio cafe and found her resting dutifully before the hour of school work which filled part of her afternoon. His stocky frame bulked large in the living-room built and furnished to the scale of childhood. "Where shall I sit?" He finally chose the divan and pushed Jenny's legs aside to accommodate himself.

"Tak, tak, such big feet you have," he exclaimed, holding her diminutive sandal in his hand. He watched narrowly for the responsive flash of laughter which his nonsense usually evoked, but none came. He leaned over and tentatively touched her forehead with his gentle, clumsy hand.

Jenny recognised the gesture. "I haven't any temperature. Mr. von Loben had it taken."

"I know. He told me. He also told me that he didn't think you were a very happy little girl. Aren't you happy, Jenny?"

"Yes, I'm happy."

"You say that like I pay my income tax. What's the matter, honey? Don't you like acting any more? You can tell your Uncle David if you don't. Maybe we can fix it up so that you will."

"But I do like acting."

"And you like going to school right here in the studio?"

"Yes, because I don't have to go for the whole day."

He peered anxiously at her small, pale face. "Are you tired, Jenny? Is that it? You have too many things to do?"

"Oh, no. I'm not tired. I don't ever get tired." The tears were lumping up in her throat. She burrowed her face in the pillows and when David tried to pry her free she let him think that she was laughing.

He was relieved. "There, that's more like it. Listen, Jenny, I have a surprise for you. You remember that trained pony you used two weeks ago in the picture?"

She nodded. "His name was Beauty."

"Beauty. That's right. Well, Beauty is going to be yours. For keeps. Will you like that?"

"Oh, yes," said Jenny, and added politely, but without enthusiasm, "thank you very much."

David made a gesture of despair. "Jenny," he said, "I wish I could take off the top of that little head of yours and see what's going on inside of it. You're the most temperamental star I ever had." He bent and kissed her cheek. "But I love you anyway."

Suddenly Jenny flung her arms around his neck and strained toward him with all the strength in her thin little body. "I love you, too," she said.

When she arrived home from the studio, mademoiselle told her that her mother had left hours ago for Arrowhead. Jenny felt heavy with disappointment. She had been hoping that her mother would change her mind about going.

"For shame," chided mademoiselle, "what a long face. You have a good time, is it not? Then why are you such a selfish little girl that you do not want your mother to enjoy herself?"

"I'm not selfish," said Jenny, "I just wanted her to stay home."

"And isn't that selfish?" demanded mademoiselle triumphantly. "Come. Be a good girl and I will show you the toys that were sent to you to-day."

She led Jenny into the nursery where a new doll and a complicated game awaited her listless approbation. "And also this," mademoiselle continued. "Is it not wonderful?" She pointed to a small white chair and table, on which rested a small white typewriter with the keys done in colored symbols and Jenny's name across the front of it. "The typewriter company had it made especially for you. See, here is some paper with your name on it also." Mademoiselle opened a small drawer in the table and, withdrawing a sheet of paper, slid it into the machine. Jenny's face lit briefly as her finger tentatively pressed a crimson apple. "It makes an A," she discovered.

Andy found her in her bathrobe a little later experimenting with her new possession. He stood watching her from the doorway. His eyes narrowed with the scrutiny of the physician. "She's put on a little weight," he thought with satisfaction. He liked, too, her healthy absorption in what she was doing. She was all baby, the way she sat there hunched over with her tongue clamped into a red tip between her small white teeth.

Andy swooped her up. "Do you want this bag of flour in bed, Mademoiselle?"

"Oui, Monsieur, if you please. It is time."

ANDY popped her into bed and pulled the covers over her head, pinning her down beneath them in his old way. She squealed and squirmed and finally fought her way up laughing and breathless while Mademoiselle stood by with a wintry smile of veiled disapproval. "Look here, Jenny, let's you and I go off somewhere to-morrow by ourselves," said Andy with sudden inspiration.

Jenny's heart gave a great lift of joy, but Mademoiselle stepped forward quickly. "Oh, Monsieur, to-morrow it is impossible. Miss Schenny is to go to the studio in the morning, and in the afternoon she must have a permanent wave."

"I hate a permanent wave!" cried Jenny rebelliously.

Andy regarded her quizzically. "It's the price of fame, Jenny. What about Sunday?"

"Sunday is also a busy day," put in Mademoiselle immediately. "Miss Schenny is having a birthday party at the studio."

"But it isn't her birthday!" Andy remonstrated.

Mademoiselle shrugged. "I know nothing about that, monsieur, but Mr. Dooley, the publicity man, told me it was the right time for her to have her sixth birthday. All the children of the big stars are invited."

Jenny's busy week-end left Andy with an odd sense of frustration. He ate his dinner alone in the large formal dining-room, and wondered why chefs never made stew or hash.

In the sitting-room upstairs he settled himself with a pipe and a medical book. It was his first free evening in a long while. He was tired, dog tired, but he found himself wishing that the telephone would ring on some urgent call.

He rose and lit another pipe, and paced the floor. He stopped at the telephone. He would call Gilman's lodge, and the sound of her voice would dispel the uncertainty of his thoughts. Or would it? Perhaps she would take on that subtle, defensive attitude he had noticed in her of late. He found himself measuring the stretch of

lonely hours from Friday night to Monday morning. On a sudden impulse, he picked up the instrument and dialed Julia's number.

"Andy!" she cried in glad recognition.

"Still going to Palm Springs in the morning?"

"Yes. Very early. Seven-thirty."

"Good. That suits me perfectly. I'll call for you and drive you up."

"Do you mean it? You'll really leave that precious practice of yours?"

"I can do without me for a day. I'll drive you up. I've never seen the darned place, you know, and stop off at Arrowhead for a visit with Cornelia on the way back."

"Oh," said Julia. "I forgot. Cornelia went on the Gilman party, didn't she?"

"Yes. The house is empty as a grave."

"Poor lamb, I get the idea. Seven-thirty sharp. And bring a bathing suit."

"I won't be there long enough to swim. I've got to be back to-morrow night."

"Oh, bring one," urged Julia. "You'll have time for a dip, anyway."

"All right. Better get to bed now, it's your first long trip."

The light snow crunched under her skis as Cornelia took the slope out from the Lodge, across the little woodland meadow, and towards the forest opposite. She came to a slow stop, glorying in the cold, clean wind against her face. There was a hard susur of runners behind her.

"Let's go up the mountain," said Robert. "I want to show you something that doesn't exist any other place in the world."

They set off for the snow-tumed peak above them. Cornelia's skill, learned on the steep hillsides of the Pennsylvania hills, returned to her as if by magic. Her runners cut the powdered top snow with surety, and a glow burned in her face.

They were breathless and windblown when they finally emerged at the top. They halted for a moment.

"Are we here?"

"We're at the top, but we're not where we're going. Down there," he gestured with his ski pole, "at the end of that run. You follow me. It's fast going and you'll need a sharp Christie stop at the end."

He was off down the slope. Cornelia gave him a good start before she drove her poles through the crusty glass and broke into a run to gather momentum.

It was like the thrill and glory of flying. The world fell away before her. Her legs seemed beyond her control. She knew she ought to stop, but she didn't want to.

Gilman's sharp cry called her back to a universe governed by the laws of physics. She dropped into a sharp Christiana turn. She came to a stop and the snow settled, revealing the San Bernardino valley from her eerie height of five thousand feet. Gilman proceeded cautiously to her side. His face was lined with white.

"Cornelia! You reckless, crazy kid! You could have gone right over. For a minute I thought you would—"

She was almost as frightened as he was. "For a minute," she whispered, "I really wanted to."

After dinner she wandered away from the group and stood before the great yawning fireplace. She glanced at the telephone and then at her wrist-watch. Half-past eight. Jenny would be in bed and asleep, but she could speak to Andy unless, of course, he was out on call. Her impulse to hear his voice wavered in a little flare of pride. If he wanted to talk to her let him make the first move—he knew where to reach her.

Gilman wandered over to her. "Want to take a run down to Palm Springs and gamble at the Dunes?" he asked in a low voice.

"At this hour of the night?"

"We'll be over there by ten—Saturday night the crowd doesn't get in until late—oh, come along, it'll do us both a lot of good."

"What would we have to wear? I've never been there."

"Glad rags. Really, haven't you been there?"

"No. Give me fifteen minutes."

"It's a race," he told her, and they scrambled for the stairs.

They met on the porch. "Are you game to take the open car? We'll be down in summer in thirty minutes."

Cornelia nodded. He bundled her into the roadster, drawing the fur robe up beneath her chin. As they dropped down in to the valley at San Bernardino the cold air suddenly turned warm and twinkling lights rushed up to meet them at every turn of the winding, tortuous road. Soon Redlands was behind them and they were in the utter darkness of the desert. A sudden forking off the main road, and they wound more slowly over an unfinished-by-path to draw up beside a deserted-looking building, lost in the sands.

"Oh," said Cornelia, disappointed. "Is this it? I didn't think it would be like this—and it's closed."

"It's it, and it isn't closed, and you mustn't judge from outside appearances."

Within the great black barn of a house Cornelia had her first dazzling glimpse of a gambling club, spacious dance floor, beautiful gowns, soft music. They wandered in to the roulette tables. A croupier gave them a stack of chips and placed a little marker in cups in front of them. Cornelia looked at hers. It was ivory with a silver fifty inlaid into both sides. She counted the chips. Twenty . . . forty . . . fifty . . . each one must be worth a penny. The wheel spun and the little white ball fell into a slot. The croupier paid off thirty-five chips to the woman next to her.

"Thirty-five for one chip?" she asked Gilman. "Is it as easy as all that?"

"Just as easy as all that. Only there being thirty-six numbers makes it a little more difficult."

Cornelia tried to figure out how much she would get if she played two chips instead of one. Seventy cents. Three chips? Her multiplication table failed her. She decided that two would be simpler. And now for her numbers. What were her lucky numbers? The third of November was Andy's birthday. She would try three. And Jennifer's birthday was November 27. She would try twenty-seven. She got her chips down in time to be paid three and a half stacks for Andy's birthday.

It was intoxicating. She forgot everything. "Why didn't I ever hear of this before?" she demanded ecstatically.

She decided to add her own birthday, the tenth of April, to her list of lucky numbers. The double 0 came up. She decided to double her bets, to make up for losing. It was just as she had thought. The white ball dropped into Jennifer's birthday, and she had to get busy gathering in stacks of different colors.

She played her own birthday for four turns of the wheel and lost each time. "I'm just unlucky," she complained.

She continued to play her birthday for six turns of the wheel. "I'm furious. Simply furious. My birthday certainly ought to come up." Several players smiled in her direction, but she didn't notice them, for she had to work fast to pile her chips on to the number ten. She put four of every color she had, and she now had three colors. Gilman didn't realise what she

was doing until the wheel had started to turn.

He grasped her arm. "Good heavens, Cornelia. You're going it pretty steep, even if you are winning!"

"Oh, I guess I can afford twenty-five or thirty cents for my own birthday," she answered flippantly.

"Twenty-five or thirty cents? Say, don't you know what you're playing for? Those chips are seventy-five, thirty, a dollar and a half. You've got one hundred and six dollars and fifty cents on your birthday!"

Her jaw dropped. "A hundred and what?" She began to understand. "Oh, then these weren't just fifty cents worth of chips?"

A crowd had gathered about the table attracted by the size of the bet. The wheel started to slow.

"More than a hundred dollars," she whispered to Gilman with her heart racing and her hands icy-numb. A hundred dollars was a month's rent, it was a down payment on a car or used to be.

The croupier's flat, steely voice announced, "Number ten," and a little buzz of excitement and envy went up from the crowd. The croupier pushed a huge stack of chips towards Cornelia, telling her under his breath, "Thirty-seven hundred and twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents." He punctuated the announcement by rolling over a final and single chip of the color she had started to play with.

"Now what?" she implored Gilman, feeling shaky in the knees. "I just can't go on playing for these stakes, now that I know what I'm doing."

"We go and dance and forget about gambling," he told her.

She watched him gather up her winnings for her and then watched the awful total being paid off in hundred-dollar bills. He rifled out three hundred and fifty dollars. "Shall I?" he deferred to her.

"Yes," she said, without understanding what he meant.

He passed them to the croupier, whose stony impassivity broke for an instant in a smile.

They were standing in the deep shadows of the driveway later waiting for the doorman to bring their car, when the headlights of another car cut through the darkness beyond them. It drew up with a scut of gravel and then the lights were suddenly extinguished. A moment later the light over the doorway switched on, and Cornelia gave a start. The door of the Dunes was opening to Andy and Julia Parrel.

It was all over in an instant, for Andy didn't see her. Gilman bundled her into the car without a word and they sped off into the night. Why hadn't Andy mentioned this trip to her before she left? Her hand clenched her small evening bag thick with bills.

Jenny was crying in her sleep. She was having a bad dream, only she couldn't remember what it was after she woke up. She was glad it was morning, with the light peeping in through the windows. But she could tell by the sleepy twitter of the birds that it must be very early. She listened. Mademoiselle was still asleep.

She sprang out of bed and shuffled into her woolly slippers. If she was very quiet she could creep in beside her father without disturbing him. She always used to do that when she had a bad dream. Mademoiselle wouldn't dare to say anything because he was her father, and, besides, Sunday was a holiday.

The long wide hall looked unfamiliar and forbidding in the thin morning light. She hurried as fast as she could. Her father's door was closed. She opened it cautiously,

lifting the knob a little so that it wouldn't squeak. Her heart went down as she saw that his bed was empty. He hadn't come home, although he had left word for her that he would. She knew that her mother wasn't home, either, but she walked through the sitting-room and stood on the threshold looking at her room. It was such a big room, and so empty. The whole house was so big and empty. The lonely call of a bird seemed to come from inside of her own self. She turned and ran back down the hall.

Mademoiselle heard her prowling about. She ordered sharply, "Schenny, get back into bed and go to sleep."

"I will, right away," Jenny hastily promised.

She crawled back into bed.

It was a lonely, endless morning, with a fog coming down across the hills. Jenny stayed indoors, wandering disconsolately about.

"I want Gladiola," she said.

Finally, in desperation, Mademoiselle went down to the servants' quarters in search of Gladiola. The cook told her that it was the girl's day off. Mademoiselle drank a cup of strong tea and went upstairs again. "She's out," she informed Jenny with finality. "Now play with your toys and be a good girl. It will soon be time for your lunch, and then I will comb out your curls and dress you for your birthday party."

Jenny's lips set. "I don't want any lunch, and it isn't my birthday."

She walked to the window. Suddenly she saw a robin on the lawn, and then a little white dog ran down the road.

In a little while Mademoiselle emerged from her room. "Schenny!" Mademoiselle managed to roll an "r" even when there wasn't any. She rolled it with good taste and dignity about the nursery wing. "Schenny, where are you?"

She rolled it into Andy's and Cornelia's rooms, and she rolled it behind the open door of the sitting-room, with the thought that Jenny might be playing a game of hide and seek. It rolled faster and faster down the stairs.

"Schenny! Come here this minute. Schenny, where are you? Answer me, Schenny, where are you?"

Mademoiselle's voice reached a crescendo of anxiety as the big empty house gave back the desolate echo of her screams.

Meanwhile in Palm Springs Julia and Andy were lasting.

"You look like a different person," said Julia. "Cornelia won't know you."

Andy said, "I feel like a different person. A good sunburn gives you a magnificent sense of achievement."

"Then you're glad you stayed?"

"Yes, I'm glad I stayed," he rejoined. "Except that I lost my shirt last night," he added ruefully.

Last night. She had searched his face when Tom Oler had told them that Cornelia and Gilman had been at the Dunes just before them. It had gone hard with him for a moment, and his bets across the green table had grown increasingly reckless, but he had said nothing.

"Look here, Andy, those few hundred dollars didn't really bother you, did they?"

He laughed. "No. Jenny bothers me, though," he said. "Has been all morning. I'd left word for her that I'd be home for Sunday."

They moved across the gardens to where the untamed desert met the fringe of fertile lawn. To the south and the east stretched an infinite waste of mystery and emptiness. Behind, rose the towering chal-

range of the San Jacinto Mountains—ten thousand feet of sheer, magnificent being. They had to crane their necks to see the peaks, where cloud crests and snow fume hurried out into the bowl of the desert sky, there to be burned and lost in the sun's heat and absoluteness.

"Look at that tempest up there, while we stand here in peace and quiet."

"Not complete peace and quiet," Julia's voice was unsteady. "I feel as if some of that scorn and hurricane had reached down inside of me."

She shivered a little as the racing clouds threw shadows across the desert engulfing them for a moment in grey gloom. "You're cold," said Andy, and they started back to the hotel.

They were back in the world of people—laughter from the pool, the sharp crack of badminton, some girl's high screaming giggle. They neared the bungalows. A bellboy hurried towards them.

"There's been a Los Angeles call trying to reach you, Doctor Lane."

Julia sighed. "Oh, dear! I knew it was too good to be true—"

Andy grimaced at her, and went into his room. She stretched out in a deck chair on the porch. What was keeping him so long? She rose at last and wandered over to his door and pushed it open. He was still standing at the telephone, jiggling the instrument in a frenzy. The stern control, which was so much part of him, had vanished. "Operator! Operator! You must reach Mrs. Lane at that Arrowhead number! Isn't there some way of rerouting the call to get it through? All right, let it go." He flung down the instrument and caught sight of Julia in the doorway, her eyes wide and full of fear. "Andy! What is it?"

His lips were white. "Jenny—she's disappeared—that was Morris calling me. I've got to get to Cornelia, the telephone lines are out of order on account of the storm—"

Julia dropped his arm. "Yes, you have to go to Cornelia," she said after him. "Get dressed and I'll have my car ready, you'll make better time in it—"

"Thanks, Julia."

On the straight stretches Andy let the car out to its limit. Twenty miles outside of San Bernardino, the crest of Arrowhead broke over the horizon and the snowcaps rushed closer and closer, while the sun beat down in vicious stabs and the scent of orange blossoms drenched the air. Half-way down the main street he could sight the open road beyond the town. His foot went down to the floorboard, and his forearm lay heavy on the horn button. He knew an instant's doubt whether it would have been wiser to go straight on to Los Angeles without Cornelia. His reason counselled him even now to turn, but his hands held the wheel towards Arrowhead.

Ahead of him the road attacked the mountain in great hazardous curves. The car leapt at the climb. Three-quarters of the way it plunged into the cloud mist and the sun was suddenly obliterated. He used the windshield wiper to clear his vision. The mist turned to sleet and then to snow, and the road became increasingly treacherous. On the open shoulders of the mountain the wind whipped viciously at the car and it swayed under the gripping force. He pulled his coat close against the freezing blasts and clenched his jaws to keep them from chattering.

Above the snow line a skier beside the road told him the way to Gilman's lodge. The tyres spun in the icy road as he

started forward again. He drove ten miles in as many minutes and brought the steaming car up in a wide skid in Gilman's drive.

The door of Gilman's house was open, and Andy pressed in. A group of guests were huddled about the roaring fire in the living room. They looked up as he entered and a young man hurried out to greet him. "Are you the doctor?"

"Yes." Andy felt a swift dismay that word must have already reached Cornelia. He was grateful that he had come for her. "Where is Mrs. Lane?" he asked. "Take me to her, please, at once."

"I'm glad you managed to get here so quickly. Just a moment, I'll call Gilman—"

He knocked on a door at the other end of the corridor. "The doctor's here—"

"Good." Gilman stepped on to the hall. Andy noticed that he looked pale and shaken. He wondered whether Cornelia, too, had gone to pieces at the news.

"Andy! What are you doing here? Good Lord, but I'm glad to see you!"

"I came to take her down with me. How is she? All right?"

"Shock—and pain—God, Andy, I'm sorry it happened—" he drew Andy to the privacy of a small den off the hall. "Before you see her—it needn't have happened, I feel sure of that. I felt it yesterday when she was skiing down the slope, a sort of recklessness, as if she didn't care what happened to her. Anyway, before I could get to her, she had fallen. It took her a little while to come to. We sent for the nearest doctor, but the storm's held him up—"

Andy was throwing off his coat. "What are you trying to tell me? Cornelia's had an accident?"

Gilman stared at him. "I thought you knew—" he led the way to a downstairs bedroom from which he had emerged. Cornelia was lying on the bed, her eyes closed, and her face small and white, like Jenny's. Gilman signalled to Andy. "Wait—" he moved to Cornelia's side. "Cornelia," he whispered, "Andy's come to fix you up, you'll be all right in no time—"

"Her eyes flew open. She tried to sit up. "Andy!"

Andy stepped forward. "Hey there, not so fast until we see what damage you've done—"

She clutched his hand. "Andy, I'm so glad! How did you know? How did you get here—"

"Never mind that now. Lie back, dear, relax." Andy slit her stocking with his penknife and touched the injured limb. She moaned. "That's the place, Andy—"

"I know. And it's going to hurt more while I bandage you up. Better get some whiskey, Gilman. It's a nasty break, but she'll be all right. Find me a piece of wood about so-and-so-and so," he gestured the dimensions. "And all the bandage and tape you've got on hand—"

When they were alone Cornelia looked up at Andy, her pain forgotten. Why had he come without being called? Why was his face so white and why were his eyes avoiding her? It couldn't be because of her leg. He was too much the physician to give way to nerves.

"Andy!"

"Yes, Neal?"

"I've got to say it, Andy. I've got to say it before he comes back." She turned toward him and gasped with the pain of moving. "I'm sorry I've been so frivolous and discontented and done such foolish things."

"Easy, there, until I've got it in a splint." He looked at her closely.

"Listen to me, Neal, you've got to listen and know what I mean. I love you and I always will love you. Nothing that you have done or could do could ever be wrong. It would be right for you, inevitable for you at the moment that you did it, and therefore it could never be anything but eternally right for me—for all time."

He fell silent as Gilman hurried back into the room with a collection of first aid equipment. Cornelia lay back on her pillows with the tears pressing against her closed lids. Anything that she might do would be right. That was the essence of all love.

Andy was looking down at her. "It's going to hurt, dear." A shaft of torture bit through her body and a snap like a flash of blinding light burst in her brain.

"The worst of it's over. Even a makeshift splint will make it feel easier until we get you to the hospital."

"It does. Andy, you're a marvellous doctor."

"Sure I am. Now rest a few minutes. I want you to get yourself together."

There was something in his face and in the way he held her hands in his. "Andy! What is it? Is anything wrong?" She knew it suddenly. "It's Jenny!"

"Yes, dear, it is Jenny, but she's quite well—she tried desperately to be light about it. 'She up and ran away, the little devil.'"

"You mean she's gone . . . they can't find her? What more do you know? Andy, don't keep anything from me."

"I'm not. Mademoiselle phoned Morris and he phoned me at the desert. That's all he could tell me. Now I'll hurry into town and as soon as I know anything I'll get word up here."

The room wheeled about her in spite of Andy's casualness. Jennifer was gone, Jennifer had disappeared. Kidnapped! Terror turned her heart to ice. She swung over to the floor against Andy's restraining hand. She clutched him for support. "Andy, I'm going with you."

He hesitated. "It's a long, hard ride with a broken leg."

"I don't care."

"Very well."

He carried her to the car and Gilman followed with coats and pillows. "Isn't there anything I can do?" he begged.

"Yes, there is," said Andy. "There's Julia. She's at the Springs. I took her car. Drive over for her."

"I will. We'll both meet you back in town."

Andy's foot pressed to the floorboard and the car screamed in its speed down the mountain road. At the outskirts of the city four motor-cycle police flagged his speed down, and one of them riding close beside him yelled across, "We're taking you into town, Doctor. Los Angeles arranged it." He waved them on.

The shriek of their sirens rent the countryside. The cavalcade began to gather speed. The long, straight, four-ply road stretched out with Los Angeles sixty miles away. The speedometer hung and wavered at ninety-five.

It seemed to Cornelia that they were crawling along. She reached over and tapped on the speedometer. It might be broken, it couldn't be that they were going so fast.

"Can't we go faster?" she implored.

A mile outside of Arroyo a policeman drew up beside them and thrust a piece of paper into Cornelia's hand. It was a message from Morris asking Andy to telephone him.

CALL BACK LOVE

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

They pulled into an already cleared space in front of a drug store on the main street. Andy leapt to the roadway. Cornelia could see him through the glass window of the store as he stood at the booth. A newsboy ran down the street.

"Extree! Extree! Jenny Lane kidnapped! Celluloid darling disappears! Read all about it! Extree! Extree!"

Cornelia was bent over the paper, strangling her sobs of grief and terror, when Andy returned.

"Don't believe that nonsense!" he cried. "I just spoke to Morris; they don't know a thing yet."

They took the short cut at Santa Anita with the motor-cycle escort giving them a clear lane through the crowds.

Morris was at the door as they drove up, with a pale, sobbing Florabel beside him. "There's no news—just nothing," he told them.

"Cornelia's broken her leg. Give a hand, will you, Dave?"

Together they lifted Cornelia from the car and helped her into the living-room, where police officers and men from the district-attorney's office were gathered. They eased her onto the couch. The chief of police approached them.

"You haven't found out anything?" Andy asked him.

The chief shook his head. "Not yet. It points any number of ways. The kid disappeared. She might have walked off by herself. It might be a kidnap job. But if it was a kidnap job, it was inside work. We're holding the nursemaid. Her story isn't so good, and she was the last one to see the youngster."

A weeping and hysterical mademoiselle was ushered in to them.

"Doctor! Madam! I don't know how it happened! I went into my room for a minute and when I came back she was gone."

Andy started to pick up his hat and coat. He spoke to David. "Will you and Florabel stay here with Neal until I get back? I'm going out to look for her. I know her better than the police do."

"I've got to go with you. Don't leave me here to wait, Andy, please!" Cornelia cried.

He hesitated and then picked her up in his arms.

At the car Andy spoke to the police. "My wife's injured. I'm taking her to the hospital. I wish you'd block off this street and keep those cars out there from following me."

"You're not really taking me to the hospital?" she asked as they gathered speed. "No. I'm going back to the Sycamore Street house. I've got an idea Jenny has been homesick lately."

Where the road turned into Beverly Drive they caught sight of Gladiola's familiar figure in her Sunday dress, puffing up the hill. "She's heard about it," said Andy briefly. He drew to a stop and sounded the horn. Gladiola ran towards them. "Oh, Doctor! Andy, it ain't true what the papahs say? It ain't, ain't it?"

"I'm afraid it is. Come on, we'll take you with us."

They reached the outskirts of Hollywood, Andy's face looked haggard, with new deep lines etched from nose to jaw. His foot lagged on the accelerator as if suddenly he feared, like Cornelia, to make the turn into Sycamore Street.

The little house looked shabby and neglected. Andy turned the car into the narrow dusty driveway and stopped by the back door.

"Dat's right, she might be in the house, the kitchen's open," Gladiola breathed.

Andy leaped to the ground. Cornelia clenched her hands. "Andy, hurry! Call out to me if she's there—"

Andy came out at last and climbed into the car. "No trace, Cornelia." He forgot for a moment to inject into his voice the courage he had been pouring into her. He started the motor and let the clutch in slowly. As the car moved forward Gladiola's cry rang out. "Wait! Stop!" She stood up in the back, gesticulating wildly. "Look on the steps! See dat bouquet? Jenny's been dead dis day, an' Ah knows it now foh sunsh!"

They looked to where some roses lay in a dragged little bunch on the back steps.

"Yoh didn' go to the garage. Jenny liked the garage to play in," cried Gladiola. "Lemme look."

"No. Stay here with Mrs. Lane. I'll go."

He went back around the house and into the garage. It was empty, as he had known it was in his first quick glance as they came up the driveway. Then he remembered the crude little woodshed where Jenny used to play house on hot summer days. Not a chance in a hundred, but he might as well look—

The door was half open, and heavy on its rusty hinge. He pushed in. He lit a match. In the flickering light he saw a pale white huddle on the floor by the corner, had knew the most utter fear of his life. He threw the match away and lifted her gropingly, a dead, limp weight within his arms.

Cornelia saw him emerge from the shed. At first she couldn't be sure, and then she saw that he was carrying Jenny's inert little body. Gladiola's sharp cry echoed the panic that swept through her. She started to run towards them. Then there was a blinding flash of pain, and then there was nothing.

CORNELIA was in the hospital for weeks. Afterwards Andy told her that she had been very ill—partly shock and partly a nasty, compound fracture that refused to heal. It was strange to have been so ill and not to have known anything about it. She knew, of course, that there were nurses and doctors, but she had never felt they were real, or that she was real. Almost everything was a dream. She dreamed that Florabel and Morris stood by her bed one day and told her they were married; she dreamed that Jennifer came every now and again and talked about her picture. But nothing made sense to her. Everything was remote from her, separated by a shredding wall of unreality. Only Andy was real; his hand and his voice were the only real things in a dim, unfocused universe.

One morning she opened her eyes and saw that there were flowers in her room and that the sun was coming in beneath the lowered shades. She saw her nurse's face, which looked too large at first, but which had a pleasant smile. Cornelia smiled, too, and fell asleep. When she woke again, Andy was there sitting next to her with his hand over hers.

After that it was easier to stay awake, and easier to think. When she tried to talk to Andy he told her to wait until she was stronger and to let him do the thinking for both of them. She sighed with relief. She was still so tired. He was a wonderful person. "Oh, Andy," she said, "I love you."

"Who could help loving me," he complacently agreed. "Here comes your supper. Shall I feed it to you?"

She made a face. "Mush? Couldn't I have some steak or something?"

Andy gave a joyous whoop. "And while we're at it, when can I go home?"

He gave another whoop in answer.

Her recovery from then on was swift. Andy brought her a pair of crutches and she learned to walk on them—first around the room, and then up and down the hospital corridor. "I think I'm remarkable," she said modestly. "Look! I can even run on them."

Andy said: "You try any stunts like that and I'll turn you over my knee."

The long drive out to Beverly was exciting. It was good to be alive, to be part of busy streets and hear people talking and laughing.

A colored man opened the door of Crest Haven to them and with a broad, welcoming smile helped Cornelia into the house. She sank gratefully onto the sofa in the living-room.

"Bring Mrs. Lane some brandy, Jefferson."

Cornelia was bursting with curiosity. "I don't need the brandy, but I'm glad you sent him out. Where'd he come from, Andy?"

"Well, you see it's this way. When the dog died—"

"What dog?" she interrupted. "The Dane?"

"Oh, no. The Danes didn't die. Neither of them. They were just given away. They're in the movies now. We've got new dogs. A police dog, an Irish terrier, a collie and a mutt. They're in the station wagon with Jenny at the studio. All but the mutt. He's mine."

"But you said after the dog died, Andy?"

"Oh, I meant Mademoiselle," he elucidated. "Gladiola bundled her out of the house one day. She's taking care of Baby Kitty now."

"But what about Jenny?" Cornelia asked seriously. "What are you planning when she finishes the picture she's doing?"

"Jenny's finished the picture she was doing while you were in the hospital. She started another."

"Oh—" It was increasingly difficult to realise that life had been going on for all these weeks, and she had not been part of it. "How did you—I mean what made you come to that decision?" she asked hesitantly.

Andy lit his pipe and threw the match into the fireplace. "Chiefly, I suppose, because I did a lot of hard thinking. Neal. Being a movie star hasn't even touched the kid, because she was going through the experience without conceit or fear or ambition. We brought those things to it, Neal, and we were hurt. But we have no right to make her pay for our stupidities. Jenny's an actress, and she's happy and healthy and functioning as an actress."

"It mightn't be according to our wishes or convention, but if fate has ordained her contribution to humanity to be made at the age of six, it's not for us to interfere."

"But you, Andy? Your wanting to go back to New York? Your hospital post—"

"I did some thinking about that, too," said Andy. "If I'm a good doctor I can be a good doctor anywhere. That's up to me and no one else."

Cornelia's eyes were full of tears. "Andy, I want to tell you how much I really like you—"

Neither of them heard the uproar at the door a moment later. They were in each other's arms when the menagerie pelted towards them in a great onrush, with Jenny in pursuit.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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